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THE POEMS OF
HENRY HOWARD
EARL OF SURREY

Edited with an Introduction and Notes by
FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD

REVISED EDITION

University of Washington Press
Seattle, Washington
1928

From the Original Portrait by Holbein

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

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THE POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD EARL OF SURREY

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD

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To

JESSIE ELIZABETH PADELFORD

Cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia sola

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION

It is now rather more than a century since George Frederick Nott published his elaborate edition of the works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Since then no scholarly edition has been attempted. During this time, however, many facts bearing upon the career of Surrey have come to light, a noteworthy biography has been published, studies dealing with various phases of the poetry have appeared, and manuscript versions of many of the lyrics and two fresh texts of the fourth book of the *Æneid* have been discovered. The time therefore seems ripe for a new edition that will take advantage of this fresh knowledge, giving more authoritative readings in the poems and furnishing the equipment needed by the scholar. The present volume aims to meet this need.

I have classified the poems by subject-matter rather than by metrical forms, thinking that this classification may furnish a more human approach. I trust that this arrangement, as well as the titles which I have supplied in place of the long traditional titles in Tottel's *Miscellany,* will meet with the reader's approval. For the convenience of those who wish to make a critical study of the translation of the *Æneid,* I have printed Tottel's version of the fourth book and a version based upon the text in Manuscript Hargrave 205, on opposite pages. The latter version departs from the manuscript readings only where there is strong presumptive evidence that the revisions restore the original. If these revisions have been based upon correct reasoning, this text should approximate Surrey's original version, and should be regarded as the authentic one. If I have erred in restoring the text, it has been on the side of conservatism. The early spellings have been consistently followed throughout, but the punctuation is modern.

Students of Surrey will appreciate how much the Introduction owes to Bapst's scholarly biography of the poet and how much the Critical Notes owe to the researches of former scholars, notably to Koeppel's examination of the Italian sources.

I acknowledge with much gratitude my indebtedness to Miss Gladys D. Willock of the Royal Holloway College, a new scholar in the English field, who very kindly furnished me with the proof sheets of her collation of the variants in the 1554 edition of the fourth book of the *Æneid,* thus expediting the completion of the

notes. I would also express my obligations, both longstanding and recent, to John A. Herbert, Esquire, of the British Museum, who placed in my hands the principal manuscript of Surrey's lyrics just after its purchase by the Museum in 1905, and who has more recently secured for me rotographs of rare manuscripts and books. To the Harvard Library I am indebted for the loan of the works of Gawin Douglas. Finally, I wish to recognize the many helpful suggestions of my colleague, Professor Vernon L. Parrington, and to thank my secretary, Mrs. Lois J. Wentworth, for assistance in revising the proofs.

With this volume the University inaugurates a new series of publications, which we hope will contribute to the advancement of scholarship in the field of letters.

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFORD

Seattle, October 20, 1920

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION

This new edition of *The Poems of Surrey* is issued to meet the constant demand for the book. Aside from the second part of the Introduction, which has been rewritten and amplified, the changes from the first edition are of a minor character only. I have sought, however, to correct all errors, and to this end have collated the text of the poetry afresh.

I wish to recognize the kindness of my colleague, Professor Herbert H. Gowen, who carefully checked the Introduction and Notes of the first edition for inaccuracies, and of Professor Charles Grosvenor Osgood of Princeton University who read the revised Introduction with critical care.

F. M. P.

Seattle, September, 4, 1928

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After the drawing by Holbein

THE POEMS OF
HENRY HOWARD
EARL OF SURREY

INTRODUCTION

THE DRAMATIC CAREER OF SURREY

The poems of Surrey are the lyrical accompaniment of an impressive tragedy. It is the wont of the historian, to be sure, to regard these poems mainly as interesting documents in the development of the technique of English verse, or as marking the entrance of the Italian tradition into our literature. Yet to approach them with this restricted interest is to forego the more lively pleasure for one that is academic and slighter. Rather, they should be read while the imagination is filled with the tragedy of the young poet's life, a tragedy of superb depth and range, from which these poems were thrown off like chance sparks. Never was there Greek hero who better satisfied than did Surrey the classical requirements of the tragic muse: a young nobleman, favored by birth and by fortune, the most brilliant and engaging figure in a distinguished court, ambitious, resourceful, and impatient to give full expression to his powers, yet compelled to reckon with a tyrannical superior who would brook not the faintest semblance of a rival. Even so— and here the ironical laughter of the gods is heard the loudest— had the culminating events in the tragedy been delayed but a few days, the life of the hero would have been spared through the death of his foe. The histories of the great families that supplied the Greek dramatists with the materials for their plays provide no example of a career more ideally designed for the uses of tragedy.

Now from the first naive enthusiasms of youth to the moment when, at the age of twenty-nine, he felt death's hand closing around him, Surrey turned to his poetry for companionship, for delight and consolation, and although only a few of the poems are autobiographical in the stricter sense, the poet yet revealed through the idealizing medium of his verse the substantial outlines of his character and of his career. True artist that he was, he enfolded himself for the most part in the half-concealing envelope of his art, but the poems are only the more fascinating because the man Surrey, who stands out boldly in an occasional poem, is in others only a half-revealed, though a very certain presence. The reader should therefore approach the poetry with no mere scientific or antiquarian interest, but as seeking therein the key to a life, brilliant and brief, which was of the very essence of the dramatic.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was probably born in 1517.[1] He was the eldest son of Thomas Howard, afterward third Duke of Norfolk, by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Stafford, the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham. Surrey was thus born in the purple, for the Howards and the Staffords represented the highest nobility of the realm. The rise of the Howard family dates back to a shrewd marriage in the early years of the fifteenth century when a certain Robert Howard married Margaret Mowbray. This Margaret Mowbray could boast the royal blood of three realms, for she was descended paternally from Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, last son of Edward I, by his second wife, Margaret of France; and maternally from Edward I by his first wife, Eleanor of Castile. The father of Margaret Mowbray had inherited the Brotherton estate, augmented by gifts from Richard II, and the hereditary titles of Grand Marshal and Earl of Norfolk. This title of Earl of Norfolk had later been raised to that of Duke of Norfolk.

Upon the extinction of the Mowbray family in 1483, Richard III made John Howard, the son of Robert, Duke of Norfolk, gave him the Mowbray estates and the title of Earl Marshal, and conferred upon his son, Thomas, the title of Earl of Surrey. John Howard repaid Richard by taking part in the plot to murder the princes in the Tower, and by giving up his life on Bosworth Field.

When Henry VII became king, Thomas Howard, the son, was imprisoned and shorn of his titles and property. He succeeded in winning the confidence of the sovereign, however, and shortly became a favorite and confidant. His policy was to uphold the one on the throne, and consequently before the death of Henry the hereditary titles and all of the estate had been restored to the Howard family, and Howard had even succeeded in obtaining the hand of the Queen's sister, Lady Anne Plantagenet, the third daughter of Edward IV, for his son Thomas. This Duke of Norfolk, like all of the Howards, was a rigorous soldier, but a poor diplomat. When seventy years of age he sent a taunting message to James IV of Scotland, and then won the brilliant victory of Flodden Field. But he was no match for the adroit Wolsey in the game of diplomacy, and was forced to buckle under to this low-born politician. It is eloquent testimony to the way in which the Tudors reduced the leaders of the old families to dignified officials entirely dependent upon the crown that.

though the Duke of Norfolk was given nominal charge of the kingdom while Henry VIII was absent at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in the following year, 1521, he was forced to preside at the trial of Buckingham, a life-long friend, the head of a family from which he had sought a wife for his eldest son, and a nobleman with whose irritation at the aggrandizement of the King he was in full accord.

Thomas Howard, the third Duke of Norfolk, followed in the footsteps of his father. He excelled in arms but was weak in diplomacy. He was employed in military campaigns against Scotland, Ireland and France, favored the divorce of Queen Katharine, presided at the trial of his niece, Anne Boleyn, and arranged for her execution, waxed fat on the dissolution of the monasteries, hated Wolsey and Cromwell, allowed himself to be outwitted by Thomas Seymour, the Earl of Hertford, and his other enemies, escaped execution only through the timely death of Henry himself, spent the reign of Edward VI in the Tower, and was finally restored to a few years of freedom and service under Mary.

If the public life of the third Duke of Norfolk was thus full of heat and vicissitude, his private life was even more stormy. His second wife, Elizabeth Stafford, one of the most accomplished women of the time, possessed a jealous and vindictive temper, and the conduct of the Duke gave her abundant opportunity to exercise it. Consequently, after many years of domestic discord, a separation took place in 1533, and the Duke henceforth lived unblushingly with his mistress, Elizabeth Holland, "a churl's daughter," as the proud Duchess testified, "who was but a washer in my nursery eight years." So deep seated was the resentment of the Duchess that, fourteen years after the separation, she welcomed the opportunity to testify against her husband when he was on trial for his life.

We can better understand this temper of the Duchess of Norfolk when we reflect that she was the daughter of Lady Elinor Percy, and thus had the hot blood of the free-spirited Northumberlands in her veins. Moreover, if her husband could boast the royal blood of Edward the Confessor and of the ancient houses of France and Castile, was not her father descended from Edward III, a later soverign, and was not her paternal grandmother sister to the queen of Edward IV! Small wonder that in his

early twenties, the child of this marriage was properly described as "the most foolish proud boy that is in England."

Such was the ancestry and such the heritage of Henry Howard. The blood of kings ran in his veins and the pride of kings was in his heart.

Surrey's birthplace is not recorded, but since he was known in his youth as "Henry Howard of Kenninghall," Kenninghall, which was one of the manors of his grandfather, may well have been his birthplace. His early boyhood was probably spent at one and another of the ancestral estates, for the account-book of the Duchess for 1523 shows that part of that year was spent at his father's house at Stoke Hall, Suffolk, and part, at his grandfather's home at Hunsdon, Hertfordshire. The child saw virtually nothing of his father during his tender years; from 1520 to 1525 the Duke was almost continually engaged in military operations either in Ireland or against the Scotch or French, and for several years thereafter was absorbed in state affairs, furthering the divorce of the King, and leading the fight against Wolsey, into whose position he hoped to step. The training of the child therefore devolved upon the mother. The responsibilities of life must have weighed rather heavily upon the Duchess, for, married at the age of fifteen, she was scarcely turned nineteen when this first child was born, and but two years older when she gave birth to a second child, the daughter Mary. Any tenderness between husband and wife had already disappeared, if we may trust the testimony of the Duchess that Norfolk treated her with cruelty at the time of the daughter's birth. Small chance for affection, indeed, between this slip of a girl and a husband twenty-five years her senior, a brutal soldier and a self-absorbed politician, lusting for power! Scant room for kindness in the bright, cold eyes, the sharp nose, and the thin, cruel lips, if Holbein has told his customary truth! And if any sparks of affection had survived, they must have become quite cold, when in 1524 the Duchess saw the father of her husband pass sentence upon her own father for treason, and while with one hand he wiped away the tears that he professed to shed, with the other accepted the deeds to a large part of the confiscated estates.

But despite her domestic misery, the Duchess remained a woman with intellectual ideals, and her children should receive the best training that was to be had. She apparently attracted

gifted men, for aside from the tutors, who were men of literary attainments, Skelton—with all his grotesqueness the leading poet of the day—wrote his "A goodely Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell" while her guest. It would seem to have been her ambition to play the part of those accomplished Italian women, such as the Duchesses of Urbino, Ferrara and Milan, who made their courts the centers for letters and refined intercourse. The seriousness with which the education of Surrey was undertaken may be judged from the discussion which took place relative to his sister Mary, when it was finally decided that because of her "tender years"—she was then two—she should not be put to her languages for the present.

One tutor was John Clerk, an Oxford man, an author of standing, who possessed a catholic taste which embraced the modern as well as the classical literatures. We do not know exactly what authors were read, but the poet's subsequent familiarity with Virgil, Horace and Martial, on the one hand, and Petrarch, Serafino and Sannazaro, on the other, shows the general trend of his education. In all probability Clerk grounded his pupil before his twelfth year in Latin, French, Italian and Spanish, for, in dedicating his "Treatise of Nobility" to Norfolk, Clerk commends translations from Latin, Italian and Spanish made by Surrey in his youth, and the treatise *Opusculum plane divinum de mortuorum resurrectione et extremo judicio,* dedicated to Surrey himself, is in four languages—Latin, English, French and Italian. Clerk was not only an enthusiast for letters but a zealous Catholic, as his later imprisonment under Edward shows, and he doubtless sought to awaken the lad's religious sense and to establish his Catholic preferences. Such encouragement was perhaps unnecessary, for Surrey as a matter of course shared in that opposition to the protestant wing of the Church which was consistently maintained by the older families. Protestantism was per force associated in their minds with the pushing middle class whom the Tudors were constantly encouraging at the expense of a long-established nobility. However little any early religious training may have shown in the conduct of the lad, it was grandly vindicated in the closing days of his life when, for solace in the dark hours, he made translations from the Psalms that breathe the whole spirit of Christian and Catholic faith.

Perhaps the education of the boy, for all his enthusiasm, was

not without its occasional shadows, since he lived in an age when the rod was still the potent adjunct of the master, and there may be a boyhood reminiscence in the lines:

I saw the lytle boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.

Toward the close of the year 1529 when the youthful Surrey was about to enter his teens, events took place that suddenly withdrew him from the shelter of a retired home, and presented him to the public as a young man of consequence. That these events greatly stimulated a boy ambitious and proud, conscious of his father's position in the realm and of the blood and exploits of his ancestors, goes without saying. One of these events was the royal proposal, virtually a command, that Surrey become the companion of the King's illegitimate son, Henry, the Duke of Richmond, a lad sixteen months younger than Surrey, for whom the sovereign felt the greatest affection; the other event was the proposal, urged by Anne Boleyn, that Henry should affiance his daughter, Princess Mary, to the young Howard. The ambitious Duke was elated enough at the request that his son be companion to Richmond. This elation is reflected in a letter which Eustache Chapuis, the Imperial Ambassador, wrote to the Emperor under the date of December 9, wherein he tells of a dinner that he had with the Duke: "After this he took me by the hand to conduct me to the supper table, and during the repast showed me a letter from his son in very good Latin, which he desired me to read and give my opinion upon, adding that he was much pleased with the youth's proficiency and advancement in letters, as it was a very good commencement for a project which he had, and would declare to me later in the evening. And so he did, for about midnight, on my leaving the house where the French ambassador and Papal Nuncio still remained, he also left, and though there was a much shorter road to his hotel, insisted on passing by my lodgings and accompanying me thither. In the course of conversation he said to me: 'I told you that I was on many accounts delighted to see my son making so much progress in his studies, and following the path of virtue, and since it is but proper that friends should communicate to each other their most secret affairs and thoughts, I do not hesitate to tell you my ideas on this subject. The King has entrusted to me the education of his bastard son, the duke of Richmond, of

whom my own son may become in time preceptor and tutor (*incitateur*), that he may attain both knowledge and virtue, so that a friendship thus cemented promises fair to be very strong and firm; and will be further consolidated by alliance; for the King wishes the Duke to marry one of my daughters.' "[2]

Accordingly, Surrey was made the companion of the royal bastard and the lads were together almost constantly for several years.

In all ages there is no human relationship more noble than the friendships of generous-hearted young men, and the sixteenth century was a period when friendships between men were developed with a peculiar lack of restraint and with an ardency that surprises us today. We get some idea of these emotional friendships in the sonnets of Shakespeare, in the correspondence of Sidney and Languet, in the devotion of Edward II to Gaveston in Marlowe's drama, and in the various episodes of the Legend of Friendship in the *Faerie Queene*. The beautiful friendship that sprang up between the two lads was of such a character, and these were doubtless the happiest years of Surrey's life. In this morning expanse of blue there was nothing to suggest the ugly storms soon to gather.

Two years and nine months were spent at Windsor, a period which the poet, then a prisoner in this very Windsor, later recalled in the pathetic poem beginning:

> So crewell prison! How could betyde, alas!
> As prowde Wyndsour, where I, in lust & ioye,
> With a Kinges soon my childishe yeres did passe,

a poem which is at once a passionate threnody for the dear friend of his youth, whom death had snatched away, and a lament for his own lost boyhood. It was a period of affectionate confidences, of generous emulation in those sports and knightly exercises which became young noblemen and in which these lads were soon to win golden opinions, and of the first stirrings of romantic passion. To be sure, the verses which describe these tender sentiments seem adapted rather to the experiences of young men than of boys of fourteen and fifteen and doubtless are conformed to the traditions of romantic verse; yet I think we need not take even these lines to be purely fanciful, for, quite aside from the stimulating presence of the young women of

the court, Surrey at least had prepared himself for like emotions through dwelling upon the tender laments of Petrarch and his school.

There is nothing that more enlarges the horizon of youth than foreign travel. A different landscape, new styles of architecture, fresh manners and customs, the novelty of foreign attire, the look of foreign faces, and a strange tongue ever in one's ear stimulate the imagination and quicken the mental pulse. Especially is this true if one visit a country where the arts of life have reached a higher plane of refinement than at home. Henry was therefore anxious that Richmond should stir abroad, and when in the autumn of 1532 he found it desirable to visit French soil for a seven days' interview with Francis I, he took Richmond and the young Howard with him. In the course of the interview Henry proposed what had doubtless been his intention in bringing the lads with him, that they should remain in France as the guest of the King, in order that their manners might be conformed to the polite models of the French court and their general education advanced. Consequently, as soon as the interview was over, the lads bade goodbye to the English retinue and attended Francis on his journey to Chantilly; not, however, before Surrey had enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his father decorated by Francis with the collar of the order of Saint Michael. The news that these young English noblemen attended the King quickly spread and throughout the journey they were treated with royal regard: "My Lorde of Richmonde and my lorde of Surrey in all their journey toward the French courte have been very well welcomed and in all places have had presents of wines with other genteel offres," wrote Richard Tate, an attendant, to Cromwell.[3] Arrived at Chantilly, Francis embraced the Duke of Richmond and remarking that he now had four sons, presented the English lads to the three princes, with directions that they should be lodged together.[4] In age the five boys were well suited to companionship. Francis, the dauphin, in his fifteenth year, was twelve months younger than Surrey; Henry, Duke of Orleans, was in his fourteenth year, three months older than Richmond; and Charles, Duke of Angoulême, was ten. During the greater part of the visit, which lasted nearly a year, the boys were thrown almost constantly together, and the sincerity of the friendships and the impression which Surrey made upon these carefully nurtured

French boys is reflected in a letter which the English Ambassador, Sir John Wallop, wrote to Henry VIII in 1540, several years after the visit and four years after the death of Richmond: "He (Henry, now Dauphin by virtue of the death of Francis) began to speke of my lorde of Richemond lamenting his death greatly, and so did M. d'Orleans, (Charles) likewise; they both then asking for my Lorde of Surrey giving great praise unto hym as well for his wisdom and soberness as also good learning."[5] Surrey seemed to have inspired Francis himself with equal respect and confidence, for when in 1546 Francis learned that Surrey had been accused of treason, he was much surprised and questioned the justice of the accusation.

In the course of their sojourn Richmond and Surrey had an opportunity to visit practically all parts of France. After a prolonged stay at beautiful Fontainebleau they attended Francis in the spring to Lyons, where he expected to hold an interview with Clement VII. The journey was a leisurely one, since the King desired to inspect on the way as many localities as possible. When the Pope asked a delay in the interview, Francis decided to visit the southern provinces of France, and this gave Surrey an opportunity to see the old and picturesque civilization that lay along the Mediterranean—Toulouse, Beziers, Montpelier. What must not have been the sentiments of this imaginative youth as he journeyed through this land of "sun-burnt mirth," eloquent with the mythical memories of a great school of lyric poets, or as he first gazed upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, waters which had borne Odysseus and Jason and Aeneas, and whose waves had washed immemorially the magic shores of Italy and Greece and Carthage! Yet it is not a little strange that only one reference to this trip occurs in all of Surrey's poetry and that recalls —probably on the occasion of his return to France for military duty in 1544—the intense heat that he had experienced on this midsummer trip to the south.[6]

In the meantime the Duke of Norfolk had come again to France, this time to act as the representative of Henry at the proposed conference with the Pope. His persistent efforts to alienate Francis from the Holy See were plainly wearisome to the monarch and Francis was no doubt relieved when Norfolk announced, in the middle of August, that Henry had recalled him. But of far greater moment to the two friends was the royal

command that Richmond should return forthwith to England, in order that he might wed Mary Howard, a sister of Surrey, now a maiden of fourteen, whose brilliancy and charms were already winning admiration. This news undoubtedly gave the liveliest satisfaction to both Richmond and Surrey, and they thus found their friendship cemented by still another bond. In the early days of October they set foot again on English soil.

We have stated above that in the year 1529 Surrey was being suggested as a suitable husband for the Princess Mary. This proposal originated with Anne Boleyn, who in the latter part of that year urged the union upon the King. To the Duke of Norfolk, who always regarded marriage in a commercial light, this proposal was undoubtedly most pleasing, and Surrey himself was old enough to appreciate its significance. Anne's purpose in urging this marriage was of course to strengthen her own claim upon the King through this union of the two houses. Seemingly the King had given his partial consent to the project. In October of the following year, however, Anne completely changed her attitude and so effectually opposed the marriage that she compelled the disappointed and reluctant Norfolk to affiance his son to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. It is uncertain just what motive actuated Anne in this change; perhaps she was afraid that she would herself be affianced to Surrey, for in June 1530 her father was reported to be urging such a match, but more probably she had come to see what the Imperial Ambassador was quick to see,[7] that if Mary and Surrey were married, Norfolk would lose all interest in furthering Anne's cause with the King and would trust to the marriage of the children for his influence. The contract for Surrey's marriage to Lady Frances was accordingly signed in February 1532 and the marriage followed shortly, though, because of their years, Surrey and his wife did not live together until 1535. Youthful as he was, Surrey was not too young to appreciate the golden opportunity thus snatched away from him. With the buoyancy of youth, however, he probably put aside his disappointment, especially as fortune seemed to be smiling upon him in so many other ways.

We hear little of Surrey in the two years that followed his return from France. Presumably he was at court with Richmond. This arrangement would have been to Richmond's liking, and no other life would have satisfied a young man with in-

tellectual tastes so cultivated and manners so refined. Even then the court, at the best somewhat provincial, must have seemed cramped to a youth of cosmopolitan interests. This may well have been the period when Surrey produced much of his lighter verse, for his formal education was now complete, he was overflowing with exuberant spirits, and he had not yet assumed the burden of military and diplomatic services. His year at the French court had shown him the honor which attends the poet or man of letters in a cultivated society, and he set about winning for himself the immortal crown of laurel; he would be the first poet of modern England, the Petrarch of Albion. Accordingly he experimented with the sonnet and with the epigram; with the terza rima, the rhyme royal, the ottava rima and the alternate sixes and sevens; now translating, now adapting, and now composing independently. This early polite verse, though superficial in emotion and sometimes awkward and heavy, more often is spirited and graceful, with descriptions of nature now and then that have a breath and reality worthy of the best English tradition, and justifies Sidney's observation that many of the lyrics "taste of a noble birth and are worthy of a noble mind."

Such is the first act in the drama of Surrey's life. It shows a youth whose lines had indeed fallen in pleasant places and who had every reason to feel that fortune had chosen him for her minion. With the exception of the domestic troubles of his parents and such disappointment as he may have felt in the frustration of the proposed marriage with Mary, his life had been quite free from cloud. A romantic comedy has its reverses, but they merely serve as shading, and Surrey's career gave promise of being such a comedy, certainly not a tragedy.

But the year 1536, which ushers in Act II, brought the realities of life home with telling force. On March 10 Surrey's first child was born[8] and this young husband of nineteen found himself face to face with the responsibilities of parenthood. On May 15 occurred the trial of Anne Boleyn, and Surrey was forced to act the part of Earl Marshal in place of his father who, as Lord Treasurer, presided. Surrey knew the passionate nature of his cousin, but he knew as well the vile motives that prompted the King, and he felt the utmost contempt for the sovereign's conduct. Close upon the heels of the execution followed Henry's disquieting marriage to Jane Seymour, a representative of the

rival house which was pitted against the Howards in a bitter struggle to hold first place in influence with the King. The following month another relative fell a victim to the royal tyranny, when an uncle, Thomas Howard, was committed to the tower for having secretly affianced Margaret Douglas, one of the intimate friends of the Duchess of Richmond and probably of the poet himself. The Duchess had actually interested herself in the affair to the extent of shielding the clandestine meetings, and Surrey may well have been a party to them. But the most crushing blow fell in July, when, on the twenty-second, the Duke of Richmond died, and a companionship peculiarly of the heart was broken. The poet was utterly disconsolate, and such was the depth of his feeling that for two years he was reported ill from the effects of his grief.

In the autumn he was required to assist his father in repressing the rebellion in the north, known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. This was at the best a sorry business, for since three of the demands of the rebels were for reforms that the Howards above all things desired—the reestablishment of the nobility in their time-honored position of influence and authority, the suppression of upstart statesmen, and the return to the old religion —at heart the family must have been in sympathy with the rebellion. It was thoroughly characteristic of the policy of Henry thus to compromise his subjects, and such a high-spirited young man as Surrey found his position peculiarly galling. If Surrey was not incautious enough actually to express his sympathies, they were surmised, and in this connection took place an affair which threatened to be serious. It seems that Thomas, Lord Darcy, who had been prominently identified with the Pilgrimage of Grace, after the pardon granted by the King, had taken up arms afresh, and had been condemned to die therefor. In his final testimony he alleged that, though Surrey served among the royal troops, his heart was with the rebels. This accusation was reported to Surrey, probably by some member of the Seymour faction, in the park at Hampton Court; whereupon the young Earl who, with all of his open and generous qualities, possessed an uncontrollable temper, struck his accuser. It was a good English way of vindicating oneself, but, unfortunately, the punishment for such an offense on the royal premises was the loss of the right hand. In this extreme situation, the Duke of Norfolk, who was

necessarily detained in Yorkshire, swallowed his pride and implored the good offices of Cromwell. Cromwell, who saw the political advantage in compliance, used his influence with the Privy Council, and the offender was merely confined at Windsor. The confinement did not begin before July twelfth, 1537, as on that date Surrey was reported ill at Kenninghall, and it lasted not more than four months. Surrey probably employed his time in writing poetry, for three of his poems, "The Lady Geraldine," "Windsor Memories," and "The Poets Lament for his Lost Boyhood," were clearly written then. The first is a graceful compliment to Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a little maiden whom he had recently met and who had quite caught his fancy; the second is a regret for the "rakehel life" that he is missing; and the third is the noble lament for the golden days of youth and friendship to which we have alluded above.[9]

In November the Queen, Jane Seymour, died, and the Howards saw the prestige of the rival family diminished accordingly. Freshly relieved from his confinement and aware of the royal disapproval, Surrey attended the funeral procession from Hampton to Windsor as a principal mourner. Thereafter he retired to Kenninghall and spent the remainder of that year and the following in privacy. Henry had no mind to call him back to court. The poet turned again to domestic interests and to his verse, giving generously of his time to his page, Thomas Churchyard, a lad of no birth but of marked talent, in whom he saw a poet of promise. But the Duke of Norfolk was not a man to wait patiently for the return of favor. With his son virtually ostracized, and his daughter, in the happy phrase of Bapst, a "déclassée" by virtue of her premature widowhood—she was called "the maiden, wife and widow all in one," since her marriage to Richmond was never actually consummated—he bestirred himself to think of some means of bettering the family situation. When at a loss for other means of reinstating his fortune, the Duke always turned to a marriage, and in this case he bethought himself of a match between the Duchess of Richmond and Sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of Hertford. It went a bit against the grain to make an alliance with a newly-rich family, but Norfolk characteristically explained this away by saying that "no good came by the conjunction of high bloods together." The advantages were manifest: his daughter, as aunt to the heir ap-

parent, would at once assume a leading position at court; his son would be brought from retirement; and a long-standing family hostility would be at an end. Sir Thomas was pleased with overtures from so ancient a house, the King was acquiescent, and the Duchess was seemingly holding the proposal in the balance, when she abruptly left the court and returned to Kenninghall. History has never properly cleared up the affair, but the marriage did not take place. Bapst is probably right in his conjecture that Surrey, who had conceived an intense antipathy for these upstart noblemen, violently opposed the marriage and dissuaded his sister from it. Certain it is that he upbraided her in the bitterest terms when the proposal was again made a few years later. So the last scene of Act II in the drama of Surrey's life must be placed at Kenninghall, a scene of intense emotion between brother and sister. The curtain falls upon the act with Surrey removed from the royal favor and the Seymours more embittered than ever by this last affront.

The third act is one of great dramatic power, in which, through successive scenes, one beholds the fortunes of the Howards raised to the highest pitch, only to see them undergo a violent reversal, in scenes of spectacular brilliancy.

In December 1538, Henry suddenly found himself confronted with a hostile league which embraced the Empire, France and Scotland. This exigency called for prompt action and the preparations for defense were hurriedly apportioned among the nobility. Surrey was accordingly brought from his retirement to organize the defense in Norfolk. He eagerly seized the opportunity to retrieve himself and evidently was successful to some extent in mollifying the ill will of the King, for in June he was called to London to take part in the funeral ceremonies in honor of Isabella, the wife of the Emperor. When the war cloud blew over, interest was transferred to the marriage of Henry to Anne of Cleves, and though this marriage project which Cromwell had so skillfully nursed must have been repugnant to a family of strong anti-protestant sympathies, Surrey accepted it with grace, seemingly bent on winning back the complete good will of the sovereign. He was so far successful that he was chosen as one of the party to await with the King the arrival of Anne at Grenwich,[10] but it is not known whether or no he was one of the favored few who accompanied the impatient King on that memor-

able New Year's day to Rochester, where he stole his first look at the charms of the German beauty. Later, when a tournament at Westminster was declared for May Day in honor of the nuptials and challenges were even sent abroad to France, the Netherlands, Spain, and Scotland, Surrey was quick to respond, impelled perhaps by a twofold motive, his eagerness to win glory and his desire to please the King. Either because of rank or of established prowess, Surrey was the first to enter the lists, and in the engagement with swords rode against Sir John Dudley with such fury that at the first course they both lost their gauntlets.[11] In the meantime the Duke of Norfolk, as the leader of the reactionary party, had been pushing his policies. He had succeeded in getting through the Parliament of 1539 the bill of the famous six articles, which meant a return to more Catholic ecclesiastical practice, and on the strength of this legislation had sought, in February 1540, to wean Francis I from the Emperor. To this proposal, however, the marriage of Henry to a German protestant was an insuperable obstacle, and the effort failed. But when in the late spring the King's real attitude towards his marriage became known, the Duke saw that the opportunity for which he had been waiting so long had at last come. Who was it that had caused suspicion and unrest within the realm? Cromwell. Who was it that had kept England constantly on the verge of war with the great powers abroad? Cromwell. Who was it that had treasonably duped his dear sovereign into this clownish marriage? Cromwell. The King and the nobility were one: Cromwell's hour had struck. What student of English history does not recall that dramatic scene in the Council Chamber at Westminster on the tenth of June when, as the Lieutenant of the Tower entered with the order of arrest, the Duke, laying his eager fingers upon Cromwell, cried, "My Lord of Essex, I arrest you on the charge of high treason," and then tore from his neck the decoration of St. George, while the Earl of Southampton snatched from him the garter! The young Earl of Surrey was jubilant: "Now is that fond churl dead," said he, "so ambitious of other's blood! now is he stricken with his own staff."[12] On the twelfth of July Parliament annulled the hateful marriage; on July 28, Cromwell was beheaded. The star of the Howards was in its ascendency; it must be fixed full and fair in its heavens. The Duke knew exactly how that end was to be achieved, and on the

eighth of August the King married Catherine Howard. At last here was a Queen to the King's liking, a Queen young, strong and beautiful, who gave every promise of satisfying the monarch and the aspirations of the realm. Surely the Howards had come into their own! Surrey, confident and happy, returned with fresh enthusiasm to the pursuit of his ambitions as a humanist. Prompted by the advent of an Italian translation in blank verse of several books of the *Æneid* by men of note, he turned the second and fourth books of the epic into English, himself employing the new medium of blank verse. His intention evidently was to outdo the Italians themselves, and he clearly did surpass them in vigor and conciseness. At the same time he was busied with the erecting of a pretentious mansion, Mount Surrey, on St. Leonard's Hill, near Norwich, which was to illustrate to his countrymen the nobility and chasteness of the Greek architecture. His home was to be a centre from which would radiate the classical spirit. The King leaned heavily upon the Duke these days, and the Earl of Surrey was showered with favors. In May 1541, on nomination of the King, Surrey was made a Knight of the Garter,[13] a unique distinction for a young man of three and twenty, not of the royal family. About the same time, he was made seneschal of the royal domains in the county of Norfolk, and in September was appointed steward of Cambridge University, a position previously held by Cromwell.[14] These were but an earnest of the favors to come, when suddenly on November 13 the disclosure of the Queen's guilt broke upon the court! Cranmer and the protestant leaders could hardly conceal under the cloak of sympathy and concern for the person of the King, the real elation that they felt; the Howards bowed before the storm, benumbed with terror. The enemies of the family, who had ill brooked its late triumphs, rose on every side, and the accusing finger was pointed at one member after another. The arrests included the aged wife of Surrey's grandfather, the second Duke of Norfolk; Lord William Howard, her son; the Countess of Bridgewater, her daughter; Lady Howard, the wife of Sir William; and other members of the household: all of whom were held to be cognizant of Catherine's past. On December 22, Lord and Lady Howard were condemned to perpetual seclusion and were deprived of their properties; on February 11, a like sentence awaited the aged Duchess and the Countess of Bridgewater, and two days later

the Queen was executed. At this wretched execution the young Earl was present, heard the inspired confession of his cousin and saw her head severed from her body. Was it as a reward for his attitude when the Queen was arraigned, Bapst asks, that on December 8, 1541, the King bestowed certain manors in Norfolk and Suffolk upon the Earl?[15] Perhaps, but the Earl bitterly resented the harsh, and probably unjust treatment of the aged Duchess and her children, and he voiced this resentfulness in a poem written in the fall.[16] To the intense feeling that these events aroused may well be attributed one of the most daring poems that a reckless young man ever composed, the sonnet in which by implication he compares the King to Sardanapalus[17] who "murdered hymself to shew some manfull dede," a poem that burns with suppressed rage from the first word to the last.

But that destiny which laughs at the fruitless ambitions of a man and woos that it may taunt, was not yet satisfied. It would still pursue its victim with mocking laughter. Therefore on July 13, 1542, the young Earl found himself committed to the "pestilent ayres" of the Fleet. The bitter disappointment and chagrin that had attended the reverses of the family fortunes had left Surrey little the master of himself; consequently, forgetting to profit by the past, he allowed himself once more to give way to his temper and for the second time struck a courtier, this time a certain John a Leigh. We do not know what was the cause of the disagreement, but Bapst has made a conjecture that is at least plausible. When Surrey was on trial in 1547, his cousin, Sir Edmund Knyvet, recalled that the Earl had once taken back into his employ a former servant, who in the meantime had been in the service of Reginald Cardinal Pole, the exiled English prelate and arch-enemy of the King. Now in the year 1541, one John Leigh had been summoned before the Council for having twice interviewed the Cardinal while on the continent, and in excusing his own conduct, Bapst asks, may not this Leigh have compromised Surrey by alluding to the episode of the servant.[18] In a letter to the Council, Surrey frankly attributes his conduct to "the fury of reckless youth," and yet the substance of the quarrel must have involved the whole question of his conduct and loyalty, for he requests that "durynge my affliction, in which tyme malyce is most redye to sclaunder the innocent, ther may be made a whole examynation of my life." To Surrey's added request that he be

transferred to a more healthful place of confinement, the Council conceded, and on July 29 he was removed to Windsor. There he met the King, and after subscribing to a heavy fine in case of further affront to John a Leigh, was released.[19]

In the early fall occurred another episode that caused the poet intense mortification and called forth a fresh burst of temper. We know of this episode from the poem, "Eache beeste can chuse his feere," in which under the guise of an allegory Surrey represents himself, the lion, scornfully rebuffed at some function by a lady, the wolf, to whom he humbly offered a courtesy. The function was given by Surrey himself, for he assigns that circumstance as a reason why he could not show his resentment at the time, and it was seemingly given in honor of the lady, for after she had scornfully refused his approaches she is made to say:

> "Lyon . . . yf thow hadest knowen my mynde beforne
> "Thow hadst not spentt thie travaile thus, and all thie payne forlorne."

The Earl, proud with the pride of youth and noble blood, was deeply wounded by this slight, and the poem throbs with angry scorn. He calls to mind the fierce prowess and stern heroism of his family: of his grandfather, the hero of Flodden Field,

> How can you thus entreat a lyon of the race,
> That with his pawes a crowned kinge devoured in the place;

of his uncle, the lover of Margaret Douglas, who willingly sought his death, "for loss of his true love;" of the dowager Duchess of Norfolk and her children, who were even then forced to linger in pain worse than death. With this hardihood he contrasts the wolf-like cowardice of the lady's family, treacherous to their friends. Finally he dedicates himself to an ecstacy of revenge:

> "In the revendge wherof, I vowe and sweare therto,
> A thowsand spoyles I shall commytt I never thought to do;
> And yf to light on you my happ so good shall be,
> I shall be glad to feede on that that wold have fed on me."

Who was this "fayre beast" of "fresh hew" in whose honor Surrey had thus vainly sought "to shew a friendlie cheare?" The traditional association of the names of Henry Howard and Anne

Stanhope, the wife of Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford,[20] and the fact that the escutcheon of the Stanhopes was supported by two wolves, leaves little doubt that she it is to whom the poem is addressed. In Tottel's *Miscellany,* the poem is entitled, "A Song Written by the Earle of Surrey to a Ladie that refused to Daunce with him," and this sixteenth century title probably gives the correct circumstance.

Surrey may have been temporarily fascinated by this court beauty, whom he plainly charges with having lured him on, or he may have given the ball for the sake of policy and perhaps at the instigation of the Duke, in an effort to help mend the broken fortunes of the family. In any case, the outcome was disastrous, and widened still further the breach between the Howards and the Seymours. No power on earth could now reconcile these two houses, and therein was involved the ultimate catastrophe in the tragedy of Surrey's life.

In the late fall, Surrey accompanied his father, who had been placed in command of military operations against Scotland, to the north. The real fighting took place at Solway Moss. Surrey, who remained with the Duke, merely assisted in a brief excursion of plunder and burning conducted in the barbaric manner that had made terrible the name of Howard. This was Surrey's first real military service, but there was nothing to gratify the young man's lust for glory. Indeed, since in one of his poems, in which he apparently alludes to this northern expedition, he says that it was "spite that drave me into Boreas raigne,"[21] we may be warranted in concluding that he was reluctantly pressed into this campaign by the King, who felt that it was high time for the energy of this troublesome young man to be diverted into some safer channel.

This act, so dramatic in its rise and fall, so portentous for the future, closes with elegiac strains. Wyatt had died while Surrey was in the north, and on his return he wrote poems in honor of the dead poet. The events of the past year had given the younger poet sympathy for a man who, though having political and religious sympathies opposite to his own, had lived a heroic life, superior to the enmity and jealousies of little men. In such lines as the following, it is evident that Surrey is interpreting Wyatt's experience in the light of his own, and that with prophetic imagination he foresees his own death and fame:

Some, that watched with the murdrers knyfe,
With egre thurst to drynke thy guyltles blood,
Whose practyse brake by happye end of lyfe,
Weape envyous teares to here thy fame so good.

Indeed, the three poems in memory of Wyatt are to all intents autobiographical. For the first time the poetry of Surrey reflects the compassion, because of the kinship, of suffering. He was learning the great lessons of life, yet so as by fire.

The fourth act opens, by way of relief, with a serio-comic scene, quite in the spirit of the merry escapades of Prince Hal and his comrades. This scene shows us the more companionable side of Surrey's character, and we behold him the prince of good fellows leading his merry pals on midnight adventures. It is fortunate that the drama admits the scene, for we need this picture of free-hearted and generous companionship to correct the impression that Surrey held himself aloof from his fellows with supercilious pride. Among his companions in this merry revelry were Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of the poet, Thomas Clere, Surrey's companion and squire, John Clere, his brother, and a certain William Pickering, of whom nothing more is known than his intimacy with the poet. The rendezvous of these merry spirits was in Lawrence Lane, at the house of Mistress Arundel, the Dame Quickly of the scene. There was doubtless many a lark here on the long winter nights, but one night, in search of fresh amusement, the young men sallied forth, went about the streets singing, shot "pellets" from their stone bows at the men whom they chanced to meet, broke the windows of residences and churches, and set cock-a-hoop. Still another night they took boat on the Thames to Southwark, and shot at the "queans" who congregated there. Naturally there was a great clamor in the city, and the offenders were traced to Mistress Arundel's house. She tried loyally to shield her guests, who were probably a good source of income, but murder will out. The names of the offenders were taken, and the matter brought to the Privy Council. Not only were the young revellers accused of the above misdemeanors, but also of eating meat in Lent, which was a violation of a royal decree. Brought before the Council Surrey alleged a license for the eating of meat, but with that frank honesty which was one of his most engaging traits of character, confessed the impropriety of his midnight escapades.

As the old record runs: "And touching the stonebowes, he coulde nott denye butt he hadde very evyll done therein; submitting himself therefore to such ponissement as sholde to them be thought good. Whereupon he was committed to the Fleet."[22] His conduct was in pleasing contrast to that of Wyatt and Pickering, who tried to deny their guilt and who were committed to the Tower. Surrey might have escaped merely with a reprimand, but the Earl of Hertford, with a show of legal gravity that was designed to hide his real motives, remarked that "A secret and unobserved contempt of the law is a close undermining of authority, which must be either itself in indulging nothing, or be nothing in indulging all."[23]

In connection with the trial there came out testimony which, though not seriously regarded at the time, was fraught with consequence. It may have reflected the kind of talk that passed between Surrey and his friends when flushed with wine; it may have been but bourgeois gossip elated at the distinction of having so eminent a person as the Earl frequenting Lawrence Lane. This testimony, as given in the contemporary records, is full of fine local color. Under date of Jan. 24, 1543 occurs the following entry: "Examination of Ric. Bourne, merchant tailor . . . On 19 Jan. was at the house of Andrew Castell, butcher, in St. Nicholas Shalmelles in London when a maid servant of . . . Arundell in St. Lawrence Lane came to complain that Castell had deceived her with a knuckle of veal and desired in future to have the best, for 'peers of the realm should thereof eat and besides that a prince.' Asked what prince? She answered 'The Earl of Surrey.' Said 'he was no prince, but a man of honor, and of more honor like to be.' To which she said 'Yes, and oughts other than good should become of the King he is like to be King.' Answered 'It is not so,' and she said 'It is said so.'"[24] And under date of April 2: "Mylicent Arundel confesses that once when my lord of Surrey was displeased about buying of cloth she told her maids in the kitchen how he fumed, and added 'I marvel they will thus mock a prince.' 'Why,' quoth Alys, her maid, 'is he a prince?' 'Yea Mary! is he,' quote this deponent, 'and if aught should come at the King but good his father should stand for King.' Upon further examination she cannot recollect speaking the last words 'and if aught, etc.'

"Joan Whetnall confesses that talking with her fellows touch-

ing my lord of Surrey's bed she said the arms were very like the King's, and she thought that 'if aught came at the King and my lord Prince, he would be King after his father.' "[25]

Again confined to the Fleet, Surrey turned once more to poetry for his diversion and on this occasion composed a waggish satire on London in which he pretended that inasmuch as the besotted inhabitants of this "false Babylon" were so lost in trespasses and sins that nothing short of violence could arouse them, he took this means to bring them to a sense of their spiritual condition. In the language of Ezekiel and of Revelation, he prophesied the wrath that would fall on the city, and concluded with the praise which would ascend to heaven from the lips of the righteous for this vindication of justice.[26]

But the time had come when this restless young man was to have a more legitimate outlet for his energy. However irritated Henry might be from time to time by the conduct of the Howards, he was too alive to his own interests and the interests of the nation to ignore the fact that the Howards had a genius for military affairs beyond that of any other family in the realm, and he confidently expected the young Earl of Surrey, brave, intrepid, versatile, to be as doughty a fighter and as skillful a general as his father and grandfather had been. It was therefore to be desired that he be given every opportunity for practical military training, especially as he had now reached the age of twenty-six and had seen no warfare of any account. Accordingly, as a body of English troops were engaged during the summer and autumn of 1543 in helping the Emperor besiege Landrecy, then in the hands of the French, Surrey was sent thither, in October, with letters from Henry to Charles V, and to the English commander, Sir John Wallop, requesting them to give the young nobleman every opportunity for observing military operations. This request was scrupulously followed, and Surrey himself showed the greatest eagerness to learn and to excel. Immediately upon his arrival he made an exhaustive survey of the plan of the siege and then, desirous of getting into action as soon as possible, hastened to join a detachment of the Imperial troops which had been sent to make a surprise attack upon Guise. He arrived just in time to take part in the retreat, which was necessitated by the arrival of French auxiliaries. We do not know just what part he played in the campaign thereafter, but when at

the conclusion of the hostilities he returned to England, he left with the hearty good wishes and admiration of Charles and his generals. Shortly before his departure he was received in special audience by the Emperor, and during the course of the interview had placed in his hands the following letter to Henry: "Most noble, most excellent and most puissant Prince, our very dear and much beloved brother and cousin, we commend ourselves to you with all affection. As my cousin, the count of Sorey [Earl of Surrey] is returning home, we shall be relieved from the necessity of writing a longer letter, since he himself will be able to tell you the occurrences of these parts. We will only add that he [the Earl] has afforded Us and Our men in the field good testimony of whose son he is, and will not be in fault in imitating the Duke [his father] and his ancestors, with such natural dexterity and gentle heart that there has been no necessity of teaching him anything, and that you will not give him orders that he does not know how to execute."[27]

The young Earl also presented himself to the Emperor's sister, the queen of Hungary, to take formal leave, and was treated by her with like consideration. Surrey's intellectual grace and refined address never failed to impress the French and Spanish. In this respect they were much better able to appreciate him than were his own countrymen, who lacked urbanity and the amenities of a cultivated society. He possessed what Englishmen of the day did not possess and could not understand, the qualities which the southern Europeans embrace in the term "the gentle heart." It was perhaps because of these golden opinions won abroad that Henry made Surrey, upon his return, the royal cupbearer.

In the few months that now intervened before Surrey was again called to the field, he busied himself with the completion of Mount Surrey. His tastes outran his pocketbook, however, and this venture caused him much financial embarrassment. Surrey was evidently much interested in his home and in his family, but he was able to give little time to the education of his children and he engaged as their tutor the wandering scholar, Hadrianus Junius, who remained for several years in his household, and from time to time embarrassed the Earl with his fulsome verses.

In the summer of 1844 Henry resumed military operations against France in conjunction with the Emperor, and Surrey now

had an opportunity to demonstrate how thoroughly he had learned the lessons of the preceding year. The plan of campaign was for the main body of the Imperial troops to press towards Paris from the east, and the English, from the north. Accordingly, Henry put two armies in the field, one under the Duke of Norfolk to attack Montreuil, with the aid of a detachment of the Imperial forces, the other to besiege Boulogne under his personal direction. Norfolk's army was the first to be placed in the field and crossed the Channel early in June. In this expedition Surrey held the post of marshal of the field, with the duties of choosing the camp and disposing the troops variously therein. Upon arriving before Montreuil, the young marshal was not at all satisfied with the ground picked out by the Imperial generals for the English camp and, much to the elation of his father, showed his independent judgment by choosing another site. In the meantime, when the French commander at Boulogne saw this English force pass by, he anticipated that Montreuil was the objective, and ignorant that a second army would soon be launched against Boulogne, transferred to Montreuil a large part of his force. Consequently, as time passed Montreuil proved a difficult nut to crack and September found the defense still effective. We hear of Surrey's name only once in this interim. It seems that the English were to have provisions from the Netherlands, but as the commissariat was inadequate, a raid on the surrounding country was effected in which Surrey took part, and which returned to camp on September 2 with abundant provisions and news of towns pillaged and burned.[28]

On the eleventh of September Surrey visited the King before Boulogne, probably sent by his father to report the progress of the siege of Montreuil. He arrived just in time to witness the demolition of the fortress by the English mines.

When Norfolk learned of the fall of Boulogne, he redoubled his efforts to take Montreuil. A stubborn attack was made in an effort to carry the fortifications, but it was unsuccessful. The engagement, however, showed the intrepidity and valor of Surrey, for in his eagerness to inspire his troops and to win distinction for himself, he completely outran his support and was surrounded by the enemy. In this critical situation he was saved only by the efforts of his squire, Thomas Clere, who received a wound which ultimately cost him his life. Surrey commemorated

this sacrifice in a sonnet written in memory of his faithful attendant.[29] His affection for this young companion, which found generous expression in gifts that he could ill afford to make, and Clere's devotion to him are further evidence of the noble quality of Surrey's friendships.

As the Emperor treacherously concluded an independent peace with France, thus compelling England to face the entire French force, the operations against Montreuil were abandoned, and Henry had to content himself with the acquisition of Boulogne. October found Norfolk and his son again in England.

Aside from his attendance at a meeting of the Order of the Garter, held at St. James on St. George's Day, we hear nothing of Surrey during the following winter. With the renewal of hostilities between France and England in the summer of 1545, however, his more ambitious military aspirations were suddenly to be gratified, and then, alas!—as suddenly crushed. Francis had decided to take the initiative and to take it aggressively. Accordingly, he prepared a fleet of unprecedented size, which crossed the channel in July. The objective was the Isle of Wight, but after several days of blundering ineffectiveness, the fleet took harbor at Selsie Bill.

The English admiral, Lord Lisle—the Sir John Dudley with whom Surrey had once broken swords—having the wind in his favor, thought that he could pen in the French fleet, and sent to the King post-haste for his approval. Thereupon the King paid the young Surrey, who seems to have been acting as an aide, the fine compliment of sending him to determine whether or not the proposed plan was advisable. Surrey reported favorably and the King gave his consent, but it was then too late, and the French fleet escaped.

Francis now gave up the idea of an English invasion, and concentrated his efforts on Boulogne. The English commander at Boulogne, Sir Edward Poynings, had for some time been requesting substantial aid, especially as the French had been pushing the construction of a fort—Chatillon—on the opposite side of the stream, which threatened the English communication by sea.

Accordingly, Henry decided to put a large army upon the continent under the leadership of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk. The advance guard of 5000 men was placed in charge of the Earl of Surrey. We can imagine the satisfaction of this

ambitious young man as he reviewed these troops—his troops—with which he was to establish his military reputation. On the ninth of August he was at Portsmouth and about to embark, when he received a counter order from the Council. For the moment he must have suffered much chagrin, thinking that his command was to be taken away from him. The delay, however, proved to be due to the movements of the French fleet which threatened the passage. On the fifteenth came a second message urging him to cross the channel with all haste. This he did. Pleased as Surrey must have been with the appointment, he was soon to receive fresh proof of Henry's confidence in his efficiency, for an unexpected combination of circumstances was working in his favor. On August 18 Poynings suddenly died, and the Duke of Suffolk quite as suddenly four days later. Confronted with this untoward situation, Henry was quick to act. On August 26 he appointed Lord William Grey, then in charge of Guisnes, an English stronghold in France, to Boulogne, and appointed Surrey to the vacancy at Guisnes; at the same time he stopped the further levying of troops and decided to follow, for the present, a defensive campaign. But five days thereafter the King as suddenly reversed his decision, directed Grey to remain at Guisnes, and appointed Surrey not only Governor of Boulogne, but Lieutenant General on sea and land of all possessions on the continent. We do not know what occasioned this change of plan, but it was certainly a remarkable expression of confidence in so young a man. The King must have felt that Surrey possessed to a degree the military genius of his family. For Lord Grey it was a mortifying affair, and he was later to give evidence of his resentment.

Surrey entered upon his work with great energy. He was surrounded by young men of like spirit with himself, some of whom, notably Thomas Wyatt and Thomas Cotton, had been his boon companions, and such was the *esprit* of his troops that, until the very close of the year, they kept the French continually at disadvantage. By manning the heights above Boulogne they fustrated the plans of the enemy to force an open engagement;[30] by constant sallies they prevented the arrival of provisions at Chatillon;[31] they burned the surrounding country and killed the cattle; they captured some of the French transports sent to relieve the fort and drove others away;[32] they even watched their op-

portunity to storm the fort itself and gained the very ramparts before they were repulsed. It was on such an occasion that Surrey, carried away by his enthusiasm and forgetful of his obligations as commander-in-chief, endangered his life by standing upon the very bridge of the fortress, a boyish action which quite naturally met with the disapproval of the King.[33]

Not only did Surrey outgeneral the enemy on the field, but the equally stubborn opposition of the Council at home. The sentiment in England was almost unanimous against the war, and the Council were a unit against it. In vain, however, did the Duke of Norfolk and the other Councillors complain. Surrey had the ear of the King, and the King was a willing listener. "For what his Grace [The Duke of Norfolk] and the rest of the Cownsell," writes Thomas Hussey to Surrey, "workith for the render of Bowleyne and the conclewding of a pease in VI dais, ye with your letters sett bake in six owrs, sitche importanse be your letters in the Kyng's oppinion . . . . .To have my judgement for Bowlleyne, as I can lerne eny Counsellour saith: 'Away with it' and the Kinge and your Lordchippe saith: 'We will kepe it!' "[34]

The opening of the New Year found Surrey full of confidence. On January 5 he wrote to the King that the lack of food in the fortress of Chatillon was so acute that if the forthcoming plans for revictualing the fortress could be frustrated, the King "should never need to besiege the same." On the following day he learned that an expedition had set forth from Montreuil to relieve the fortress. He accordingly felt that he must give battle to prevent the arrival of the supplies. Leaving two thousand men at Boulogne to protect it, Surrey stationed twenty-six hundred troops, supported by several hundred cavalry, at St. Entienne to intercept the expedition. The French wagons of provisions approached, accompanied by the cavalry ahead, five hundred strong, with the infantry following, which numbered, according to both Surrey's account and that of the French, about four thousand. Suddenly the English cavalry charged the French cavalry, taking them by surprise, completely routed them, and began to demolish the wagons. In the meantime, the English footmen, under the leadership of Surrey himself, charged the French infantry with the pike, supported by the harquebussiers. The first English line, composed of gentlemen and captains, bore themselves well, but

just when victory seemed inevitable, the second line were suddenly seized with panic, and, despite every effort to rally them, broke and fled, and did not stop until they were safe within the walls of Boulogne.[35] The English horse finding themselves unsupported, retired in good order. According to Surrey's relation, only twenty out of one hundred and ten wagon loads of provisions reached Chatillon, but even so, it was a severe blow to the pride and confidence of the young commander. The fortress had been revictualed, the morale of his men had been impaired, at least for the present, and though he may not have lost more men than the French, a very large percentage of those killed were among the seasoned fighters and men of family.

On the following day he wrote a frank account of the affair to the King. Henry apparently took a sympathetic attitude, for on January 18 Paget wrote to Surrey thus: "His Majesty, like a prince of wisdom, knows that who plays at a game of chaunce, must sometimes loose."[36]

However, after a little more than a month Surrey received the crushing news that the Earl of Hertford had been made the Lieutenant General on land, and Lord Lisle on sea. It was the most cruel disappointment that the young Earl had yet experienced.

How shall we account for this unexpected action? Bapst is of the opinion that Surrey's spirit had been broken, that he had become distrustful of himself, and that he performed his duties as if they were actually distasteful to him. He remarks that after the seventh of January Surrey did not venture another engagement and even neglected to keep King Henry informed of the situation at Boulogne, so that the Council felt called upon to reproach him. He observes that the Earl gave himself up to writing poetry, and cites verses[37] written from Boulogne as evidence of Surrey's growing distaste for his position. Is the evidence valid, however? I think not. In the poem Surrey says that he met his guide (Love), who

> Brought me amiddes the hylles in base Bullayn;
> Where I am now as restless to remayn
> Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

Now this poem is a sonnet written in the spirit of the traditional lover's lament, and the verses quoted may be merely a

graceful compliment. Moreover, if they are to be taken as a sincere expression of feeling, we have no warrant for assigning them to the days following the defeat of January 7. They may just as well have been written after Surrey learned of his demotion, when he would experience a very natural distaste for Boulogne. Of the other poems cited, "A Ladys Lament for her Lover Overseas" and "Strive not with Love,"[38] one is clearly a lament written to voice the distress of Lady Surrey at being separated from her husband. The other may be a companion poem with like purpose, or it may have been written the previous year to solace Mary Shelton for the absence of her lover, Surrey's squire, Sir Thomas Clere, though the fact that it leans heavily upon Serafino and Petrarch inclines one to question if it has any biographical significance. But as Surrey had asked as early as October[39] to have his wife join him, there is no reason for assigning these poems to any particular date. They may be merely the graceful and affectionate products of an hour of relaxation, and may only show how constant was the poet's devotion to his verse.

Surrey's alleged neglect of his reports and consequent reproof by the Council is based upon a letter dated wrongly December 11, in which the Council complains that the King had heard indirectly of the death of Sir John Pollard and of a conflict with the enemy. Now the probable date of this letter is not February 20-25, as conjectured by Bapst, but January 11, a mere slip in naming the month, for the death of Pollard is announced and the conflict fully described in Surrey's letter of January 8. This letter was in some way delayed, perhaps by storm, but it was in the hands of the Council within a few days after the eleventh, for on January 18 Paget replies to it.

It is true that Surrey did not venture an engagement after the seventh of January, but it must be remembered that the self-confidence of his men had been much shaken by defeat. In his letter of July 8, he remarks in a postscript that probably the enemy will shortly venture to bring future supplies, and asked his Majesty "to resolve what further is to be done by us."

I see no reason for thinking that Surrey showed lack of heart or of interest prior to his demotion. It is true that on February 20 and 21, he did write letters in which he painted the

situation in gloomy terms, but as the postscript of these letters makes clear, that was after he had learned of his displacement.[40]

I believe that the correct explanation is rather to be found in an undated letter from Paget to Surrey, which was written in reply to Surrey's letter of March 16. In the course of this letter, Paget discusses Surrey's personal situation as follows: "Now, my Lord, because you have been pleased I should write mine advice to your Lordship in things concerning your honor and benefit, I could no less do than put you in remembrance how much in mine opinion this shall touch your honour, if you should pass the thing over in silence until the very time of my Lord of Hertford's coming over thither; for so should both your authority be taken away, as I fear is Boulonnois, and also it should fortune ye to come abroad without any place of estimation in the field; which the world would much muse at, and though there be no such matter, think you were rejected upon occasion of some either negligence, inexperience, or other such like fault; for so many heads so many judgements. Wherefore, my Lord, in my opinion, you should do well to make sure by times to his Majesty to appoint you to some place of service in th' army; as to the captainship of the Foreward, or Rearward; or to such other place of honour as should be meet for you; for so should you be where knowledge and experience may be gotten. Whereby you should the better be able hereafter to serve, and also to have peradventure occasion to do some notable service in revenge of your men, at the last encounter with th' enimies, which should be to your reputation in the world. Whereas, being hitherto noted as you are a man of a noble courage, and of a desire to shew the same to the face of your enemies, if you should now tarry at home within a wall, having I doubt a shew of your authority touched, it would be thought abroad I fear, that either you were desirous to tarry in a sure place of rest, or else that the credit of your courage and forwardness to serve had diminished; and that you were taken here for a man of [little] activity or service."[41]

Now I am of the opinion that though Paget was careful to say "though there be no such matter," he has actually given voice to the King's own criticism. Henry recognized that Surrey was a man of great personal bravery, but he also appreciated that Surrey's willingness to show his face to the enemy had unwarrantably endangered his life. Again, though the King was gen-

erous about it, he evidently felt that Surrey had handled the affair badly, for Paget plainly says that Surrey has his reputation to win back. Moreover, in the trial the following year, Elizabeth Holland, his father's mistress, testified that Surrey had complained that the King had expressed displeasure over the defeat at Boulogne; whether this testimony be true or not, it showed what the King's attitude was thought to be. Furthermore, the King rather clearly lacked confidence in Surrey's ability to plan the fortifications and to map out a policy for actually taking the French fort. Late in December he sent Bellingham, a man of high repute, to assist Surrey in these undertakings. In the meantime Surrey had prepared plans in conjunction with Sir Thomas Palmer and others; plans which he forthwith dispatched by one Rogers, a man of engineering experience, on January 5, though Bellingham had already arrived. Now on March 8, Surrey still retaining the command of Boulogne, Paget wrote him a letter stating that Rogers, as a man in whom confidence was felt, had been authorized to construct the fortifications, and giving as one reason therefor the uncertainty shown by Surrey and Palmer, "liking now one thing, and another time misliking the same." Surrey felt very resentful of this action and took occasion severely to criticize Rogers' plans.[42]

Henry had come to feel, I believe, that he had overestimated Surrey's ability; that the Earl was rather too young and inexperienced for the great responsibilities that had been placed upon him, and that men of more experience were needed on the continent. Consequently he replaced him. Yet the King doubtless felt that Surrey would become, with experience, an able military leader, and his attitude is hinted at in the advice contained in Paget's letter. That he took his share of the responsibility and wished to make it as easy for Surrey as he could, is shown by his grant to Surrey, immediately after his return, of the full proprietary right of the Abbey of Wyndham, which the Earl had possessed before only in usufruct.

Surrey retained the command at Boulogne until he was summoned to England by the Council on March 21, ostensibly to confer on the mooted points in the plans of fortification. Before he left he had the satisfaction of defeating the enemy in a lively engagement, and he wrote home with stern satisfaction that "the

Frenchmen can run as fast away up the hill, as the Englishmen not long ago ran down."[43]

On the ninth of April Lord Grey was appointed Governor of Boulogne. Grey had been stung by the treatment that he had received the year before, and he was eager to injure Surrey as much as possible. Accordingly he discharged appointees of Surrey's and accused the Earl himself of dishonesty. Writing Paget on July 14, the Earl appealed for the rights of these officers, accused Grey in return of assuming one of the offices for his own profit, and proudly defended himself with the words: "And for answer, that the said Lord chargeth me to have returned the same to my private profect, in his so saying he can have none honour. For there be in Boulogne too many witnesses that Henry of Surrey was never for singular profect corrupted; nor never yet bribe closed his hand: which lesson I learned of my Father and wish to succeed him therein as in the rest."[44] It is certainly to the credit of Surrey that while in command on the Continent he spoke of Grey in terms of praise. Indeed in reading the correspondence of Surrey with the King and the Council, one is struck by his punctilious and generous recognition of subordinates and the modesty with which he alludes to himself.

Surrey returned to England embittered in spirit, and especially bitter in his feeling toward Hertford. This upstart nobleman was considered worthy to be entrusted with a position in which he was deemed to have failed! Imagine his feelings, then, when he learned that his father had proposed afresh the marriage of Thomas Seymour and the Duchess of Richmond and had sought royal sanction therefor; indeed, not only had renewed that project but had actually proposed a series of marriages between Surrey's children and the children of the Seymours. Loftily declaring that while he lived no son of his should ever marry a Seymour, he turned upon his sister and with vehement irony told her to go ahead with her marriage, and, since her future husband was so great a favorite, to use her position to insinuate herself into the good graces of the King, become his mistress and play the role that the Duchesse d'Etampes—the mistress of Francis I—enjoyed in France. Surrey accomplished his end, the marriage projects were abandoned, but the Duchess of Richmond, young, beautiful, gifted and ambitious, never forgave her brother for his harsh words.

So concludes the fourth act of the drama, an act which has been full of the ambitions of the warrior and the clash of arms. In it we have seen the rapid and brilliant rise of the young hero to a position of great eminence, and then we have seen his failure and disappointment. In the meantime, not only has his influence been weakened, but the enmity between him and his rivals has steadily increased, and they are waiting for the opportunity to accomplish his overthrow. This, the hero, in his pride and folly, will give them, and therewith begins the fifth act.

According to the Aristotelian tradition, the ideal tragic hero is a man of power and of nobility, who towers far above ordinary mortals both in wordly fortune and in distinction of character, but who has some fatal defect which brings its tragic retribution. Surrey was such a hero, the fatal defect was his pride.

As the year 1546 progressed, it became increasingly evident that the health of the King was failing and gossip was rife as to who should fill the office of Protector of the young Prince. As there were only two Dukes in England at the time, and as the Duke of Suffolk was not of age, the presumption was in favor of Norfolk. Moreover his name had been mentioned in connection with the throne as long ago as the divorce of Queen Katharine. Surrey did not hesitate to champion his father's claims, even in hostile quarters. Thus on one occasion he haughtily advocated them in a conversation with a companion of his military days, one Sir George Blage, a Low Churchman, who had narrowly escaped a martyr's death at Smithfield, and who felt bitterly hostile to Norfolk as a champion of the High Church party. The conversation ended in angry words and threats, and Blage was not slow to spread the alarm among the sympathizers of the Low Church. In the trial of Surrey this conversation was repeated by a witness, Sir Edward Rogers, as follows: "Recollects that Mr. Blage, about a year or three quarters of a year ago, speaking of the matter here ensuing, related how he had said to the Earl of Surrey that he thought that such as the King should specially appoint thereto should be meetest to rule the Prince in the event of the King's death. The Earl on the contrary held that his father was meetest, both for good services and for estate. Blage replied that then the Prince should be but evil taught; and, in multiplying words, said 'Rather

than it should come to pass that the Prince should be under the government of your father or you, I would bide the adventure to thrust this dagger in you.' The Earl said that he was very hasty, and that God sent a shrewd cow short horns. 'Yea, my lord (quod Blage), and I trust your horns also shall be kept so short as ye shall not be able to do any hurt with them.' Afterwards the Earl, who at the time had no weapon, took sword and dagger and went to Blage's house 'and said unto him, that of late he had been very hasty with him'; but what passed further Deponent does not remember."[45]

The feeling between the two factions became increasingly acute, and Surrey, rashly confident, even prophesied the punishment that his enemies should receive when once the King was dead: "The new men," he said "should smart for it." The new men, for their part, had no desire to smart, and they cast about for some accusation which would appeal to the passions of the King. A needless act of vanity and folly gave them just the material that they desired. It all arose over Surrey's coat-of-arms. We have already quoted the testimony given by Mistress Arundel before the city authorities in 1543 to the effect that Surrey's arms looked very like those of the King. It was of course very proper that they should, for the Howards had hereditary claim to the lions of England. Yet this similarity was not pleasant to contemplate for those who regarded with apprehension the ambitions of the young Earl. Now in 1545, prior to his departure for France, Surrey had had a long discussion with Christopher Barker, the Richmond Herald, as to his right to include the supposed arms of Edward the Confessor in his escutcheon.[46] As Barker reported the conversation, he had maintained that Surrey had no claim to these arms; on the other hand, in the course of his trial Surrey stated that the Heralds' College had given a favorable opinion.[47] Be that as it may, did Surrey actually have the right to quarter his arms with those of the Confessor? It is a nice point to determine. He based his claim upon a grant made to his ancestor, Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, by Richard II.[48] Surrey of course had clear hereditary title to the arms of Mowbray, but whether he had the right to that particular quarter that contained the arms of the Confessor, depends upon whether Richard made the grant to Thomas Mowbray only, or to him and his heirs. This we do not

know. Parliament finally decided the matter when, upon the release of the Duke of Norfolk at the accession of Mary, it passed an act stating that the Howard family had clear title to the debated quarter.

But Surrey's enemies were not concerned with such nice points, and when in October 1546 Surrey actually included the royal arms and the arms of the Confessor in an escutcheon which he had painted on his own apartments at Kenninghall, they saw their opportunity. They felt their fingers closing around the throat of this obnoxious young aristocrat, and Sir Richard Southwell, a friend of boyhood days and an associate in the French campaign,[49] hurried to the Council to announce that Surrey had conspired against the King and was guilty of treason. According to Southwell, Surrey had placed the royal arms in the first quarter of his escutcheon and had also introduced into it the arms of the Confessor, modifying the last by a silver label, a significant modification for, since the label was used by the Prince to distinguish his arms from those of the King, Surrey's use of it was a plain intimation of his purpose to supplant the royal heir. To be sure Norfolk confessed at his trial that "I have without authority borne in the first and principal quarter of my arms, ever since the death of my father, the arms of England with a difference of three labels of silver, which are the proper arms of my Lord the Prince. I confess my crime no less than high treason."[50] Yet this abject testimony, given in an effort to save his life, is not to be taken too seriously, and it is a question if he or Surrey ever did place the royal arms in any other position than the second quarter, where in sixteenth century heraldry they appear. But even had Southwell's statement been true, there would have been nothing unique in the procedure, for the Earl of Wiltshire bore them in the first quarter, and so did the Earl of Hertford, who was the most eager of all the conspirators.

But childish as the charges were, the Council gravely proceeded to summon Surrey before them to face his accuser. This was on the second of December. Surrey was dumbfounded when he heard himself accused of so grave a crime by an old friend, and, medieval knight that he was, never thought of defending himself in any other way, but passionately offered to throw off his garments and fight with Southwell, leaving it to Divine Justice to decide between them. It was a proposal that belonged to an-

other age, but it was one that eloquently bespeaks the innocence of Surrey. The Council did not take kindly to such a conception of justice and assigned the two men to a place of detention until further evidence could be secured.

When it became noised abroad that Surrey was under suspicion, and that evidence against him was in order, all those who had been offended by his pride, or who envied him his position, or who feared his influence, came into the open, eager to testify against him. One was his cousin, Sir Edmund Knyvet.[51] His contemptible spirit is shown by the character of his testimony. He alleged that Surrey had a predilection for foreigners, that he affected foreign dress, that he kept an Italian buffoon, that he had once taken into his employ a former servant of Cardinal Pole, and that he had concluded a quarrel with the significant words: "No, no, cousin Knyvet, I malice not so low; my malice is higher; my malice climbs higher." Such testimony was too childish to be taken seriously, but not so the testimony of Sir Gawain Carew who, wilfully misconstruing the ironical advice given the Duchess of Richmond by her brother on the occasion of her proposed marriage with Thomas Seymour, accused Surrey of having urged his sister to encourage the King to approach her with reference to such a marriage, that she might worm herself into the good graces of the King and gain the power of a mistress over him. This testimony was at least a commentary upon the popular conception of the King.

On the twelfth of December the Council felt justified in liberating Southwell and in committing Surrey to the Tower. On the same day his father was committed as an accomplice.

In order to humiliate Surrey the more and to stir up the popular hue and cry against him, the Council compelled him to walk to the Tower. But they little knew the feeling of the populace toward the young nobleman, and their meanness proved to be a boomerang, for as he passed along the streets the people made "great lamentacion."[52] To them he was the sturdy young nobleman who dared to use his fists as any self-respecting Englishman should, the dashing young knight who could thrill one in the tourney, the sturdy soldier who was first to set foot on the enemy's ramparts, the prince of good fellows who enjoyed London ale and a lark at night, the beau-ideal of a young aristocrat, handsome, distinguished in bearing, exacting in dress, bril-

liant in mind, one who showed what England could do by way of a man. All other public interests became as nothing compared to the commitment of these highest nobles of the realm. One gets some idea of the stir that it made and of the wild rumors abroad from the correspondence of the day. The letters of Low Churchmen show how jubilant they were at this blow struck at the staunchest upholders of the old regime. "The news from England is as agreeable as the above is distressing," writes John Burcher to Henry Bullinger, the Swiss Reformer, on December 31. "The Duke of Norfolk whose authority extended to the North of England—a most bitter enemy of the word of God—has been imprisoned, with his son, with whom he made a secret attempt to restore the Pope and the monks; but their design was discovered."[53]

As for the official correspondence, a few days of confused rumor were followed by a deliberate attempt to determine sentiment abroad. The Council were especially solicitous that the Emperor, who would naturally question the arrest of such eminent Catholic sympathizers, should not be aroused, and they left no room for remonstrance. Under date of December 25, Van der Delft wrote to Charles V as follows: "There was a large assembly of Councillors, as they were occupied about the Duke of Norfolk and his son who are prisoners. Next day the Lord Chancellor sent word, by the writer's man, that Norfolk and his son had planned to obtain the government of the King, who was too old to allow himself to be governed, by murdering all the Council and assuming control of the Prince. Surrey, however, had not been under arrest in the Lord Chancellor's house for this, but for writing a threatening letter to a gentleman; two other gentlemen had come forward and charged them with conspiracy. Surrey, though he has always been so generous to his countrymen, is not beloved by them. The feeling against the father is less severe."[54] To make assurance doubly sure, the English ambassador at the Imperial court had been carefully instructed to educate the Emperor in the matter, and on December 26 he wrote that though he had not secured audience as yet, he had conferred with one of the chief secretaries and had detailed to him "the busy head of the father and the pride of the son."[55]

On the same day that Norfolk and Surrey were placed in the

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Tower a commission of three, including Southwell, a brother or cousin of Carew, and one of the royal secretaries, left for Kenninghall to make any incriminating discoveries that they could. The frightened servants put everything at their disposal, but nothing of moment was found. However, they brought back with them Elizabeth Holland and the Duchess of Richmond. The testimony of the former had little bearing upon the conduct of the Earl, but the Duchess, who had clearly never forgiven Surrey for frustrating the plans for her marriage, gave much damaging testimony, which has all the earmarks of being inspired. She substantiated the accusation of Carew, averred that her brother was accustomed to speak of Hertford with the utmost bitterness, complained that he spoke threateningly of the protestants and discouraged her from reading much in the Scriptures, asserted that he had surmounted his arms with what "seemed to her like a close crown, and a cipher which she took to be the King's cipher, H.R." The arms of Surrey did actually include a crown, but it was the crown of the Stuarts, which, because of his great victory at Flodden Field, the first Duke of Norfolk had been permitted to include in his escutcheon. This the Duchess must have known, and it invalidated all of her charges.

After carefully weighing the testimony that had been submitted, the Council decided that the only charge that could be made to appear valid was that of treason, implied in the adoption of the arms of Edward the Confessor. The bill of indictment was as follows: "That whereas Parliament of 8 June to 18 July 28 Hen. VIII enacted that whosoever, by words, writings, printing, or other external act, maliciously shall procure anything to the peril of the King's person or give occasion whereby the King or his successors might be disturbed in their possession of the Crown, etc. (Stat. 28 Hen. VIII cap. 7, 12) shall be guilty of high treason; And whereas Henry VIII is true King of England, and Edward formerly King of England, commonly called Saynt Edward the Confessor, in right of the said realm of England, used certain arms and ensigns, viz., 'asur a crosse flewry betwene fyve merlettes golde,' belonging to the said King Edward and his progenitors in right of the Crown of England, which arms and ensigns are therefore appropriate to the King and to no other person; And whereas Edward now prince of England, the King's son, and heir apparent, bears, as heir apparent, the said

arms and ensigns with three labels called 'thre labelles sylver'; Nevertheless, one Henry Howard, late of Kennyngale, K.G., otherwise called Henry earl of Surry, on 7 Oct. 38 Hen. VIII, at Kennynggale, in the house of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, his father, openly used, and traitorously caused to be depicted, mixed and conjoined with his own arms and ensigns, the said arms and ensigns of the King, with 'thre labelles sylver.'"[56] The absurdity of the charge is evident from the fact that after the time of Richard II, who had assumed the supposed arms of the Confessor because he had chosen St. Edward as his patron saint, no King of England had used these arms, and there is no evidence that Prince Edward did so. But the charge was one that appealed to the prejudices and jealousies of the dying King, and that could be made to carry with an obsequious jury.

From the Earl of Hertford to the last juryman, judges and jury were chosen with scrupulous care, and when Surrey came to his trial at the Guildhall on the thirteenth of January, he found himself face to face with a group of old-time enemies whose very presence betrayed what the verdict was to be.[57] It was characteristic of the Earl, such was his sense of personal dignity and of the fitness of things, to appear at the trial clad in a suit of sombre color, the cost of which was generously borne by the Lieutenant of the Tower. The trial began at nine o'clock in the morning and lasted until five in the afternoon. For a man to conduct his own defense for eight hours in the presence of a hostile judiciary and jury, confronted with evidence which he had been given no opportunity to consider in advance, for a man to do this and, in the eyes of an impartial witness, carry off the honors, is evidence of sincerity, rare self-control, and thorough knowledge of the points involved. "Some things he flatly denied," says Stone in his *Chronicle,* "weakening the credits of his accusers by certaine circumstances; others he excused with interpretations of his meanings to prove the same to be far otherwise than was alledged against him." His hauteur did not desert him even in this hour. When a certain witness told of an insolent reply that he had made in the course of a purported conversation with Surrey, the prisoner merely turned to the jury with superb dignity and said, " I leave it to you to judge whether it were probable that this man should speak thus to the Earl of Surrey, and he not strike him." On occasion, too, his contempt for some low-born poli-

tician would come to the surface, as when irritated by the questions of Paget, he abruptly punctured his vanity by alluding to him as a "happe-chair" and "the worthy son of a bailiff." Finally the farcical trial was brought to a close, and the prisoner was condemned to death for high treason.

In the shadow of death, Surrey turned once more to poetry for his comfort and his solace. That art which he had cultivated with such devotion in other days, days of sunshine or of cloud, was yet to be his stay. Through it his spirit was to soar above the trammels of fortune and to dwell in the realm of the ideal. Ostensibly he translated the first five chapters of Ecclesiastes and certain of the Psalms, but he allowed his mind to play about the thought of the original with the utmost freedom, and the poems breathe the social atmosphere of Tudor England. The chapters from Ecclesiastes lend themselves to that elegiac strain which has ever been so near the surface in the English temperament, and Surrey's adaptation of these chapters to the sentiments uppermost in his mind is a sixteenth century expression of that poignant sense of the illusion of boastful heraldry and of pomp and glory to which an eighteenth century elegist was to give supreme utterance. The vanity and cruelty of the struggle for wealth and position, the worth of lowly contentment, such are the recurring themes. They anticipate the words of another sixteenth century child of suffering, Thomas Dekker, in his beautiful lyric:

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!

The poet was gaining that compassionate sense of kinship which expands the heart. More passionate and even more personal are the translations from the Psalms. Of the three translated at this time—88, 73 and 55—, the 55th, though coming last in the manuscript, was doubtless written first. In lines tremulous with indignation and scorn, the poet, adapting to his own experience the experience of the Psalmist, laments that he should have been betrayed by a friend whom he had long trusted, and calls upon God, as the champion of the righteous, to

Rayne those unbrydled tungs, breake that coniured league.

This Psalm was probably written before the trial. Of very different temper are the other two Psalms, which are the lofty ut-

terances of a spirit that was seeking to find rest. In the 88th it is driven hither and yon by the whirling of the storm; in the 73rd it has found God and rests peacefully in him, far above the impotent cruelty of men.

Most significant are the prologues of these two Psalms, one of which was addressed to George Blage, with whom Surrey had had the quarrel which precipitated his trial, and the other to Sir Antony Denny, one of the secretaries of the King, who must have had a hand in Surrey's downfall. Never more courageous than in the presence of death, Surrey would have his enemies understand that he no longer feared what they could do.

The execution of Surrey took place just a week after the trial, on Tower Hill. No record tells of his deportment on the scaffold, but it is not hard to believe that he met death with fortitude, upheld by a noble indifference to his persecutors.

The tragedy of Surrey's death is accentuated by the fact that the life of his father, whose trial and conviction, because of his high rank, took the slower course of parliamentary procedure, was saved by the timely death of the King. Though Norfolk was condemned to die, the Protector and his party feared that if their first official act was the execution of the foremost nobleman in the realm, the storm of popular disapproval would be more than they could weather. Consequently Norfolk was merely imprisoned, to be realeased five years later by Mary. Had the belated death of Henry occurred a few days earlier, Surrey would probably have been accorded like treatment. With such caprice does Fortune seem to play with human life!

The apparel of Surrey was not given to the hangman, but divided among his enemies, so much more greedy were English gentlemen of the sixteenth century than Roman gentlemen of the first. The Earl of Hertford and Sir Henry Seymour secured the greater part of the booty. In the garments that fell to the lot of Hertford figures a Parliament robe of purple velvet and a hat of crimson satin and velvet, with a white feather, perhaps the very hat that appears in the portrait of Surrey now at Hampton Court, done by Guillim Stretes shortly before the Earl's death. The body of the Earl was removed by his friends and buried at All-Hallows-Barking. He had not yet reached his thirtieth birthday.

Such was the tragedy of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

SURREY'S CONTRIBUTION TO ENGLISH POETRY

In the history of English literature the name of Surrey is invariably linked with that of Sir Thomas Wyatt for these two men were the most distinguished poets of the early Renaissance school. Attentive readers of the contemporary French, Italian, and Spanish poets and emulous of their achievements, they modernized English prosody and experimented successfully with poetry of varying types. With no adequate native tradition to support them, they borrowed, adapted or created artistic media and employed them for easy, graceful and spirited writing. This they accomplished by remodeling old metrical forms, by introducing new ones, by simplifying and disciplining English scansion, and by enlarging and refining the vocabulary of poetry.

Contrary to the received opinion, the greater credit for achieving these reforms must be given to Sir Thomas Wyatt rather than to the younger poet. Because little of his best verse found its way into print until the present century, Wyatt's real contribution to English prosody has been greatly underestimated. With the large body of his verse now available, we are in a position to appreciate the extent of his prosodic innovations and reforms and the superior quality of his poetry. His better verse is direct, forceful, sinuous, and pithy, and has the Gallic abandon and archful insouciance, its intellectual litheness and saucy grace. He tried his hand at the sonnet in emulation of Petrarch, Politian and Sannazaro, the epigram in imitation of Martial and Serafino dell' Aquila, the satire under the inspiration of Persius and Horace, and the rondeau in the spirit of the French. He also experimented with the *terza rima,* and with a wide variety of graceful and fleet-footed metrical forms. The fine command of metrical rules and musical rhythm which he ultimately achieved, the dash and energy of his spirit and the vitality of his intellect entitle him to a high place among the English poets.

Wyatt's distinctive contribution to English prosody, however, was the reformation of the iambic pentameter line, for he transformed an involved and awkward verse into a plastic and musical line which was destined to serve generations of English poets as the most satisfactory medium for sustained utterance. The iambic pentameter is the most characteristic verse in English poetry, and it was Wyatt who remodeled and defined it.

A comparison of his earlier with his later pentameter verse shows the nature and completeness of this reform.

Students of English prosody have traditionally held either that Wyatt's earlier pentameters wavered between the old Teutonic four stress line and the iambic decasyllabic line, with its identity of word and metrical accents, or that this verse was written with sole regard to rhythm, and without scruple sacrificed verbal accents to metrical. To each of these views the writer has at one time or another subscribed, not without serious misgivings, however, for the former hypothesis seemed inconsistent with the fine sense of rhythm and the sensitive ear which Wyatt shows in much of his verse, notably the rapid two-foot and three-foot lines, and the latter hypothesis inconsistent with the uniform identity of word and metrical accents in other than the pentameter lines.

The key to the correct reading of Wyatt's earlier pentameter verse was finally discovered by Miss Ada K. Foxwell (*A Study of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Poems,* 1911). Miss Foxwell's thesis was that Wyatt consistently secured pentameters and that he did this without violence to the normal accent of words, since the departures from the strict pentameter line were in accordance with an elaborate system of recognized prosodic variants. Miss Foxwell deduced these variants from Chaucer's verse as she believed Chaucer to have been read by Wyatt. In a subsequent study, *The Scansion of Wyatt's Early Sonnets,* the writer worked through the whole body of poetry from Chaucer to Wyatt and found that in general the pentameter verse of the early Tudor poets—Barclay, Hawes, Skelton—when not regular conformed to these variants or others akin to them, but concluded that these prosodic formularies originated with Lydgate and were accepted as authoritative by his followers, the Tudor versions of Chaucer merely conforming thereto, a result and not a cause.

The complete table of variants is as follows:

1. Initial trochee
2. Initial monosyllabic foot
3. Trochee after caesura
4. Monosyllabic foot after caesura, preceded by regular foot

5. Caesura in the middle of a foot, or, otherwise interpreted, amphibrach before the caesura followed by monosyllabic foot after the caesura (perhaps almost too general to be recorded)
6. Epic caesura: additional weak syllable before caesura, followed by normal foot after caesura
7. Monosyllabic foot elsewhere than at the beginning of a verse or after the caesura
8. Anapaestic foot
   a. First foot
   b. Other than first foot
9. Final *es* (and perhaps final *e*) pronounced
10. Alexandrine verse
11. Hendecasyllabic verse: additional weak syllable at end of verse
12. Slurred syllables, of which the most frequent are:
   a. *R, l, m,* or *n* (usually unaccented), followed by weak syllable
   b. Suffixes, such as *eth, en, on, er* or *ing*
   c. Vowels in juxtaposition
   d. Unimportant monosyllables
13. Long vowels or diphthongs treated as dissyllabic
14. Vowel sound inserted between consonants
15. Four stressed line.

At first glance it may well seem that so elaborate a scheme of variants is too complicated to be convincing. It is to be observed, however, that with the exception of the syllabic final *es,* which has been used only sparingly since the middle of the sixteenth century, these variants are all characteristic of the iambic pentameter verse as written by the Elizabethan and later poets, and are consistently employed to secure variety and flexibility. The difference is only one of degree, for whereas Lydgate and the early Tudor poets, baffled by scansional difficulties, employed these variants in almost every line, the later poets have used them only for relief.

Now it was Wyatt who first so mastered the iambic pentameter that the variants were no longer a crutch. Indeed in his later verse he inclined to excessive regularity, a fault of overscrupulousness into which he led his immediate successors, so

that subsequent poets had to swing back toward greater freedom to escape from the faults of undue metrical evenness.

A comparison of one of Wyatt's earlier with one of his later sonnets will show the progress that he made in simplifying the iambic pentameter line. The example of the earlier period is a translation of Petrarch's *Sonetto in Vita* 91: *Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna.* The variants as numbered in the above table, are indicated in the margin:

Thĕ lóngĕ lóve (Thĕ lónge lóve) thát ĭn my thought dŏeth hărbár:	9 or 7.3.8b
Ánd ĭn myn hert doeth kepe his residence:	1
Íntŏ my face présĕth with bolde pretence:	1.3
And therein campeth spreding his baner.	
Shé thăt me lerneth to love ănd süffré:	1.12b.13
And willes thăt mў trúst and lustĕs négligence	8b.9
Be rayned by reason, shame, and reverence:	
Wĭth hĭs hárdines tákĕth dĭsuléäsúr.	8a.3.13
Whĕre wĭth áll úntŏ the hertes forrest he fleith:	8a.1
Lévĭng his enterprise with payn and cry:	1
And ther him hideth and nat appereth.	
Whát măy I do when my maister fereth?	1
Bút ĭn the feld with him to lyve and dye?	1
For goode is the líff, énding faithfully.	12d.8b.4

It will be noted that the accent must fall on the last syllable of *baner,* for the trochee is not permitted elsewhere than at the beginning of a verse or after the caesura. In all probability there was a strong secondary accent on the first syllable, for words borrowed from the French lent themselves to such pronunciation and are consistently so scanned by the Tudor poets. *Baner* in turn furnishes the key to the pronunciation of *harbar, suffre* and *displeasur.* These Romance words were seemingly responsible for the analogous accent of participles in *eth,* the stress on such a word as *fereth* hovering between the two syllables with a slightly increased emphasis upon the second. One need only test this sonnet by reading it aloud to appreciate how essentially musical it is.

Wyatt's later handling of the pentameter verse may be illustrated by the following sonnet:

The piller pearishd is whearto I lent:
The strongest staye of myne unquyet mynde;
The lyke of it no man agayne can fynde,
Ffrom East to West, still seking thoughe he went.
To myne unhappe! for happe away hath rent
Of all my joye, the verye bark and rynde;
And I (alas) by chaunce am thus assynde
Dearlye to moorne till death do it relent.
But syns that thus it is by destenye,
What can I more but have a wofull hart,
My penne in playnt, my voyce in wofull crye,
My mynde in woe, my bodye full of smart.
And I my self, my self alwayes to hate
Till dreadfull death do ease my dolefull state.

It must be evident at a glance that the reformation of the iambic pentameter has been essentially accomplished, and its permanent character established. Surrey, therefore, fell heir to a relatively finished pentameter verse.

Surrey himself would have been the first to recognize the full extent of Wyatt's achievements. He was apparently acquainted from his boyhood with the verse of the elder poet for there is strong evidence that as a lad he came into possession of the very manuscript in which Wyatt wrote the initial version of much of his earlier poetry. The later verse must have been equally accessible to him since the three poems which Surrey wrote upon the death of Wyatt imply an intimate relationship and bespeak a poignant personal grief. Moreover Wyatt's son figures as one of the Earl's companions in his "rakehell escapades," and was it not Surrey's own cousin, Queen Catherine Howard, who by her "greate and contynual sute" induced the King to spare the life of Wyatt when he was accused of treason in 1541.[58]

How carefully Surrey studied Wyatt's reforms is apparent from his earliest verse, an example of which is a translation of that very *Sonetto in Vita* with which Wyatt had early struggled:

Love that doth raine and liue within my thought,
And buylt his seat within my captyve brest,
Clad in the armes wherein with me he fowght,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that tawght me love and suffre paine,

My doubtful hope & eke my hote desire
With shamfast looke to shadoo and refrayne,
Her smyling grace convertyth streight to yre.
And cowarde Love, then, to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurke and playne
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.
For my lordes gilt thus fawtles byde I payine;
Yet from my lorde shall not my foote remove:
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

This verse has an easy flow, and slow and stately harmonies. Concordant vowel sounds echo through the poem and assume the quality of overtones: *thought, fowght, oft, tawght, fawtles;* and the consonantal alliteration has a like effect, accentuating the rhythm without self-conscious obtrusiveness. The melody, consistently grave, takes on greater definiteness with the progress of the stanza, and gives to the poem a cumulative sonorous quality. The initial trochees, employed in no less than six of the lines, are an important factor in restraining the verse and lend an austere and masculine quality to both thought and music. It is to be noted that in the opening quatrain dealing with the sternness of Love, three of the verses are thus introduced by trochees, and that these give way to iambics when the lady enters the poem. The poet then returns to the trochees in the closing couplet where he voices his quiet acceptance of a manly destiny. It is further to be noted that as the action quickens, run-over lines are sympathetically introduced. This restraint and this austere and masculine quality are further emphasized by the use of the auxiliary *doth* which appears in three of the verses.

Furthermore the sonnet is highly pictorial and highly dramatic, surpassing the original in these respects. Petrarch's sonnet reads as follows:

Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna,
E 'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene,
Talor armato nella fronte vene,
Ivi si loca ed ivi pon sua insegna.
Quella ch' amare e sofferir ne 'nsegna,
E vuol che 'l gran desio, l' accesa spene,
Ragion, vergogna e reverenza affrene;
Di nostro ardir fra se stessa si sdegna.

Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core,
Lassando ogni sua impresa, e piagne e trema;
Ivi s' asconde, e non appar più fore.
Che poss'io far, tremendo il mio Signore,
Se non star seco infin all'ora estrema?
Che bel fin fa chi ben amando more.

By careful compression Surrey is able to add the thought that Love's arms are those "wherein with me he fowght," thus securing later the fine contrast between the ease with which Love subdued the lover and his ignominious flight from the presence of the lady.

This sonnet is typical of Surrey's verse, both of its fine musical quality and of its dramatic strength. His ear is sensitive and he sees life vividly in terms of action.

It is indeed unfortunate that Surrey's verse has hitherto been mainly read in the garbled versions of Tottel's *Miscellany,* for the editor of the *Miscellany* took very great liberties with the poems. He had by no means so good an ear as Surrey nor so sensitive and virile a spirit, and his attempts at modernization did a clear injustice to the poet. He objected to the auxiliaries *do* and *doth,* to the verbal prefix *y* and the old verbal suffixes *eth* and *en,* and to the pleasant and euphonious practice derived from Wyatt of placing the accent upon final syllables of words derived from the French—*seasón, poisón, peoplé, pencéll*—with a secondary accent upon the penult. At times in his ignorance he even distorted the thought of a passage, apparently unaware of the original.

Tottel's version of the sonnet quoted above will show the character of these revisions. The first verse is altered to read *that liueth and reigneth in,* thus avoiding the auxiliary *doth* but clearly weakening the line. In the seventh verse *cloke* is substituted for *looke,* which is a mistranslation. The tenth line, again to avoid the auxiliary, is altered to read *whereas he lurkes and plaines,* which only results in disturbing the focus of the picture. *Payine* is then altered to *paynes* to keep the rhyme. Finally the closing verse is rewritten: *Sweet is his death that takes his end by love,* a vulgar revision that fills the line with sibilants, and dwarfs the thought.

In his later poetry Surrey used the auxiliaries and the verbal prefixes somewhat less frequently, and was somewhat less inclined

to accent Romanic words on the final syllable, but he did not forsake these practices and apparently felt that they gave an archaic quality to his verse. In the pentameter verse of the *Æneid* he gradually introduced anapaests and amphibrachs for relief, but used them with far more caution than the revisers of his translation.

In the history of prosody, Surrey's claims to distinction rest primarily upon his establishment of the Shakespeare sonnet and his introduction of blank verse. After a variety of experiments, he settled upon the rhyme scheme a b a b, c d c d, e f e f, g g, for the sonnet, and thus cast the mold for the most popular Elizabethan form. In the thought divisions of the sonnet, he followed no fixed practice, employing various divisions, 8-6 (No. 8), 4-5-5 (Nos. 9 and 1), 4-8-2 (Nos. 40 and 45), with a preference, however, as in Shakespeare, for the division 4-4-4-2 (Nos. 4, 6, 44, 47, etc.)

Stimulated by an Italian version of the fourth book of the *Æneid* that appeared in 1534 and an Italian version of the first six books that appeared in 1540, Surrey translated into English the second and fourth books, chosen because of their greater dramatic value and superior literary quality, employing, like the Italians, blank verse as his medium. The translation is succinct, forceful and spirited, and the movement fairly rapid. Even to the modern ear, accustomed to the flexibility and music of Marlowe, Shakespeare and Milton, Surrey's blank verse is not unpleasant reading, and it is characterized by a certain severe dignity that gives it distinction. Approximately one fourth of the lines are run-overs, in which respect Surrey's work compares creditably with the earlier blank verse of the Elizabethans, and while the caesura occurs after the second foot in fifty per cent of the lines, and after the fourth foot in thirty, it is nevertheless shifted with some degree of freedom. For this one innovation of blank verse, English poetry owes Surrey a debt quite incalculable, though it is an open question to what extent he was responsible for the Elizabethan use of this measure.

Aside from the sonnet stanza and blank verse, Surrey experimented with a variety of metres. He showed a particular fondness for the poulter's measure, using it in several of his love poems and in his translations from the Psalms and Ecclesiastes. This choice was rather unfortunate, for it encouraged a

whole group of succeeding rhymesters to fancy themselves poets, but Surrey secured as good effects as were possible with so sing-song a metre. In the translation of Psalm 55, he broke away from the measure and attempted a blank verse of iambic hexameters, a metre that gives one the peculiar effect of alternately sliding down between waves and sweeping along on the crest of them.

In common with Wyatt, Surrey appreciated the metrical adaptability of the terza rima to English verse and experimented with it variously, in one poem employing it in pentameter lines (No. 11), in another, in tetrameters (No. 32). As Surrey does not observe stanzaic divisions in these poems but allows the thought to flow as at will, Saintsbury has preferred to think of such verse as rather a series of interlacing triple rhymes than as the terza rima proper. Be that as it may, the felicity of the terza rima in pentrametric verse is convincingly demonstrated. In the four-foot verse this rhyme scheme has an almost impudent assertiveness, but that is the very effect that Surrey was aiming for in his fine satire on London. Genius alone could have chosen such a metrical vehicle for this inimitable mock-herioc poem.

Again following the example of Wyatt, Surrey experimented with various stanzas of three and four-foot lines: a four-verse stanza of three-foot lines, with the rhyme scheme a b a b (No. 12); a similar stanza of four-foot lines (No. 14); a six-verse stanza of four-foot lines, with the rhyme scheme a b a b c c (Nos. 13, 18); an eight-verse stanza of three-foot lines, with the rhyme scheme a b a b c d c d (No. 16); a six-verse stanza of four-foot lines, with the rhyme scheme a b a b c c (No. 19); a six-verse stanza of alternate four-foot and three-foot lines, with the rhyme scheme a b a c b c, a skillful and most pleasing metre (No. 20); and a seven-verse stanza with lines of the following feet, 4 3 4 3 4 4 5, and the rhyme scheme a b a b a c c (No. 21). This last, with its longer final verse, is somewhat prophetic of the Spenserian stanza.

Throughout his poetry, from the early polite verse to the translation of the *Æneid,* Surrey persistently employs alliteration, showing how deeply rooted was this ancient English usage. Ordinarily the effect is distinctly pleasing, but it is perhaps a question if he does not over-employ it at times, as in the poem, "The soote season, that bud and blome furth bringes."

In the use of the caesura, or pause, Surrey shows a cultivated rhythmical sense. In iambic pentameter verse, he usually rests after the second foot, but this practice is not allowed to become mechanical, and is relieved by shifting the caesura back to the first foot and forward to the fourth. A favorite practice is to pause after the second foot, and then to make a secondary pause after the fourth. In the poulter's measure—a rhymed couplet consisting of a verse of six feet and a verse of seven—the caesura, as the genius of this verse demands, almost invariably occurs after the third foot of the first verse and the fourth foot of the second, but the jog-trot effect is modified by a frequent additional pause after the second foot of the second verse, as in the following:

> For all thynges hauing life/ sometime haue quiet rest,
> The bering asse,/ the drawing oxe,/ and euery other beast.

In the shorter lines the caesura is not a problem, for in such verse the problem of pause becomes the problem of the run-over lines.

Surrey of course falls far short of the modern practice in the use of run-over lines. Although in one late sonnet (No. 91) there are five run-overs, Surrey employs the run-over but sparingly in verses of four or more feet in length, but it must be remembered that the Elizabethans themselves usually observed the end-stop in the sonnets and that Shakespeare discovered only after much experimentation the possibilities of the run-over in blank verse. In the light-foot metres, on the other hand, Surrey uses the run-over constantly, after the manner of Wyatt and the French poets.

Surrey's diction is direct, firm, and muscular, but flexible and euphonious. It employs just enough words of Latin and French origin to give richness and dignity to the homely, fibrous, native element. In the amatory and polite verse, approximately five and one half per cent of the words are of Latin or French derivation; in the translations from Ecclesiastes, seven per cent; in the translations from the Psalms, five per cent; and in the *Æneid,* a little over eight. Surrey was an admiring pupil of Chaucer, and he employs certain characteristically Chaucerian words, phrases, and constructions that give a mildly archaic flavor to his diction. Another distinctive quality making for quaintness is the tendency

to use nouns and adjectives as verbs, or adjectives and verbs as nouns:

> But *mercy* him thy frende that doth thee serue.
> The wynters hurt recovers with the *warme*.

Surrey's genius was dramatic rather than lyrical. It has little of abandon, of rhapsodic surrender, little singing quality, little ecstasy, little that mounts and soars. It has rather what Ruskin calls the imagination penetrative, that penetrating, possession-taking quality which comes to grips with reality, and gets at the heart of experience. It is essentially dramatic. This dramatic quality, this interpretation of experience through pictorial and vivid action, is distinctive not only in such poems as the dashing satire upon London and the angry and scornful invective against a guest who had snubbed him, "An Irate Host," but is everywhere to be met. The imprisoned poet, leaning upon the parapets of Windsor and looking forth over the peaceful landscape rich in happy memories, half bent to hurl himself down, and receiving only a hollow echo in response to his laments; Lady Surrey, dreaming that her absent lord is returned from overseas and playing with his little Thomas; the old man feeling the tell-tale stubble on his chin; and Wyatt's enemies, knife still in hand, weeping envious tears at his fair fame—this is all vividly dramatic. Moreover this quality maintains not only in the strictly original poems, but in those translated or adapted. It is hardly too much to say that Surrey invariably heightens the dramatic quality in whatever he translates. "A Ladys Lament for her Lover Overseas" is adapted from Serafino dell' Aquilo, but where the original reads

> quando il ciel s' imbruna
> A mezza notte uscio del freddo lutto
> A sentir l'hore, a remirar la luna,

Surrey heightens the effect by rendering the passage

> I stand the bitter night
> In my window, where I may see
> Before the windes how the clouds flee.

In the opening lines of the fourth book of the *Æneid* Virgil describes Dido as *caeco carpitur igni;* Surrey translates "Surprised

with blind flame," which heightens the impression of the suddenness and unexpectedness of the Queen's consuming passion, of her complete helplessness before it. In turn, the Psalms and chapters from Ecclesiastes merely furnish the poet's imagination with raw material for it to transform. Thus the Latin of Ecclesiastes 5.2. reads: *Multas curas sequuntur somnia, et in multis sermonibus invenietur stultitia,* which is hardly to be recognized in Surrey's graphic lines:

> As ferful broken slepes spring from a restless hedde
> By chattering of unholly lippis is frutles prayer bredde.

It is this dramatic quality which makes Surrey the real forerunner of the Elizabethans. Sir Sidney Lee observes the absence of an "individual energy of thought" in Surrey's poetry. On the contrary, the peculiar excellence of his poetry resides in this very quality.

The range of the poetry is fairly wide. It includes love poems, which for the most part are graceful experiments in polite verse, with only a slight adumbration, it would seem, of personal experience; autobiographical poems, definitely related to personal experience and delightfully intimate and frank; moral and didactic poems, in line with the current Renaissance revival of this Latin strain, a strain most congenial to the English temperament; elegiac poems, personal, generous, and affectionate; translations from Ecclesiastes and the Psalms, freely rendered, and construed to English life and the poet's own peculiar experience, showing that sturdy capacity for adaptation which is always to be found in a vital literary epoch; and translations from the *Æneid* that are forceful, nervous, and plastic, that have the quality and texture of Virgil and of Tudor England as well.

Although Surrey lived a scant three decades, he left a substantial body of verse, and made a permanent impression upon English poetry.

POEMS

LOVE POEMS

1

A NOCTURNAL LAMENT

Alas! so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace:
Heauen and earth disturbed in nothing;
The beastes, the ayer, the birdes their song doe cease;
The nightes chare the starres aboute dothe bring.
Calme is the sea, the waues worke lesse and lesse;
So am not I, whom loue, alas! doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great encrease
Of my desires, whereat I wepe and syng,
In ioye and wo, as in a doubtful ease:
For my swete thoughtes sometyme doe pleasure bring,
But, by and by, the cause of my disease
Geues me a pang that inwardly dothe sting,
When that I thinke what griefe it is againe
To liue and lacke the thing should ridde my paine.

2

A SPRING LAMENT

The soote season, that bud and blome furth bringes,
With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with fethers new she singes;
The turtle to her make hath tolde her tale.
Somer is come, for euery spray nowe springes;
The hart hath hong his olde hed on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter cote he flings;
The fishes flote with newe repaired scale;
The adder all her sloughe awaye she slinges;
The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smale;
The busy bee her honye now she minges.
Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant thinges
Eche care decayes, and yet my sorow springes.

3

THE CRUELTY OF HIDDEN CHARMS

I neuer saw youe, madam, laye aparte
Your cornet black, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sythe first ye knew of my desire so greate,
Which other fances chaced cleane from my harte.
Whiles to my self I did the thought reserve
That so vnware did wounde my wofull brest,
Pytie I saw within your hart dyd rest;
But since ye knew I did youe love and serve,
Your golden treese was clad alway in blacke,
Your smilyng lokes were hid thus euermore,
All that withdrawne that I did crave so sore.
So doth this cornet governe me, a lacke!
In sommere, sonne; in winter, breath of frost;
Of your faire eies whereby the light is lost.

4

A LOVERS LOYALTY TO LOVE

Love that doth raine and liue within my thought,
And buylt his seat within my captyve brest,
Clad in the armes wherein with me he fowght,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that tawght me love and suffre paine,
My doubtful hope & eke my hote desire
With shamfast looke to shadoo and refrayne,
Her smyling grace convertyth streight to yre.
And cowarde Love, then, to the hart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurke and playne
His purpose lost, and dare not shew his face.
For my lordes gilt thus fawtles byde I payine;
Yet from my lorde shall not my foote remove:
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

5

LOVES EXTREMES

In Cipres springes—wheras dame Venus dwelt—
A welle so hote that who so tastes the same,
Were he of stone, as thawed yse shuld melt,
And kindled fynde his brest with secret flame;
Whose moist poison dissolved hath my hate.
This creping fier my cold lymmes so oprest
That, in the hart that harbred fredom late,
Endles dispaire long thraldom hath imprest.
One, eke so cold, in froson snow is found,
Whose chilling venume of repugnaunt kind
The fervent heat doth quenche of Cupides wound,
And with the spote of chaunge infectes the mynd;
Where of my deer hath tasted to my payne.
My service thus is growne into disdayne.

6

A LOVERS VOW

Set me wheras the sonne dothe perche the grene,
Or whear his beames may not dissolue the ise,
In temprat heat, wheare he is felt and sene;
With prowde people, in presence sad and wyse;
Set me in base, or yet in highe degree;
In the long night, or in the shortyst day;
In clere weather, or whear mysts thickest be;
In lofte yowthe, or when my heares be grey;
Set me in earthe, in heauen, or yet in hell;
In hill, in dale, or in the fowming floode;
Thrawle, or at large, aliue whersoo I dwell;
Sike, or in healthe; in yll fame, or in good;
Yours will I be, and with that onely thought
Comfort my self when that my hape is nowght.

7

THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY

Brittle beautie, that nature made so fraile,
Wherof the gift is small, and short the season,
Flowring to-day, to morowe apt to faile,
Tickell treasure abhorred of reason,
Daungerous to dele with, vaine, of none auaile,
Costly in keping, past not worthe two peason,
Slipper in sliding as is an eles taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason,
Iewel of ieopardie that perill doth assaile,
False and vntrue, enticed oft to treason,
Enmy to youth: that most may I bewaile.
Ah, bitter swete! infecting as the poyson,
Thou farest as frute that with the frost is taken:
To-day redy ripe, to morowe all to shaken.

8

A PLEA FOR CONSTANCY

The golden gift that nature did thee geue,
To fasten frendes and fede them at thy wyll
With fourme and fauour, taught me to beleue
How thou art made to shew her greatest skill,
Whose hidden vertues are not so vnknown
But liuely domes might gather at the first:
Where beautye so her perfect seede hath sowen,
Of other graces folow nedes there must.
Now certesse, ladie, sins all this is true,
That from aboue thy gyfts are thus elect,
Do not deface them than with fansies newe,
Nor chaunge of mindes let not thy minde infect,
But mercy him thy frende that doth thee serue,
Who seekes alway thine honour to preserue.

9

IN ABSENTIA

The fansy which that I haue serued long,
That hath alway bene enmy to myne ease,
Seemed of late to rue vpon my wrong
And bad me flye the cause of my misease.
And I forthwith dyd prease out of the throng,
That thought by flight my painful hart to please
Som other way, tyll I saw faith more strong.
And to my self I sayd: "Alas! those dayes
In vayn were spent, to runne the race so long."
And with that thought I met my guyde, that playn
Out of the way wherin I wandred wrong
Brought me amiddes the hylles in base Bullayn;
Where I am now, as restlesse to remayn,
Against my will, full pleased with my payn.

10

THE TWOFOLD POWER OF LOVE

Yf he that erst the fourme so livelye drewe
Of Venus faas, tryvmpht in paynteres arte,
Thy father then what glorye did ensew,
By whose pencell a goddesse made thow arte!
Touchid with flame, that figure made some rewe,
And with her love surprysed manye a hart;
There lackt yet that should cure their hoot desyer:
Thow canst enflame and quenche the kyndled fyre.

11

A PLEA FOR MERCY

The sonne hath twyse brought forthe the tender grene,
And cladd the yerthe in lively lustynes;
Ones have the wyndes the trees dispoyled clene,
And now agayne begynnes their cruelnes;
Sins I have hidd vnder my brest the harme
That never shall recover helthfulnes.

The wynters hurt recovers with the warme;
The perched grene restored is with shade;
What warmth, alas! may sarve for to disarme
The froosyn hart, that my inflame hath made?
What colde agayne is hable to restore
My freshe grene yeres, that wither thus & faade?
Alas! I see nothinge to hurt so sore
But tyme somtyme reduceth a retourne;
Yet tyme my harme increseth more & more,
And semes to have my cure allwayes in skorne.
Straunge kynd of death, in lief that I doo trye:
At hand to melt, farr of in flame to bourne,
And like as time list to my cure aply;
So doth eche place my comfort cleane refuse.
Eche thing alive that sees the heaven with eye,
With cloke of night maye cover and excuse
Him self from travaile of the dayes vnrest,
Save I, alas! against all others vse,
That then sturre vpp the torment of my brest,
To curse eche starr as cawser of my faat.
And when the sonne hath eke the darke represt
And brought the daie, yet doth nothing abaat
The travaile of my endles smart & payne;
Ffor then, as one that hath the light in haat,
I wishe for night, more covertlye to playne,
And me withdrawe from everie haunted place,
Lest in my chere my chaunce should pere to playne;
And with my mynd I measure, paas by paas,
To seke that place where I my self hadd lost,
That daye that I was tangled in that laase,
In seming slacke that knytteth ever most.
But never yet the trayvaile of my thought
Of better state could catche a cawse to bost,
For yf I fynde, somtyme that I have sought,
Those starres by whome I trusted of the port,
My sayles do fall, and I advaunce right nought;
As anchord fast, my sprites do all resort
To stand atgaas, and sinke in more & more:
The deadlye harme which she dooth take in sport.
Loo! yf I seke, how I do fynd my sore!
And yf I flye, I carrey with me still

The venymd shaft which dothe his force restore
By hast of flight. And I maye playne my fill
Vnto my self, oneles this carefull song
Prynt in your hert some percell of my will;
For I, alas! in sylence all to long,
Of myne old hurt yet fele the wound but grene.
Rue on me lief, or elles your crewell wrong
Shall well appeare, and by my deth be sene.

12

A GAME OF CHESS

Although I had a check,
To geue the mate is hard,
For I haue found a neck
To kepe my men in gard.
And you that hardy ar
To geue so great assay
Vnto a man of warre—
To driue his men away—,

I rede you take good hede
And marke this foolish verse,
For I will so prouide
That I will haue your ferse.
And when your ferse is had
And all your warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To ende that you begon.

For yf by chance I winne
Your person in the feeld,
To late then come you in
Your selfe to me to yeld.
For I will vse my power,
As captain full of might,
And such I will deuour
As vse to shew me spight.

And for because you gaue
Me checke in such degre,
This vantage loe I haue;
Now checke, and garde to the.
Defend it, if thou may;
Stand stiffe in thine estate;
For sure I will assay,
If I can giue the mate.

13

A GOODLY ENSAMPLE

When ragyng loue, with extreme payne,
Most cruelly distrains my hart;
When that my teares, as floudes of rayne,
Beare witnes to my wofull smart;
When sighes haue wasted so my breath
That I lye at the poynte of death;

I call to minde the nauye greate
That the Greekes brought to Troye towne,
And how the boysteous windes did beate
Their shyps, and rente their sayles adowne,
Till Agamemnons daughters blood
Appeasde the goddes that them withstode.
And how that, in those ten years warre,

Full many a bloudye dede was done;
And many a lord, that came full farre,
There caught his bane, alas! to sone;
And many a good knight ouerronne;
Before the Grekes had Helene wonne.

Then thinke I thus: sithe suche repayre,
So longe time warre of valiant men,
Was all to winne a ladye fayre,
Shall I not learne to suffer then,
And thinke my life well spent, to be
Seruyng a worthier wight than she?

Therefore I neuer will repent,
But paynes, contented, stil endure:
For like as when, rough winter spent,
The pleasant spring straight draweth in vre,
So after ragyng stormes of care,
Joyful at length may be my fare.

14

THE TRAMMELS OF LOVE

As oft as I behold and see
The soveraigne bewtie that me bound,
The ner my comfort is to me,
Alas! the fressher is my wound.

As flame dothe quenche by rage of fier,
And roounyng streames consumes by raine,
So doth the sight that I desire
Apeace my grief and deadly payne.

Like as the flee that seethe the flame
And thinkes to plaie her in the fier,
That fownd her woe, and sowght her game,
Whose grief did growe by her desire.

When first I saw theise christall streames
Whose bewtie made this mortall wound,
I litle thought with in these beames
So sweete a venvme to have found.

Wherein is hid the crewell bytt
Whose sharpe repulse none can resist,
And eake the spoore that straynith eche wytt
To roon the race against his list.

But wilful will did prick me forth;
Blynd Cupide dyd me whipp & guyde;
Force made me take my grief in worthe;
My fruytles hope my harme did hide.

As cruell waues full oft be found
Against the rockes to rore and cry,
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Ageinst my brest full bitterly.

I fall and see my none decaye,
As he that beares flame in his brest
Fforgetes, for payne, to cast awaye
The thing that breadythe his vnrest.

And as the spyder drawes her lyne,
With labour lost I frame my sewt;
The fault is hers, the losse ys myne.
Of yll sown seed such ys the frewte.

15

A LESSON IN LOVE

When youthe had ledd me half the race
That Cupides scourge did make me rune,
I loked backe to mete the place
Ffrom whence my werye course begune.

And then I sawe how my desyre,
By ill gydyng, had let my waye;
Whose eyes, to greedye of their hire,
Had lost me manye a noble praye.

Ffor when in sighes I spent the daye,
And could not clooke my grief by game,
Their boyling smoke did still bewraye
The fervent rage of hidden flame.

And when salt teares did bayne my brest,
Where love his pleasaunt traynes had sowne,
The brewt therof my frewt opprest,
Or that the bloomes were sprunge & blowne.

And where myne eyes did still pursewe
The flying chace that was their quest,
Their gredye lookes did oft renewe
The hydden wounde within my brest.

When everye looke these cheekes might stayne,
From dedlye pale to flaming redd,
By owtard signes apperyd playne
The woo wherwith my hart was fedd.

But all to late love learneth me
To paynt all kynd of coloures newe,
To blynde their eyes that elles should see
My sparkled chekes with Cupydes hewe.

And now the covert brest I clayme
That worshipps Cupyd secretlye,
And nourysheth hys sacred flame
Ffrom whence no blasing sparckes do flye.

16

RUEFUL ASSOCIATIONS

O lothsome place! where I
Haue sene and herd my dere,
When in my hert her eye
Hath made her thought appere,
By glimsing with such grace
As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space
Betwene vs lenger should.

As fortune did auance
To further my desire,
Euen so hath fortunes chance
Throwen all ammiddes the myre;
And that I haue deserued
With true and faithful hart,
Is to his handes reserued
That neuer felt the smart.

But happy is that man
That scaped hath the griefe
That loue well teche him can,
By wanting his reliefe.
A scourage to quiet mindes
It is, who taketh hede,
A common plage that bindes,
A trauell without mede.

This gift it hath also,
Who so enioies it most
A thousand troubles grow
To vexe his weried ghost.
And last it may not long—
The truest thing of all—,
And sure the greatest wrong
That is within this thrall.

But sins thou, desert place,
Canst giue me no accompt
Of my desired grace
That I to haue was wont,
Farwel! thou hast me tought
To thinke me not the furst
That loue hath set aloft
And casten in the dust.

17

AN UNCHANGING LOVER

Though I regarded not
The promise made to me,
Or passed not to spot
My faith and honeste,
Yet were my fancie strange
And wilful will to wite,
If I sought now to change
A falkon for a kite.

All men might well dispraise
My wit and enterprise,
If I estemed a pese
Aboue a perle in price,
Or iudged the oule in sight
The sparehauke to excell,
Which flieth but in the night,
As all men know right well.

Or, if I sought to saile
Into the brittle port
Where anker hold doth faile,
To such as doe resort,
And leaue the hauen sure
Where blowes no blustring winde,
Nor fickelnesse in vre,
So far forth as I finde.

No, thinke me not so light
Nor of so chorlish kinde,
Though it lay in my might
My bondage to vnbinde,
That I would leue the hinde
To hunt the ganders fo.
No, no! I haue no minde
To make exchanges so,

Nor yet to change at all.
For thinke it may not be
That I should seke to fall
From my felicitie,
Desyrous for to win,
And loth for to forgo,
Or new change to begin.
How may all this be so?

The fire it can not freze,
For it is not his kinde,
Nor true loue cannot lese
The constance of the minde;
Yet, as sone shall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I in such desire
Haue once a thought to turne.

18

A MISTRESS NONPAREIL

Geue place, ye louers, here before
That spent your bostes and bragges in vaine;
My ladies beawtie passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sonne, the candle light,
Or brightest day, the darkest night.

And thereto hath a trothe as iust
As had Penelope the fayre,
For what she saith, ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were,
And vertues hath she many moe
Than I with pen haue skill to showe.

I could rehearse, if that I wolde,
The whole effect of Natures plaint
When she had lost the perfit mold,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringyng handes howe she dyd cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I knowe she swore with ragyng mynd,
Her kingdom onely set apart,
There was no losse, by loue of kind,
That could haue gone so nere her hart.
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She coulde not make the lyke agayne.

Sith Nature thus gaue her the prayse
To be the chiefest worke she wrought,
In faith, me thinke some better waies
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Then to compare, as ye haue done,
To matche the candle with the sonne.

19

FROM A LOYAL LOVER OVERSEAS

Syns fortunes wrath enuieth the welth
Wherein I raygned, by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stelth
With sower, swete, dreade, and delight,
Let not my griefe moue you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.

Spite draue me into Borias raigne,
Where hory frostes the frutes do bite,
When hilles were spred and euery playne
With stormy winters mantle white;
And yet, my deare, such was my heate,
When others frese then did I swete.

And now, though on the sunne I driue,
Whose feruent flame all thinges decaies,
His beames in brightnesse may not striue
With light of your swete golden rayes,
Nor from my brest this heate remoue
The frosen thoughtes grauen by loue.

Ne may the waues of the salt floode
Quenche that your beauty set on fire,
For though mine eyes forbere the fode
That did releue the hot desire,
Such as I was, such will I be,—
Your owne. What would ye more of me!

20

A MODERN ULYSSES

I that Vlysses yeres haue spent
To seeke Penelope,
Finde well what folly I haue ment
To seke that was not so,
Sinse Troylous case hath caused me
From Cressed for to go.

And to bewaile Vlysses truth
In seas and stormy skies
Of wanton will and raging youth,
Wherewith I have tossed sore
From Cillas seas to Carribes clives
Vpon the drowning shore.

Where I sought hauen, there found I hap,
From daunger vnto death,
Much like the mouse that treades the trap
In hope to finde her foode,
And bites the bread that stops her breath;
So in like case I stoode.

Till now repentance hasteth him
To further me so fast
That where I sanke, there now I swim,
And haue both streame and winde,
And lucke as good, if it may last,
As any man may finde.

That where I perished, safe I passe,
And find no perill there,
But stedy stone, no ground of glasse.
Now am I sure to saue,
And not to flete from feare to feare,
Such anker hold I haue.

21

A LADYS LAMENT FOR HER LOVER OVERSEAS

O happy dames, that may embrace
The frute of your delight,
Help to bewaile the wofull case
And eke the heauy plight
Of me, that wonted to reioyce
The fortune of my pleasant choyce.
Good ladies, help to fill my moorning voyce.

In ship, freight with rememberance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sailes that hath in gouernance
My life, while it wil last;
With scalding sighes, for lack of gale,
Furdering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the swete port of his auail.

Alas! how oft in dreames I se
Those eyes, that were my food,
Which somtime so delited me
That yet they do me good;
Wherwith I wake with his returne,
Whose absent flame did make me burne.
But when I finde the lacke, Lord how I mourne!

When other louers, in armes acrosse,
Reioyce their chiefe delight,
Drowned in tears, to mourne my losse,
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the windes how the cloudes flee.
Lo, what a mariner loue hath made me!

And in grene waues, when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of winde,
A thousand fansies in that mood
Assayle my restlesse mind.
Alas! now drencheth my swete fo,
That with the spoyle of my hart did go,
And left me; but, alas, why did he so!

And when the seas waxe calme againe,
To chase fro me annoye,
My doubtfull hope doth cause me plaine;
So dreade cuts of my ioye.
Thus is my wealth mingled with wo,
And of ech thought a dout doth growe:
Now he comes; will he come? alas, no, no!

22

A SOPHISTICATED LOVER

Suche waywarde wais hath love, that moste parte in discorde.
Our willes do stand, wherby our hartes but seldom dooth accorde.
Disceyte is his delight, and to begyle and mocke
The symple hertes which he doth stryke with froward, dyvers stroke.
He cawseth hertes to rage with golden burninge darte,
And doth alaye with ledden cold agayne the tothers harte.
Hot gleames of burning fyre, & easye sparkes of flame,
In balaunce of vnegall weight he pondereth by ame.
Ffrom easye fourde, where I might wade & passe full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me drive into the darke, diep well;
And me withholdes where I am cald and offerd place;
And wooll that still my mortall foo I do beseche of grace.
He lettes me to pursue a conquest well nere woon,
To follow where my paynes were spilt or that my sute begune.
Lo! by these rules I know how sone a hart can turne
From warr to peace, from trewce to stryf, and so again returne.
I knowe how to convert my will in others lust;
Of litle stuff vnto my self to weyve a webb of trust;
And how to hide my harme with soft dissembled chere,
When in my face the paynted thoughtes wolde owtwardlye appere.
I know how that the blood forsakes the faas for dredd,
And how by shame it staynes agayne the cheke with flaming redd.
I knowe vnder the grene, the serpent how he lurckes;
The hamer of the restles forge, I know eke how yt workes.
I know, and can be roote, the tale that I wold tell,
But ofte the wordes come forth a wrye of hym that loveth well.
I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes,
In singinge how he can complayne, in sleaping how he wakes,
To languishe without ache, sickles for to consume,
A thousand thinges for to devyse resolving all hys fume.
And thoughe he lyke to see his ladies face full sore,
Suche pleasure as delightes his eye doth not his health restore.
I know to seke the tracke of my desyred foo,
And feare to fynd that I do seke; but chefelye this I know,
That lovers must transforme into the thing beloved,
And live—alas, who colde beleve!—with spryte from lief removed.
I know in hartye sighes and lawghters of the splene

At ones to chaunge my state, my will, & eke my colour clene.
I know how to disceyve myself withouten helpp;
And how the lyon chastysed is by beating of the whelpp.
In standing nere my fyer, I know how that I frese;
Ffarr of, to burn; in both to wast, & so my lief to lese.
I know how love doth rage vppon the yeldon mynd,
How small a nett may take & mashe a harte of gentle kynd;
Which seldome tasted swete, to seasoned heaps of gall,
Revyved with a glyns of grace olde sorowes to let fall.
The hidden traynes I know, & secret snares of love;
How sone a loke may prynt a thought that never will remoue.
That slipper state I know, those sodayne tournes from welthe,
That doubtfull hope, that certayne woo, & sure dispaire of helthe.

23

STRIVE NOT WITH LOVE

When sommer toke in hand the winter to assail
With force of might and vertue gret, his stormy blasts to quail,
And when he clothed faire the earth about with grene,
And euery tree new garmented, that pleasure was to sene,
Mine hart gan new reuiue, and changed blood dyd stur
Me to withdraw my winter woe, that kept within the dore.
Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote,
Where thou shalt finde the sauour sweete, for sprong is euery rote;
And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
Nothing more good than in the spring the aire to fele a space.
There shalt thou here and se all kindes of birdes ywrought,
Well tune their voice with warble smal, as nature hath them tought.
Thus pricked me my lust the sluggish house to leaue,
And for my health I thought it best suche counsail to receaue.
So on a morow furth, vnwist of any wight,
I went to proue how well it would my heauy burden light.
And when I felt the aire so pleasant round about,
Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
There might I see how Ver had euery blossom hent,
And eke the new betrothed birdes ycoupled how they went.
And in their songes me thought they thanked nature much
That by her lycence all that yere to loue—their happe was such—
Right as they could deuise to chose them feres throughout;

With much reioysing to their Lord thus flew they all about.
Which when I gan resolue, and in my head conceaue,
What pleasant life, what heapes of ioy, these little birdes receue,
And sawe in what estate I, wery man, was brought
By want of that they had at will, and I reiect at nought,
Lorde, how I gan in wrath vnwisely me demeane.
I curssed loue, and him defied; I thought to turne the streame.
But whan I well behelde he had me vnder awe,
I asked mercie for my fault that so transgrest his law.
"Thou blinded god," quoth I, "forgeue me this offense;
Vnwillingly I went about to malice thy pretense."
Wherewith he gaue a beck, and thus me thought he swore:
"Thy sorow ought suffice to purge thy faulte, if it were more."
The vertue of which sounde mine hart did so reuiue
That I, me thought, was made as hole as any man aliue.
But here ye may perceiue mine errour, all and some,
For that I thought that so it was, yet was it still vndone;
And all that was no more but mine empressed mynde,
That fayne woulde haue some good relese of Cupide wel assinde.
I turned home forthwith, and might perceiue it well,
That he agreued was right sore with me for my rebell.
My harmes haue euer since increased more and more,
And I remaine, without his help, vndone for euer more.
A miror let me be vnto ye louers all:
Striue not with loue, for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

24

A STRICKEN SHEPHERD

In winters iust returne, when Boreas gan his raigne,
And euery tree vnclothed fast, as nature taught them plaine,
In misty morning darke, as sheepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my sheepe for to vnfolde.
And as it is a thing that louers haue by fittes,
Vnder a palm I heard one crye as he had lost hys wittes.
Whose voice did ring so shrill, in vttering of his plaint,
That I amazed was to hear how loue could hym attaint.
"Ah wretched man," quod he, "come death, and ridde thys wo;

A just reward, a happy end, if it may chaunce thee so.
Thy pleasures past haue wrought thy wo, withoute redresse;
If thou hadst neuer felt no ioy, thy smart had bene the lesse."
And retchlesse of his life, he gan both sighe and grone;
A rufull thing me thought it was to hear him make such mone.
"Thou cursed pen," sayd he, "wo worth the bird thee bare;
The man, the knife, and all that made thee, wo be to their share.
Wo worth the time, and place, where I so could endite,
And wo be it yet once agayne, the pen that so can write.
Vnhappy hand, it had ben happy time for me
If, when to write thou learned first, vnioynted hadst thou be."
Thus cursed he himself, and euery other wight,
Saue her alone whom loue him bound to serue both day and night.
Which when I heard, and saw, how he himselfe fordid,
Against the ground, with bloudy strokes, himself euen there to rid,
Had ben my heart of flint, it must haue melted tho,
For in my life I neuer saw a man so full of wo.
With teares, for his redresse, I rashly to him ran
And in my arms I caught him fast, and thus I spake hym than:
"What wofull wight art thou, that in such heauy case
Tormentes thy selfe with such despite, here in this desert place?"
Wherewith, as all agast, fulfild wyth ire and dred,
He cast on me a staring loke, with colour pale and ded.
"Nay, what art thou," quod he, "that in this heauy plight
Doest finde me here, most wofull wretch, that life hath in despight?"
"I am," quoth I, "but pore, and simple in degre;
A shepardes charge I haue in hand, vnworthy though I be."
With that he gaue a sighe, as though the skye should fall,
And lowd, alas! he shryked oft, and "Shepard," gan he call,
"Come, hie the fast at ones, and print it in thy hart;
So thou shalt know, and I shall tell the, giltlesse how I smart."
His backe against the tree, sore febled all with faint,
With weary sprite hee stretched him vp, and thus hee told his plaint.
"Ones in my hart," quoth he, "it chanced me to loue
Such one, in whom hath nature wrought her cunning for to proue.
And sure I can not say, but many yeres were spent
With such good will so recompenst, as both we were content.
Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
The sonne should runne his course awry, ere we this faith forgo.
Who ioied then, but I, who had this worldes blisse?

Who might compare a life to mine, that neuer thought on this?
  But dwelling in thys truth, amid my greatest ioy,
Is me befallen a greater loss than Priam had of Troy:
  She is reuersed clene, and beareth me in hand,
That my desertes haue giuen her cause to break thys faithful band.
  And for my iust excuse auaileth no defense.
Now knowest thou all; I can no more. But, shepard hye the hense,
  And giue him leaue to die that may no lenger liue.
Whose record, lo, I claime to haue, my death, I doe forgiue.
  And eke, when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain:
Thou hast seen dye the truest man that euer loue did pain."
  Wherewith he turned him round, and gasping oft for breath,
Into his armes a tree he raught, and sayd, "Welcome my death:
  Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer vnto me
Than should, without her loue to liue, an emperour to be."
  Thus, in this wofull state, he yelded vp the ghost,
And little knoweth his lady, what a louer she hath lost.
  Whose death when I beheld, no maruail was it, right
For pitie though my heart did blede, to see so piteous sight.
  My blood from heat to colde oft changed wonders sore;
A thousand troubles there I found I neuer knew before.
  Twene dread and dolour, so my sprites were brought in feare,
That long it was ere I could call to minde what I did there.
  But, as eche thing hath end, so had these paynes of mine:
The furies past, and I my wits restored by length of time.
  Then, as I could deuise, to seke I thought it best
Where I might finde some worthy place for such a corse to rest.
  And in my mind it came, from thence not farre away,
Where Chreseids loue, king Priams sonne, ye worthy Troilus lay.
  By him I made his tomb, in token he was trew,
And, as to him belonged well, I couered it with bleew.
  Whose soule, by angles power, departed not so sone
But to the heauens, lo, it fled, for to receiue his dome.

25

A FRIENDLY WARNING

To dearly had I bought my grene and youthfull yeres,
If in mine age I could not finde when craft for loue apperes;
And seldom though I come in court among the rest,
Yet can I iudge in colours dim as depe as can the best.
Where grefe tormentes the man that suffreth secret smart,
To breke it forth vnto som frend it easeth well the hart.
So standes it now with me for my beloued frend.
This case is thine for whom I fele such torment of my minde,
And for thy sake I burne so in my secret brest
That till thou know my hole disseyse my hart can haue no rest.
I se how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wittes
That all it yeldes to thy desire, and folowes the by fittes.
Where thou hast loued so long with hart and all thy power,
I se thee fed with fayned wordes, thy freedom to deuour.
I know—though she say nay, and would it well withstand—
When in her grace thou held the most, she bare the but in hand.
I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suite;
Whan thou art gone, I se him come that gathers vp the fruite.
And eke in thy respect I se the base degre
Of him to whom she gaue the hart that promised was to the.
I se—what would you more—stode neuer man so sure
On womans word, but wisedome would mistrust it to endure.

26

THE FICKLENESS OF WOMAN

Wrapt in my carelesse cloke, as I walke to and fro,
I se how loue can shew what force there reigneth in his bow;
And how he shoteth eke, a hardy hart to wound;
And where he glanceth by agayne, that litle hurt is found.
For seldom is it sene he woundeth hartes alike:
The tone may rage, when tothers loue is often farre to seke.
All this I se, with more, and wonder thinketh me
Howe he can strike the one so sore, and leaue the other fre.
I se that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong,

How he is fed with yeas and nayes, and liueth all to long.
  In silence though I kepe such secretes to my self,
Yet do I se how she sometime doth yeld a loke by stelth,
  As though it seemed, ywys, I will not lose the so,—
When in her hart so swete a thought did neuer truely grow.
  Then say I thus: alas, that man is farre from blisse
That doth receiue for his relief none other gayn but this.
  And she, that fedes him so,—I fele, and finde it plain—
Is but to glory in her power, that ouer such can reign.
  Nor are such graces spent but when she thinkes that he,
A weried man, is fully bent such fansies to let flie;
  Then to retain him stil she wrasteth new her grace,
And smileth, lo, as though she would forthwith the man embrace.
  But when the proofe is made to try such lokes withall,
He findeth then the place all voyde, and fraighted full of gall.
  Lord, what abuse is this! who can such women praise,
That for their glory do deuise to vse such crafty wayes!
  I, that among the rest do sit, and mark the row,
Fynde that in her is greater craft then is in twenty mo.
  When tender yeres, alas! with wyles so well are spedde,
What will she do when hory heares are powdred in her hedde!

27

MODERN SAWS AND ANCIENT INSTANCE

  Gyrtt in my giltlesse gowne, as I sytt heare and sowe,
I see that thinges are not in dead as to the owtward showe.
  And who so lyst to looke and note thinges somewhat neare,
Shal fynde, wheare playnnesse seemes to haunte, nothing but craft appeare.
  For with indifferent eyes my self can well discearne
How som, to guyd a shyppe in stormes, stycke not to take the stearne;
  Whose skill and conninge tryed in calme to steare a bardge,
They wolde sone shaw, yow shold sone see, it weare to great a chardge.
  And some I see agayne sytt still and say but small
That can do ten tymes more than they that say they can do all.
  Whose goodlye gyftes are suche, the more they vnderstand,
The more they seeke to learne and know and take lesse chardge in hand.
  And, to declare more playne, the tyme flyttes not so fast

But I can beare right well in mynd the song now sung and past.
The auctour whearof cam, wrapt in a craftye cloke,
In will to force a flamyng fyre wheare he could rayse no smoke.
If powre and will had mett, as it appeareth playne,
The truth nor right had tane no place, their vertues had bene vayne.
So that you may perceave and I may saflye see,
The innocent that giltlesse is, condempned sholde have be.
Muche lyke untruth to this the story doth declare,
Wheare the elders layd to Susans chardge meete matter to compare.
They did her both accuse and eke condempne her to,
And yet no reason, right, nor truthe, did lead them so to do.
And she thus judged to dye, toward her death went forthe
Ffraughted with faith, a pacient pace, taking her wrong in worthe.
But he, that dothe defend all those that in hym trust,
Did raise a childe for her defence, to shyeld her from the unjust.
And Danyell chosen was then of this wrong to weete
How, in what place, and eke with whome, she did this cryme commytt.
He cawsed the elders part the one from the others sight,
And did examyne one by one and chardged them bothe say right.
Vndra molberye trye it was, fyrst sayd the one;
The next namede a pomegranate trye; whereby the truth was knowne.
Than Susan was discharged and they condempned to dye,
As right requeares and they deserve that framede so fowll a lye.
And he, that her preserved and lett them of their lust,
Hath me defendyd hetherto, and will do still I trust.

28

CALM AFTER STORM

If care do cause men cry, why do not I complaine?
If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my paine?
Since that amongest them all, I dare well say, is none
So farre from weale, so full of wo, or hath more cause to mone.
For all thyngs hauing live sometime haue quiet rest,
The bering asse, the drawing oxe, and euery other beast.
The peasant and the post, that serue at al assayes,
The shyp boy and the galley slaue, haue time to take their ease,
Saue I, alas! whom care of force doth so constraine

To waile the day and wake the night continually in paine
From pensiuenes to plaint, from plaint to bitter teares,
From teares to painful plaint againe; and thus my life it wears.
No thing vnder the sunne that I can here or se,
But moueth me for to bewaile my cruell destenie.
For wher men do reioyce, since that I can not so,
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I heare the sound of song or instrument,
Me thinke eche tune there dolefull is and helpes me to lament.
And if I se some haue their most desired sight,
Alas! think I, eche man hath weal saue I, most wofull wight.
Then, as the striken dere withdrawes him selfe alone,
So do I seke some secrete place where I may make my mone.
There do my flowing eyes shew forth my melting hart,
So yat the stremes of those two welles right wel declare my smart.
And in those cares so colde I force my selfe a heate,
As sick men in their shaking fittes procure them self to sweate;
With thoughtes that for the time do much appease my paine.
But yet they cause a ferther fere and brede my woe agayne:
Me thinke within my thought I se right plaine appere,
My hartes delight, my sorowes leche, mine earthly goddesse here,
With euery sondry grace that I haue sene her haue;
Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and graue.
And in my thought I roll her bewties to and fro,
Her laughing chere, her louely looke, my hart that perced so;
Her strangenes when I sued her seruant for to be;
And what she sayd, and how she smiled, when that she pitied me.
Then comes a sodaine feare that riueth all my rest
Lest absence cause forgetfulness to sink within her brest.
For when I thinke how far this earth doth vs deuide,
Alas! me semes loue throwes me downe; I fele how that I slide.
But then, I thinke againe, why should I thus mistrust
So swete a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true and iust;
For loth she was to loue, and wauering is she not.
The farther of, the more desirde; thus louers tie their knot.
So in dispaire and hope plonged am I both vp an doune,
As is the ship with wind and waue when Neptune list to froune.
But as the watry showers delaye the raging winde,
So doth good hope clene put away dispayre out of my minde,
And biddes me for to serue and suffer pacientlie,

For what, wot I, the after weale that fortune willes to me.
For those that care do knowe and tasted haue of trouble,
When passed is their woful paine, eche ioy shall seme them double;
And bitter sendes she now, to make me tast the better
The plesant swete, when that it comes, to make it seme the sweter.
And so determine I to serue vntill my brethe;
Ye, rather dye a thousand times then once to false my feithe.
And if my feble corps through weight of wofull smart
Do fayle or faint, my will it is that still she kepe my hart.
And when thys carcas here to earth shalbe refarde,
I do bequeth my weried ghost to serue her afterwarde.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEMS

29

THE LADY GERALDINE

Ffrom Tuscan cam my ladies worthi race;
Faire Fflorence was sometime her auncient seate;
The westerne ile, whose pleasaunt showre doth face
Wylde Chambares cliffes, did geve her lyvely heate;
Ffostred she was with mylke of Irishe brest;
Her syer an erle, hir dame of princes bloud;
From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
With a kinges child, where she tastes gostly foode;
Honsdon did furst present her to myn eyen;
Bryght ys her hew, and Geraldine shee highte;
Hampton me tawght to wishe her furst for myne;
And Windesor, alas! doth chace me from her sight.
Bewty of kind, her vertues from above,
Happy ys he that may obtaine her love.

30

WINDSOR MEMORIES

When Windesor walles sustained my wearied arme,
My hand, my chyn, to ease my restles hedd,
Ech pleasaunt plot revested green with warm,
The blossomed bowes, with lustie veare yspred,
The flowred meades, the weddyd birdes so late,
Myne eyes discouered. Than did to mynd resort
The ioily woes, the hateles shorte debate,
The rakhell life, that longes to loves disporte.
Wherwith, alas! myne hevy charge of care,
Heapt in my brest, brake forth against my will;
And smoky sighes, that over cast the ayer;
My vapored eyes such drery teares distill,
The tender spring to quicken wher thei fall;
And I have bent to throwe me downe with all.

31

THE POETS LAMENT FOR HIS LOST BOYHOOD

So crewell prison! howe could betyde, alas!
As prowde Wyndsour, where I, in lust & ioye,
With a Kinges soon my childishe yeres did passe,
In greater feast then Priams sonnes of Troye;

Where eche swete place retournes a tast full sowre.
The large grene courtes, where we wer wont to hove,
With eyes cast upp unto the maydens towre,
And easye sighes, such as folke drawe in love.

The statelye sales: the ladyes bright of hewe;
The daunces short; long tales of great delight;
With wordes and lookes, that tygers could but rewe,
Where eche of vs did plead the others right.

The palme playe, where, dispoyled for the game,
With dased eyes oft we by gleames of love
Have mist the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bayte her eyes which kept the leddes above.

The graveld ground: with sleves tyed on the helme,
On fomynge horse, with swordes and frendlye hertes,
With chere, as thoughe the one should overwhelme,
Where we have fought & chased oft with dartes.

With sylver dropps the meades yet spredd for rewthe,
In active games of nymblenes and strengthe
Where we dyd strayne, trayled by swarmes of youthe,
Our tender lymes, that yet shott vpp in lengthe.

The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasaunt playnt & of our ladyes prayes,
Recording soft, what grace eche one had found,
What hope of spede, what dred of long delayes.

The wyld forest, the clothed holte with grene,
With raynes avald and swift ybrethed horse,
With crye of houndes and merey blastes bitwen,
Where we did chace the fearfull hart a force.

The voyd walles eke, that harbourde vs eche night;
Wherwith, alas! revive within my brest
The swete accord, such slepes as yet delight,
The pleasaunt dreames, the quyet bedd of rest,

The secret thoughtes imparted with such trust,
The wanton talke, the dyvers chaung of playe,
The frendshipp sworne, eche promyse kept so iust,
Wherwith we past the winter nightes awaye.

And with this thought the blood forsakes my face,
The teares berayne my chekes of dedlye hewe;
The which, as sone as sobbing sighes, alas!
Vpsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe:

"O place of blys! renewer of my woos!
Geve me accompt wher is my noble fere,
Whome in thy walles thow didest eche night enclose,
To other lief, but vnto me most dere."

Eccho, alas! that dothe my sorowe rewe,
Retournes therto a hollowe sound of playnt.
Thus I, alone, where all my fredome grew,
In pryson pyne with bondage and restraynt;

And with remembraunce of the greater greif,
To bannishe the lesse, I fynde my chief releif.

32

A SATIRE ON LONDON, THE MODERN BABYLON

London, hast thow accused me
Of breche of lawes, the roote of stryfe?
Within whose brest did boyle to see,
So fervent hotte, thy dissolute lief,
That even the hate of synnes, that groo
Within thy wicked walles so rife,
Ffor to breake forthe did convert soo
That terrour colde it not represse.

The which, by wordes, syns prechers knoo
What hope is left for to redresse,
By vnknowne meanes, it liked me
My hydden burden to expresse,
Wherby yt might appere to the
That secret synn hath secret spight;
Ffrom iustice rodd no fault is free;
But that all such as wourke vnright
In most quyet, are next ill rest.
In secret sylence of the night
This made me, with a reckles brest,
To wake thy sluggardes with my bowe;
A fygure of the Lordes behest,
Whose scourge for synn the Screptures shew.
That, as the fearfull thonder clapp
By soddayne flame at hand we knowe,
Of peoble stones the sowndles rapp,
The dredfull plage might mak the see
Of Goddes wrath, that doth the enwrapp;
That pryde might know, from conscyence free,
How loftye workes may her defend;
And envye fynd, as he hath sought,
How other seke hym to offend;
And wrath tast of eche crewell thought
The iust shapp hyer in the end;
And ydell slouthe, that never wrought,
To heven hys spirite lift may begyn;
& gredye lucre lyve in drede
To see what haate ill gott goodes wynn;
The lechers, ye that lustes do feed,
Perceve what secrecye is in synne;
And gluttons hartes for sorrow blede,
Awaked, when their faulte they fynd.
In lothsome vyce, eche dronken wight
To styrr to Godd, this was my mynd.
Thy wyndowes had don me no spight;
But prowd people that drede no fall,
Clothed with falshed and vnright
Bred in the closures of thy wall,
But wrested to wrathe in fervent zeale,

Thow hast to strief, my secret call.
Endured hartes no warning feale.
On shamles hore! is dred then gone
By suche thy foes, as ment thy weale?
Oh membre of false Babylon!
The shopp of craft! the denne of ire!
Thy dredfull dome drawes fast uppon;
Thy martyres blood, by swoord & fyre,
In Heaven & earth for iustice call.
The Lord shall here their iust desyre;
The flame of wrath shall on the fall;
With famyne and pest lamentablie
Stricken shalbe thy lecheres all;
Thy prowd towers and turretes hye,
Enmyes to God, beat stone from stone;
Thyne idolles burnt, that wrought iniquitie.
When none thy ruyne shall bemone,
But render vnto the right wise Lord,
That so hath iudged Babylon,
Imortall praise with one accord.

33

LADY SURREYS LAMENT FOR HER ABSENT LORD

Good ladies, you that have your pleasure in exyle,
Stepp in your foote, come, take a place, and mourne with me awhyle;
And suche as by their lords do sett but lytle pryce,
Lett them sitt still, it skills them not what chaunce come on the dyce.
But you whome love hath bound, by order of desyre
To love your lordes, whose good desertes none other wold requyre,
Come you yet once agayne, and sett your foote by myne,
Whose wofull plight, and sorowes great, no tongue may well defyne.
My lord and love, alas! in whome consystes my wealth,
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas, in haserd of his health.
That I was wontt for to embrace, contentid myndes,
Ys now amydd the foming floodds, at pleasure of the wyndes.
Theare God hym well preserve, and safelye me hym send;
Without whiche hope, my lyf, alas! weare shortlye at an ende.
Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plaine

With short returne he comes anon, yet ceasith not my payne.
The fearefull dreames I have, oft tymes they greeve me so
That then I wake, and stand in dowbtt yf they be trew or no.
Somtyme the roring seas, me seemes, they grow so hye,
That my sweete lorde in daunger greate, alas! doth often lye.
Another tyme, the same doth tell me he is comme,
And playng, wheare I shall hym fynd, with T., his lytle sonne.
So forthe I goe apace, to see that lyfsome sight,
And with a kysse, me thinckes I say, "Now well come home, my knight;
Welcome, my sweete, alas! the staye of my welfare;
Thye presence bringeth forthe a truce betwixt me and my care."
Then lyvelye doth he looke, and saluith me agayne,
And saith, "My deare, how is it now that you have all this payne?"
Wheare with the heavie cares, that heapt are in my brest,
Breake forth, and me dischardgeth cleane of all my great unrest.
Butt when I me awayke and fynde it but a dreame,
The angwyshe of my former woe beginneth more extreme,
And me tourmentith so that vnneth may I fynde
Some hydden wheare, to steale the gryfe of my unquyet mynd.
Thus, euerye waye, you see with absence how I burne,
And for my wound no cure there is but hope of some retourne,
Save when I feele, the sower, how sweete is felt the more,
It doth abate some of my paynes that I abode before;
And then unto my self I saye, "When that we two shall meete,
But lyttle tyme shall seeme this payne, that joye shall be so sweete."
Ye wyndes, I you convart, in chieffest of your rage,
That you my lord me safelye send, my sorowes to asswage;
And that I may not long abyde in suche excesse,
Do your good will to cure a wight that lyveth in distresse.

34

AN IRATE HOST

Eache beeste can chuse his feere according to his minde,
And eke to shew a frindlie cheare, lyke to their beastly kynd.
A lyon saw I theare, as whyte as any snow,
Whiche seemyd well to leade the race, his porte the same did shew.
Uppon this gentyll beast to gaze it lyked me,

For still me thought, it seemyd me, of noble blood to be.
And as he praunced before, still seeking for a make,
As whoe wolde say, "There is none heare, I trow, will me forsake,"
I might perceave a woolf, as whyte as whale his bone,
A fayrer beast, a fressher hew, beheld I never none,
Save that her lookes wear fearce and froward eke her grace.
Toward the whiche, this gentle beast gan hym advaunce apace,
And, with a beck full low, he bowed at her feete
In humble wyse, as who wold say, "I am to farr unmeete";
But suche a scornfull cheere, wheare with she hym rewarded,
Was never seene, I trow, the lyke, to suche as well deservid.
Wheare with she startt asyde well neare a foote or twayne,
And unto hym thus gan she saye, with spight and great disdayne:
"Lyon," she said, "yf thow hadest knowen my mynde beforne,
Thow hadst not spentt thie travaile thus, and all thie payne forlorne.
Do waye! I lett the weete, thow shalt not play with me;
But raunge aboute: thow maiste seeke oute some meeter feere for the."
Forthwith he beatt his taile, his eyes begounne to flame;
I might perceave his noble hartt moche moved by the same.
Yet saw I him refrayne, and eke his rage asswage,
And unto her thus gan he say, whan he was past his rage:
"Crewell, you do me wronge to sett me thus so light;
Without desert, for my good will to shew me such dispight.
How can you thus entreat a lyon of the race,
That with his pawes a crowned kinge devoured in the place?
Whose nature is, to prea uppon no symple foode
As longe as he may suck the flesshe, and drincke of noble bloode.
Yf you be faire and fresshe, am I not of your hew?
And, for my vaunte, I dare well say my blood is not untrew;
Ffor you your self dothe know, it is not long agoe,
Sins that, for love, one of the race did end his life in woe
In towre both strong and highe, for his assured truthe.
Wheare as in teares he spent his breath, alas! the more the ruthe;
This gentle beast lykewise, who nothinge could remove,
But willinglye to seeke his death for losse of his true love.
Other ther be whose lyfe, to lynger still in payne,
Against their will preservid is, that wold have dyed right fayne.
But well I may perceave that nought it movid you,
My good entent, my gentle hart, nor yet my kynd so true;
But that your will is suche to lure me to the trade,

As others some full many yeares to trace by crafte you made.
And thus beholde my kynd, how that we differ farr:
I seke my foes, and you your frends do threaten still with warr;
I fawne wheare I am fedd, you flee that seekes to you;
I can devoure no yelding pray, you kill wheare you subdue;
My kynd, is to desyre the honour of the field,
And you, with blood to slake your thurst of suche as to you yelde.
Wherefore I wolde you wist, that for your coy lookes
I am no man that will be traynd, nor tanglyd bye such hookes;
And thoughe some list to bow, wheare blame full well they might,
And to suche beastes a currant fawne, that shuld have travaile bright,
I will observe the law that nature gave to me,
To conqueare such as will resist, and let the rest go free.
And as a ffaulcon free, that soreth in the ayre,
Whiche never fedd on hand or lure, that for no stale doth care,
While that I live and breathe, suche shall my custome be
In wildnesse of the woods to seeke my prea, wheare pleasith me;
Where many one shall rew that never mad offence:
Thus your refuse agaynst my powre shall bode them no defence.
In the revendge wherof, I vowe and sweare therto,
A thowsand spoyles I shall commytt I never thought to do;
And yf to light on you my happ so good shall be,
I shall be glad to feede on that that wold have fed on me.
And thus, farewell! unkynd, to whome I bent to low,
I would you wist the shipp is safe that bare his saile so low!
Syns that a lyons hart is for a woolfe no pray,
With blooddye mowth of symple sheepe go slake your wrath, I say,
With more dispight and ire than I can now expresse,
Whiche to my payne though I refrayne the cause you may well gesse:
As for becawse my self was awthour of this game,
It bootes me not that, by my wrath, I should disturbb the same.

35

PROLOG TO PSALM 88

Wher recheles youthe in a vnquiet brest,
Set on by wrath, revenge, and crueltye,
After long warr pacyens had opprest,
And iustice wrought by pryncelye equitie;
My Deny, then myne errour, depe imprest,
Began to worke dispaire of libertye,
Had not David, the perfyt warriour, tought
That of my fault thus pardon shold be sought.

36

PROLOG TO PSALM 73

The soudden stormes that heaue me to and froo
Had welneare pierced faith, my guyding saile,
For I, that on the noble voyage goo
To succhor treuthe and falshed to assaile,
Constrayned am to beare my sayles ful loo
And neuer could attayne some pleasaunt gaile,
For vnto such the prosperous winds doo bloo
As ronne from porte to porte to seke availe.
This bred dispayre, wherof such doubts did groo
That I gan faint and all my courage faile.
But now, my Blage, myne errour well I see;
Such goodlye light King David giueth me.

37

REFLECTIONS FROM THE TOWER

The stormes are past, these cloudes are ouerblowne,
And humble chere great rygour hath represt.
For the defaute is set a paine foreknowne,
And pacience graft in a determed brest.
And in the hart where heapes of griefes were grown,
The swete reuenge hath planted mirth and rest;

No company so pleasant as myne owne.
Thraldom at large hath made this prison fre;
Danger well past, remembred, workes delight.
Of lingring doutes such hope is sprong, perdie!
That nought I finde displeasaunt in my sight
But when my glasse presented vnto me
The curelesse wound that bledeth day and night.
To think, alas! such hap should graunted be
Vnto a wretch that hath no hart to fight,
To spill that blood that hath so oft bene shed
For Britannes sake, alas! and now is ded.

38

A TRIBUTE TO WYATTS PSALMS

The greate Macedon, that out of Persy chased
Darius, of whose huge powre all Asia range,
In the riche arke yf Hommers rhymes he placed,
Who fayned gestes of heathen princes sange;
What holie grave, what worthye sepulture,
To Wyates Psalmes should Christians than purchase?
Where he doth painte the lively fayth and pure,
The stedfast hope, the sweet returne to grace,
Of iust David, by perfect penitence;
Where rulers may see, in a myrrour clere,
The bytter frute of false concupicence:
How Iurye bowght Vryas death full deere.
In princes hartes Godes scourge yprinted deepe
Mowght them awake out of their synfull sleepe.

39

AN EPIGRAM TO RADCLIFFE

My Ratclif, when they rechlesse youth offendes,
Receue thy scourge by others chastisement.
For such callyng, when it workes none amendes,
Then plagues are sent without aduertisement.
Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shall recure;
But Wiat said true, the skarre doth aye endure.

40

SARDANAPALUS

Th' Assyryans king—in peas, with fowle desyre
And filthye lustes that staynd his regall harte—
In warr, that should sett prycelye hertes a fyre,
Vanquyshd, dyd yelde for want of martyall arte.
The dent of swordes from kysses semed straunge,

And harder then hys ladyes syde his targe;
From glotton feastes to sowldyers fare a chaunge;
His helmet, far aboue a garlandes charge.
Who scace the name of manhode dyd retayne,
Ffeble of sprete, vnpacyent of payne,
When he hadd lost his honour and hys right,—
Prowde, tyme of welthe, in stormes appawld with drede—,
Murdred hy mself to shew some manfull dede,
Drenched in slouthe & womanishe delight.

41

THE HAPPY LIFE

Marshall, the thinges for to attayne
The happy life be thes, I fynde:
The riches left, not got with payne;
The frutfull grownd; the quyet mynde;
The equall freend; no grudge, nor stryf;
No charge of rule nor governance;
Without disease, the helthfull life;
The howshold of contynvance:
The meane dyet, no delicate fare;
Wisdom ioyned with simplicitye;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wyne may beare no soveranty;
The chast wife, wyse, without debate;
Suche sleapes as may begyle the night;
Contented with thyne owne estate,
Neyther wisshe death, nor fear his might.

42

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Of thy lyfe, Thomas, this compasse well mark:
Not aye with full sayles the hye seas to beat;
Ne by coward dred, in shonning stormes dark,
On shalow shores thy keel in perill freat.
Who so gladly halseth the golden meane,

Voyde of dangers aduisdly hath his home
Not with lothsom muck, as a den vncleane,
Nor palacelyke, wherat disdayn may glome.
The lofty pyne the great winde often riues;
With violenter swey falne turrets stepe;
Lightninges assault the hye mountains and cliues.
A hart well stayd, in ouerthwartes depe,
Hopeth amendes; in swete, doth feare the sowre.
God, that sendeth, withdrawth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus: once Phebus to lowre
With bow vnbent shall cesse, and frame to harp
His voyce. In straite estate appere thou stout;
And so wisely, when lucky gale of winde
All thy puft sailes shall fil, loke well about,
Take in a ryft; hast is wast, profe doth finde.

43

THE AGES OF MAN

Laid in my quyett bedd, in study as I weare,
I saw within my troubled hed a heape of thoughtes appeare;
And every thought did shew so lyvelye in myne eyes,
That now I sight, and then I smylde, as cawse of thought did ryse.
I saw the lytle boye, in thought how ofte that he
Did wishe of Godd to scape the rodd, a tall yong man to be;
The yong man, eke, that feeles his bones with paynes opprest,
How he wold be a riche olde man, to lyve and lye att rest;
The ryche olde man, that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he wolde be a boy agayne, to lyve so moche the more.
Wheare at, full ofte I smylde, to see how all theise three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, wold chopp and chaunge degree;
And musinge thus, I thincke the case is very straunge,
That man from wealth, to lyve in woe, doth ever seeke to chaunge.
Thus thoughtfull as I laye, I saw my witheryd skynne
How it doth shew my dynted jawes, the flesshe was worne so thynne,
And eke my tothelesse chapps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuttes as I do speake, do thus unto me say:
"Thie whyte and horishe heares, the messengers of age,

That shew lyke lynes of true belief that this lif doth asswage,
  Bides the lay hand, and feele them hanging on thie chyn,
The whiche do wryte twoe ages past, the thurd now cumming in.
  Hang upp, therfore, the bitt of thie yonge wanton tyme,
And thow that theare in beaten art, the happyest lif defyne."
  Wheare at I sight, and said, "Farewell! my wonted joye;
Trusse upp thie pack, and trudge from me to every lytle boye,
  And tell them thus from me, theire tyme moste happie is,
Yf, to their tyme, they reason had to know the truthe of this."

44

A TRIBUTE TO WYATT

In the rude age when scyence was not so rife,
If Jove in Crete, and other where they taught
Artes to reverte to profyte of our lyfe,
Wan after deathe to have their temples sought;
If vertue yet, in no vnthankful tyme,
Fayled of some to blast her endles fame—
A goodlie meane bothe to deter from cryme
And to her steppes our sequell to enflame;
In deyes of treuthe, if Wyattes frendes then waile—
The onelye debte that ded of quycke may clayme—
That rare wit spent, employde to our avayle,
Where Christe is taught, deserve they mannis blame?
His livelie face thy brest how did it freate,
Whose cynders yet with envye doo the eate.

45

A SECOND TRIBUTE TO WYATT

Dyvers thy death doo dyverslye bemone.
Some, that in presence of that livelye hedd
Lurked, whose brestes envye with hate had sowne,
Yeld Cesars teres vppon Pompeius hedd.
Some, that watched with the murdrers knyfe,
With egre thurst to drynke thy guyltles blood,
Whose practyse brake by happye end of lyfe,
Weape envyous teares to here thy fame so good.
But I that knewe what harbourd in that hedd,
What vertues rare were temperd in that brest,
Honour the place that such a iewell bredd,
And kysse the ground, where as thy coorse doth rest,
With vaporde eyes; from whence suche streames avayle
As Pyramus did on Thisbes brest bewayle.

46

A THIRD TRIBUTE TO WYATT

W. resteth here, that quick could neuer rest;
Whose heauenly giftes encreased by disdain,
And vertue sank the deper in his brest:
Such profit he by enuy could obtain.

A hed, where wisdom misteries did frame;
Whose hammers bet styll in that liuely brayn
As on a stithe, where that some work of fame
Was dayly wrought, to turne to Britaines gayn.

A visage, stern and myld; where bothe did grow,
Vice to contemne, in vertue to reioyce;
Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so,
To lyue vpright, and smile at fortunes choyce.

A hand, that taught what might be sayd in ryme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which—vnparfited, for time—
Some may approche, but neuer non shall hit.

A toung, that serued in forein realmes his king;
Whose courteous talke to vertue did enflame
Eche noble hart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by trauail, vnto fame.

An eye, whose iudgement none affect could blinde,
Frendes to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose persing loke did represent a mynde
With vertue fraught, reposed, voyd of gyle.

A hart, where drede was neuer so imprest
To hyde the thought that might the trouth auance;
In neyther fortune lost, nor yet represt,
To swell in wealth, or yeld vnto mischance.

A valiant corps, where force and beawty met,
Happy, alas! to happy, but for foes,
Lieud, and ran the race that nature set;
Of manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose.

But to the heauens that simple soule is fled;
Which left with such, as couet Christ to know,
Witnesse of faith that neuer shall be ded;
Sent for our helth, but not receiued so.

Thus, for our gilte, this iewel haue we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possesse his gost.

47

A TRIBUTE TO THOMAS CLERE

Norfolk sprang thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere, of the County of Cleremont, though hight.
Within the womb of Ormonds race thou bred,
And sawest thy cousin crowned in thy sight.
Shelton for love, Surrey for lord, thou chase;—
Aye, me! while life did last that league was tender.
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsall blaze,
Laundersey burnt, and battered Bullen render.
At Muttrel gates, hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfill.
Ah, Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost,
Heaven had not wonne, nor earth so timely lost.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE BIBLE

48

ECCLESIASTES 1.

I, Salamon, Dauids sonne, King of Ierusalem,
Chossen by God to teach the Iewes and in his lawes to leade them,
Confesse vnder the sonne that euery thing is uayne,
The world is false, man he is fraile, and all his pleasures payne.
Alas! what stable frute may Adams children fynde
In that, they seke by sweate of browes and trauill of their mynde.
We that liue on the earthe, drawe toward our decay;
Ower childeren fill our place a whille, and then they fade awaye.
Such chaunges maks the earthe, and doth remoue for none,
But sarues us for a place too play our tragedes vppon.
When that the restles sonne, westwarde his course hathe ronne,
Towards the east he hasts as fast, to ryse where he begonne.
When hoorrey Boreas hathe blowen his frosen blaste,
Then Zephirus, with his gentill breathe, dissolues the ise as fast.
Ffludds that drinke vpp smale broks and swell by rage of rayne,
Discharge in sees which them repulse, and swallowe strayte againe.
These worldly pleasures, Lord, so swifte they ronne their race
That skace our eyes may them discerne, they bide so littell space.
What hathe bin, but is now, the like hereafter shall.
What new deuice grounded so suer, that dreadeth not the fall?
What may be called new, but suche things in tymes past
As time buryed and dothe reuiue, and tyme agayne shall waste?
Things past right worthey fame, haue now no brute at all;
Euen so shall dey suche things as now the simple, wounders call.
I that, in Dauides seate, sit crowned and reioyce,
That with my septer rewle the Iewes and teache them with my uoyce,
Haue serchied long to know all things vnder the sonne,
To see how, in this mortall lyef, a suerty might be wonne.
This kyndled will to knowe, straunge things for to desyer,
God hathe grafte in our gredye breasts, a torment for our hier.
The end of eache trauell, furthwith I sought to knoo;
I found them uaine, mixed with gall, and burdend with muche woo.
Defaults of natures wourke no mans hand may restore,

Whiche be in nomber like the sandes vppon the salte floods shore.
Then, vaunting in my witte, I gan call to my mynd
What rewles of wysdom I hadde taught, that elders could not find;
And as, by contraries, to treye most things, we use,
Mens follies and ther errors, eke, I gan them all peruse,
Thyerby with more delight, to knowledge for to clime.
But this I found an endles wourke of payne and losse of tyme,
Ffor he, to wisdomes skoole, that doth applie his mynd,
The further that he wades ther in, the greater doubts shall find.
And such as enterprice, to put newe things in ure,
Of some, that shall skorne their deuise, may well them selfes assure.

49

ECCLESIASTES 2.

From pensif fanzies, then, I gan my hart reuoke,
And gaue me to suche sporting plaies as laughter myght prouoke;
But euen such uain delights, when they moste blinded me,
Allwayes, me thought, with smiling grace, a king did yll agre.
Then sought I how to please my belly with muche wine,
To feede me fatte with costely feasts of rare delights and fine,
And other plesures, eke, too purchace me with rest,
In so great choise to finde the thing that might content me best.
But, Lord, what care of mynde, what soddaine stormes of ire,
With broken slepes enduryd I, to compasse my desier!
To buylde my howses faier then sett I all my cure;
By princely acts thus straue I still to make my fame indure.
Delicius gardens, eke, I made to please my sight,
And grafte therin all kindes of fruts that might my mouthe delight.
Condits, by liuely springs, from their owld course I drewe,
For to refreshe the fruitfull trees that in my gardynes grewe.
Of catell great encreace I bred in littell space.
Bondmen I bought, I gaue them wifes, and sarued me with ther race.
Great heapes of shining gold, by sparing gan I saue,
With things of price so furnyshed as fitts a prince to haue.
To heare faier women sing, sometyme I did reioyce;
Rauyshed with ther pleasannt tunes, and swetnes of their voyce.
Lemans I had, so faier and of so liuely hewe

That who so gased in their face myght well their bewtey rewe.
Neuer erste sat theyr king so riche, in Dauyds seate;
Yet still me thought for so smale gaine the trauaile was to great.
From my desirous eyes I hyd no pleasannt sight,
Nor from my hart no kind of myrth that might geue them delyght;
Which was the only freute I rept of all my payne,—
To feade my eyes and to reioyce my hart with all my gaine.
But when I made my compte, with howe great care of mynd
And hertes vnrest that I had sought so wastfull frutt to fynde,
Then was I streken strayte with that abused fier,
To glorey in that goodly witte that compast my desyer.
But freshe before myne eyes grace did my fawlts renewe:
What gentill callings I hadd fledd, my ruyne to purswe,
What raging pleasurs past, perill and hard eskape,
What fancis in my hed had wrought the licor of the grape.
The erroure then I sawe that their fraile harts dothe moue,
Which striue in vaine for to compare with him that sitts aboue.
In whose most perfect worcks suche craft apperyth playne
That to the least of them, their may no mortall hand attayne;
And, like as light some day dothe shine aboue the night,
So darke to me did folly seme, and wysdomes beames as bright.
Whose eyes did seme so clere, mots to discern and fynde,
But will had clossed follies eyes, which groped like the blynde.
Yet death and time consume all witt and worldly fame,
And looke what ende that folly hath, and wisdome hath the same.
Then sayd I thus, "Oh Lord, may not thy wisdome cure
The waylfull wrongs and hard conflicts that folly doth endure?"
To sharpe my witt so fine then why toke I this payne?
Now finde I well this noble serche may eke be called vayne.
As slanders lothsome brute soundes follies iust rewarde,
Is put to silence all be time, and brought in smale regarde,
Eun so dothe tyme deuoure the noble blast of fame,
Which showld resounde their glories great that doo desarue the same.
Thus present changes chase away the wonders past,
Ne is the wise mans fattal thred yet lenger spunne to last.
Then, in this wredtched vale, our lief I lothed playne,
When I beheld our frutles paynes to compasse pleassurs vayne.
My trauayll this a vaile hath me produced, loo!
An heire unknowen shall reape the frute that I in sede did sowe.
But whervnto the Lord his nature shall inclyne,

Who can fore knowe, into whose handes I must my goods resine!
But, Lord, how pleasannt swete then seamd the idell liefe,
That neuer charged was with care, nor burdened with stryefe;
And vile the grede trade of them that toile so sore,
To leaue to suche ther trauells frute that neuer swet therfore.
What is that pleasant gaine, which is that swet relief,
That showld delay the bitter tast that we fele of our gref?
The gladsome dayes we passe to serche a simple gaine,
The quiete nights, with broken slepes, to fead a resteles brayne.
What hope is left us then, what comfort dothe remayne?
Our quiet herts for to reioyce with the frute of our payne.
Yf that be trew, who may him selfe so happy call
As I, whose free and sumptius spence dothe shyne beyonde them all
Sewerly it is a gift and fauor of the Lorde,
Liberally to spende our goods, the ground of all discorde;
And wretched herts haue they that let their tressurs mold,
And carrey the roodde that skorgeth them that glorey in their gold.
But I doo knowe by proofe, whose ryches beres suche brute,
What stable welthe may stand in wast, or heping of suche frute.

50

ECCLESIASTES 3.

Like to the stereles boote that swerues with euery wynde,
The slipper topp of worldely welthe by crewell prof I fynde.
Skace hath the seade, wherof that nature foremethe man,
Receuid lief, when deathe him yeldes to earth wher he began.
The grafted plants with payn, wherof wee hoped frute,
To roote them vpp, with blossomes sprede, then is our chief porsute.
That erst we rered vpp, we undermyne agame; [paine.
And shred the spraies whose grouthe some tyme we laboured with
Eache frowarde thretning chere of fortune maiks vs playne,
And euery plesant showe reuiues our wofull herts againe.
Auncient walles to race is our unstable guyse,
And of their wether beten stones to buylde some new deuyse.
New fanzes dayly spring, which vaade returning moo;
And now we practyse to optaine that strayt we must forgoo.
Some tyme we seke to spare that afterward we wast,

And that we trauelid sore to knitt for to unclose as fast.
In sober sylence now our quiet lipps we closse,
And with vnbrydled toungs furth with our secret herts disclosse.
Suche as in folded armes we did embrace, we haate;
Whom strayte we reconsill againe and banishe all debate.
My sede with labour sowne, suche frute produceth me,
To wast my lief in contraries that neuer shall agree.
From God these heuy cares ar sent for our vnrests,
And with suche burdens for our welth he frauteth full our brests.
All that the Lord hathe wrought, hath bewtey and good grace,
And to eache thing assined is the proper tyme and place.
And graunted eke to man, of all the worldes estate
And of eache thinge wrought in the same, to argue and debate.
Which arte though it approche the heuenly knowlege moste,
To serche the naturall grounde of things yet all is labor loste.
But then the wandering eyes, that longe for suertey sought,
Founde that by paine no certayne welth might in this world be bought.
Who lieuth in delight and seks no gredy thryfte,
But frely spends his goods, may thinke it as a secret gifte.
Fulfilled shall it be, what so the Lorde intende,
Which no deuice of mans witt may advaunce, nor yet defende;
Who made all thing of nought, that Adams chyldren might [sight.
Lerne how to dread the Lord, that wrought suche wonders in their
The gresly wonders past, which tyme wearse owt of mynde,
To be renewed in our dayes the Lord hath so assynde.
Lo! thuse his carfull skourge dothe stele on us vnware,
Which, when the fleshe hath clene forgott, he dothe againe repaire.
When I in this uaine serche had wanderyd sore my witt,
I saw a rioall throne wheras that Iustice should haue sitt;
In stede of whom I saw, with fyerce and crwell mode,
Wher Wrong was set, that blody beast, that drounke the giltles blode.
Then thought I thus: "One day the Lord shall sitt in dome,
To vewe his flock, and chose the pure; the spotted haue no rome."
Ye be suche skourges sent that eache agreuid mynde,
Lyke the brute beasts that swell in rage and fury by ther kynde,
His erroure may confesse, when he hath wreasteled longe;
And then with pacience may him arme, the sure defence of wronge.
For death, that of the beaste the carion doth deuoure,
Unto the noble kynde of man presents the fatall hower.
The perfitt forme that God hathe ether geuen to man

Or other beast, dissolue it shall to earth wher it began.
And who can tell yf that the sowle of man ascende,
Or with the body if it dye, and to the ground decende.
Wherfore eache gredy hart that riches seks to gayne,
Gather may he that sauery frutte that springeth of his payne.
A meane conuenient welth I meane to take in worth,
And with a hand of larges eke in measure poore it fourth.
For treasure spent in lyef, the bodye dothe sustayne;
The heire shall waste the whourlded gold amassed with muche payne.
Ne may foresight of man suche order geue in lyef,
For to foreknow who shall reioyce their gotten good with stryef.

51

ECCLESIASTES 4.

When I be thought me well, vnder the restles soon
By foolke of power what crewell wourks unchastyced were doon,
I saw wher stoode a heard by power of suche opprest,
Oute of whose eyes ran floods of teares that bayned all ther brest;
Deuoyde of comfort clene, in terroure and distresse,
In whose defence none wolde aryse, such rigor to represse.
Then thought I thus, "Oh, Lord! the dead, whose fatall hower
Is clene roune owt, more happy ar, whom that the wormes deuoure;
And happiest is the sede that neuer did conceue,
That neuer felt the waylfull wrongs that mortall folke receue."
And then I saw that welth, and euery honest gayne
By trauill woune and swete of browes, gan grow into disdayne
Throughe slouthe of carles folke, whom ease so fatt dothe feade,
Whose idell hands doo noght but waast the frute of other seeade;
Which to them selves perswade that little gott with ease
More thankefull is then kyndomes woon by trauayle and disceace.
A nother sort I saw, with out bothe frend or kynne,
Whose gredy wayes yet neuer sought a faithfull frend to winne;
Whose wretched corps no toile yet euer wery could,
Nor glutted euer wer their eyne with heaps of shyning gould.
But yf it might appeare to ther abused eyne
To whose a vaile they trauill so, and for whose sake they pyne,
Then should they see what cause they haue for to repent
The fruteles paynes and eke the tyme that they in vayne haue spent.

Then gan I thus resolue, "More pleasant is the lyef
Of faythefull frends that spend their goods in commone, with out
For as the tender frend appeasith euery gryef, [stryef."
So, yf he fall that lives alone, who shalbe his relyef?
The frendly feares ly warme, in armes embraced faste;
Who sleapes aloone at euery tourne dothe feale the winter blast.
What can he doo but yeld, that must resist aloone?
Yf ther be twaine, one may defend the tother ouer throwne.
The single twyned cordes may no such stresse indure
As cables brayded thre fould may, together wrethed swer.
In better far estate stande children, poore and wyse,
Then aged kyngs wedded to will, that worke with out aduice.
In prison haue I sene, or this, a wofull wyght
That neuer knewe what fredom ment, nor tasted of delyght;
With such, unhoped happ in most dispaier hath mete,
With in the hands that erst ware giues to haue a septure sett.
And by coniures the seade of kyngs is thrust from staate,
Wheron agreuyd people worke ofteymes their hidden haat.
Other, with out respect, I saw, a frend or foo,
With feat worne bare in tracing such, whearas the honours groo.
And at change of a prynce great rowtes reuiued strange,
Which, faine theare owlde yoke to discharg, reioyced in the change.
But when I thought, to theise as heuy euen or more
Shalbe the burden of his raigne, as his that went before,
And that a trayne like great upon the deade depend,
I gan conclude eache gredy gayne hath his vncertayne end.
In humble spritte is sett the temple of the Lorde;
Wher, yf thow enter, loke thy mouth and conscyence may accorde.
Whose churtche is buylte of loue, and decte with hoote desyre,
And simple fayth; the yolden hoost his marcy doth requyre.
Wher perfectly for aye he in his woord dothe rest;
With gentill care to heare thy sute and graunt to thy request.
In boost of owtwarde works he taketh no delight,
Nor wast of wourds; suche sacryfice unsauereth in his sight.

52

ECCLESIASTES 5.

When that repentant teares hathe clensyd clere from ill
The charged brest, and grace hathe wrought therin amending will,
With bold demands then may his mercy well assaile
The speche man sayth, with owt the which request may not preuaile.
More shall thy pennytent sighes his endles mercy please,
Then their importune siuts which dreame that words Gods wrath
For hart contrit of fault is gladsome recompence, [appease.
And praier fruict of faythe, wherby God dothe with synne dispence.
As ferfull broken slepes spring from a restles hedde,
By chattering of vnholly lippis is frutles prayer bredde.
In wast of wynde, I rede, vowe nought vnto the Lord,
Wherto thy hart, to bynd thy will, freely doth not accord;
For humble uowes fulfilld, by grace right swetly smoks,
But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of God prouoks.
Yet bett with humble hert thy frayltye to confesse,
Then to bost of suche perfitnes, whose works suche fraude expresse.
With fayned words and othes contract with God no gyle;
Suche craft returns to thy nown harme, and doth thy self defile.
And thoughe the myst of sinne perswad such error light,
Therby yet ar thy owtward works all dampned in his sight.
As sondry broken dreames vs dyuerslye abuse,
So ar his errors manifold that many words dothe use.
With humble secret playnt, fewe words of hotte effect,
Honor thy Lord; alowance vaine of uoyd desart, neglect.
Thoughe wronge at tymes the right, and welthe eke nede oppresse,
Thinke not the hand of iustice slowe to followe the redresse.
For such unrightius folke, as rule with out dredd,
By some abuse or secret lust he suffereth to be led.
The cheif blisse that in earth the liuing man is lent,
Is moderat welth to nourishe lief, yf he can be content.
He that hath but one felde, and gredely sekethe nought
To fence the tillers hand from nede, is king within his thought.
But suche as of ther golde ther only idoll make,
Noe treasure may the rauen of there hungry hands asslake.
For he that gapes for good, and hurdeth all his gayne,

Trauells in uayne to hyde the sweet that showld releue his payne.
Wher is gret welth, their showld be many a nedy wight
To spend the same, and that should be the riche mans cheif delight.
The sweet and quiet slepes that weryd limmes oppresse,
Begile the night in diet thyne, and feasts of great excesse.
But waker ly the riche, whose lyuely heat with rest
Their charged boolks with change of meats cannot so sone dygest.
An other righteous dome I sawe of gredy gayne:
With busye cares suche treasures oft preseruyd to their bayne;
The plenteus howsses sackt, the owners end with shame;
Their sparkelid goods; their nedy heyres, that showld reioyce the same.
From welthe dyspoyled bare, from whence they came they went;
Clad in the clothes of pouerte as nature furst them sent.
Naked as from the wombe we came, yf we depart,
With toyle to seeke that wee must leue, what bote to uexe the hart?
What lyef leede testeye men then that consume their dayes
In inwarde freets, untempred hates, at stryef with sum alwaies.
Then gan I prayce all those, in suche a world of stryffe,
As take the profitt of their goods, that may be had in lyffe.
For sure the liberall hand that hath no hart to spare
This fading welthe, but powres it forthe, it is a uertu rare.
That maks welth slaue to nede, and gold becom his thrall,
Clings not his gutts with niggishe fare, to heape his chest with all;
But feeds the lusts of kynde with costely meats and wynne,
And slacks the hunger and the thurst of nedy folke that pynne.
Ne gluttons feast I meane in wast of spence to stryue,
But temperat mealles the dulled spryts with ioye thus to reuiue.
No care may perce wher myrth hath tempred such a brest;
The bitter gaull, seasoned wih swet, suche wysdome may digest.

53

PSALM 8.

Thie name, O Lord, howe greate is fownd before our sight!
Yt filles the earthe and spreades the ayre, the great workes of thie might.
For even unto thie powre the heavens have geven a place,
And closyd it above their heades a mightie lardge compace.
Thye prayse what clowde can hyde, but it will sheene agayne,

Synce yonge and tender sucking babes have powre to shew it playne;
Whiche, in despight of those that wold this glorye hide,
Hast put into such infantes mowthes for to confounde their pryde.
Wherefore I shall beholde thy fygurde heaven so hye,
Whiche shews suche printes of dyvers formes within the clowdye skye
As hills and shapes of men, eke beastes of sondrie kynde,
Monstruous to our outward sight and fancyes of our mynde;
And eke the wanishe moone whiche sheenes by night also,
And eache one of the wondring sterres whiche after her doth goe;
And how to kepe their course, and whiche are those that stands,
Because they be thie wonderous workes and labours of thie hands.
But yet among all theise I aske, "What thing is man,
Whose tourne to serve in his poore neede this worke thow first began?
Or whate is Adames sonne that beares his fathers marke,
For whose delyte and compforte eke thow hase wrought all this warke?
I see thow myndest hym moch that doste rewarde hym so,
Beinge but earthe, to rule the earthe wheare on hymself doth go.
Ffrom aungells substaunce eke, thow madeste hym differ small,
Save one dothe chaunge his lif awhyle, the other not at all.
The sonne and moone also, thow madeste to geve hym light,
And eache one of the wandring sterrs to twynckle sparkles bright.
The ayre to geve hym breathe, the water for his health,
The earth to bring forth grayne and frute for to encrease his wealth.
And many mettalls to, for pleasure of the eye,
Whiche, in the hollow sowndyd grownd, in previe vaynes do lye.
The sheepe to geve his wool, to wrapp his boddie in,
And for suche other needefull thynges the oxe to spare his skynne.
The horsse, even at his will, to bear hym to and fro,
And as hym list eache other beaste to serve his turne also.
The fysshes of the sea lykewyse, to feede hym ofte,
And eke the birdes, whose feathers serve to make his sydes lye softe.
On whose head thow hast sett a crowne of glorye to,
To whome also thow didest appoint that honour shuld be do.
And thus thow madeste hym lord of all this worke of thyne:
Of man that goes; of beast that creapes, whose lookes dothe downe declyne;
Of ffysshe that swymme below; of ffowles that flyes on hye;
Of sea that fyndes the ayre his rayne; and of the land so drye.
And underneath his feet thow hast sett all this same,

To make hym know and playne confesse that marveilous is thie name.
And Lord, whiche art our Lord, how merveilous is it fownd
The heavens doth shew, the earth doth tell, and eke the world so rownd.
Glorie therefore be geven to thee first, whiche are three,
And yet but one almightie God, in substance and degree.
As first it was when thow the darcke confused heape
Clottid in one, didst part in fowre, which elementes wee cleape,
And as the same is now, even heare within our tyme,
And ever shall here after be, when we be filth and slyme."

54

PSALM 55.

Giue eare to my suit, Lord! fromward hide not thy face.
Beholde, herking in grief, lamenting how I praye.
My fooes they bray so lowde, and eke threpe on so fast,
Buckeled to do me scathe, so is their malice bent.
Care perceth my entrayles, and traueyleth my spryte;
The greslye feare of death enuyroneth my brest;
A tremblynge cold of dred clene ouerwhelmeth my hert.
"O!" thinke I, "hadd I wings like to the symple doue.
This peryll myght I flye, and seke some place of rest
In wylder woods, where I might dwell farr from these cares."
What speady way of wing my playnts shold thei lay on,
To skape the stormye blast that threatned is to me?
Rayne those vnbrydled tungs! breake that coniured league!
For I decyphred haue amydd our towne the stryfe:
Gyle and wrong kept the walles, they ward both day and night;
And whiles myscheif with care doth kepe the market stede;
Whilst wickidnes with craft in heaps swarme through the strete.
Ne my declared foo wrought me all this reproche;
By harme so loked for, yt wayeth halfe the lesse,
For, though myne ennemyes happ had byn for to prevaile,
I cold haue hidd my face from uenym of his eye.
It was a frendly foo, by shadow of good will,
Myne old fere and dere frende, my guyde, that trapped me;
Where I was wont to fetche the cure of all my care,
And in his bosome hyde my secreat zeale to God.
Such soden surprys quicke may them hell deuoure,

Whilst I inuoke the Lord, whose power shall me defend.
My prayer shall not cease from that the sonne disscends
Till he his haulture wynn and hyde them in the see.
With words of hott effect, that moueth from hert contryte,
Such humble sute, O Lord, doth pierce thy pacyent eare.
It was the Lord that brake the bloody compackts of those
That preloked on with yre to slaughter me and myne.
The euerlasting God whose kingdom hath no end,
Whome, by no tale to dred he cold divert from synne,
The conscyence vnquyet he stryks with heuy hand,
And proues their force in fayth whome he sware to defend.
Butter fales not so soft as doth hys pacyence longe,
And ouer passeth fine oyle, running not halfe so smothe;
But when his suffraunce fynds that brydled wrath prouoks,
He thretneth wrath, he whets more sharppe then any toole can fyle.
Friowr, whose harme and tounge presents the wicked sort
Of those false wolves, with cootes which doo their ravin hyde,
That sweare to me by heauen, the fotestole of the Lord,
Who though force had hurt my fame, they did not touch my lyfe;—
Such patching care I lothe as feeds the welth with lyes.
But in the thother Psalme of David fynd I ease:
Iacta curam tuam super dominum et ipse te enutriet.

55

PSALM 88.

Oh Lorde, vppon whose will dependeth my welfare,
To call vppon thy hollye name syns daye nor night I spare,
Graunt that the iust request of this repentaunt mynd
So perce thyne eares that in thy sight som fauour it may fynd.
My sowle is fraughted full with greif of follies past:
My restles bodye doth consume and death approcheth fast;
Lyke them whose fatall threde thy hand hath cut in twayne,
Of whome ther is no further brewte, which in their graues remayne.
Oh Lorde, thow hast cast me hedling to please my fooe,
Into a pitt all botomeles, whear as I playne my wooe.
The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppresse,
And sundrye stormes thow hast me sent of terrour and distresse.
The faithfull frends ar fled and bannyshed from my sight,

And such as I haue held full dere haue sett my frendshipp light.
My duraunce doth perswade of fredom such dispaire
That, by the teares that bayne my brest, myne eye sight doth appaire.
Yet did I neuer cease thyne ayde for to desyre,
With humble hart and stretched hands for to appease thy yre.
Wherefore dost thow forbeare, in the defence of thyne,
To shewe such tokens of thy power, in sight of Adams lyne,
Wherby eche feble hart with fayth might so be fedd
That in the mouthe of thy elect thy mercyes might be spredd?
The fleshe that fedeth wormes can not thy loue declare,
Nor suche sett forth thy faith as dwell in the land of dispaire.
In blind endured herts light of thy lively name
Can not appeare, as can not iudge the brightnes of the same.
Nor blazed may thy name be by the mouth of those
Whome death hath shitt in sylence, so as they may not disclose.
The liuelye uoyce of them that in thy word delight
Must be the trumppe that must resound the glorye of thy might.
Wherfore I shall not cease, in chief of my distresse,
To call on the till that the sleape my weryd lymes oppresse.
And in the morning eke, when that the slepe is fledd,
With floods of salt repentaunt teres to washe my restles bedd.
Within this carefull mynd, bourdynd with care and greif,
Why dost thow not appere, Oh Lord, that sholdest be his relief?
My wretched state beholde, whome death shall strait assaile;
Of one from youth afflicted still, that never did but waile.
The dread, loo! of thyne yre hath trod me vnder feet;
The scourgis of thyne angrye hand hath made deth seme full sweet.
Like to the roring waues the sunken shipp surrounde,
Great heaps of care did swallow me and I no succour found.
For they whome no myschaunce could from my loue devyde
Ar forced, for my greater greif, from me their face to hyde.

56

PSALM 73.

Thoughe, Lorde, to Israell thy graces plentuous be—
I meane to such with pure intent as fixe their trust in the—,
Yet whiles the faith did faynt that shold haue ben my guyde,

Lyke them that walk in slipper pathes my feet began to slyde.
Whiles I did grudge at those that glorey in ther golde,
Whose lothsom pryde reioyseth welth, in quiet as they wolde.
To se by course of yeres what nature doth appere,
The pallayces of princely fourme succede from heire to heire;
From all such trauailes free as longe to Adams sede;
Neither withdrawne from wicked works by daunger nor by dread,
Wherof their skornfull pryde; and gloried with their eyes,
As garments clothe the naked man, thus ar they clad in vyce.
Thus as they wishe succeds the mischief that they meane,
Whose glutten cheks slouth feads so fatt as scant their eyes be sene.
Vnto whose crewell power most men for dred ar fayne
To bend and bow with loftye looks, whiles they vawnt in their rayne
And in their bloody hands, whose creweltye doth frame
The wailfull works that skourge the poore with out regard of blame.
To tempt the living God they thinke it no offence,
And pierce the symple with their tungs that can make no defence.
Suche proofes bifore the iust, to cawse the harts to wauer,
Be sett, lyke cupps myngled with gall of bitter tast and sauer.
Then saye thy foes in skorne, that tast no other foode,
But sucke the fleshe of thy elect and bath them in their bloode:
"Shold we beleue the Lorde doth know and suffer this?
Ffoled be he with fables vayne that so abused is."
In terrour of the iust thus raignes iniquitye,
Armed with power, laden with gold, and dred for crueltye.
Then vayne the warr might seme that I by faythe mayntayne
Against the fleshe, whose false effects my pure hert wold distayne.
For I am scourged still, that no offence have doon,
By wrathes children; and from my byrth my chastesing begoon.
When I beheld their pryde and slacknes of thy hand,
I gan bewaile the woful state wherin thy chosen stand.
And as I sought wherof thy sufferaunce, Lord, shold groo,
I found no witt cold pierce so farr, thy hollye domes to knoo,
And that no mysteryes nor dought could be distrust
Till I com to the holly place, the mansion of the iust,
Where I shall se what end thy iustice shall prepare
For such as buyld on worldly welth, and dye ther colours faire.
Oh! how their ground is false and all their buylding vayne! [tayne.
And they shall fall, their power shall faile that did their pryde mayn-
As charged harts with care, that dreme some pleasaunt tourne,

After their sleape fynd their abuse, and to their plaint retourne,
So shall their glorye faade; thy sword of vengeaunce shall,
Vnto their dronken eyes, in blood disclose their errours all.
And when their golden fleshe is from their backe yshorne,
The spotts that vnder neth wer hidd, thy chosen shepe shall skorne.
And till that happye daye my hert shall swell in care,
My eyes yeld teares, my yeres consume bitwne hope and dispayre.
Loo! how my sprits ar dull, and all thy iudgments darke;
No mortall hedd may skale so highe, but wunder at thy warke.
Alas! how oft my foes haue framed my decaye;
But when I stode in drede to drenche, thy hands still did me stay.
And in eache voyage that I toke to conquer synne,
Thow wert my guyd, and gaue me grace to comfort me therin.
And when my withered skyn vnto my bones did cleue,
And fleshe did wast, thy grace did then my simple sprits releue.
In other succour then, Oh Lord, why should I trust,
But onely thyn, whom I haue found in thy behight so iust.
And suche for drede or gayne, as shall thy name refuse,
Shall perishe with their golden godds that did their harts seduce.
Where I, that in thy worde haue set my trust and ioye,
The highe reward that longs therto shall quietlye enioye.
And my unworthye lypps, inspired with thy grace,
Shall thus forespeke thy secret works, in sight of Adams race.

BOOK 2.

They whisted all, with fixed face attent,
When prince Aeneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak: "O Quene! it is thy wil
I should renew a woe cannot be told,
How that the Grekes did spoile and ouerthrow
The Phrygian wealth and wailful realm of Troy:
Those ruthfull things that I my self beheld,
And whereof no small part fel to my share.
Which to expresse, who could refraine from teres:
What Myrmidon? or yet what Dolopes?
What stern Ulysses waged soldiar?
And loe! moist night now from the welkin falles;
And sterres declining counsel vs to rest.
But sins so great is thy delight to here
Of our mishaps and Troyes last decay,
Though to record the same my minde abhorres
And plaint eschues, yet thus wil I begyn.
The Grekes chieftains all irked with the war,
Wherin they wasted had so many yeres
And oft repulst by fatal destinie,
A huge hors made, hye raised like a hill,
By the diuine science of Minerua;
Of clouen fir compacted were his ribbs;
For their return a fained sacrifice,
The fame wherof so wandred it at point.
In the dark bulk they closde bodies of men
Chosen by lot, and did enstuff by stealth
The hollow womb with armed soldiars.
There stands in sight an isle, hight Tenedon,
Rich, and of fame, while Priams kingdom stood;
Now but a bay, and rode vnsure for ship.
Hether them secretly the Grekes withdrew,
Shrouding themselues vnder the desert shore.

And wening we they had ben fled and gone,
And with that winde had fet the land of Grece,
Troye discharged her long continued dole.
The gates cast vp, we issued out to play,
The Grekish camp desirous to behold,
The places void and the forsaken costes.
Here Pyrrhus band, there ferce Achilles pight;
Here rode their shippes; there did their batteils ioyne.
Astonnied, some the scathefull gift beheld,
Behight by vow vnto the chast Minerue,
All wondring at the hugenesse of the horse.
And fyrst of all Timoetes gan aduise
Wythin the walles to leade and drawe the same,
And place it eke amidde the palace court;
Whether of guile, or Troyes fate it would.
Capys, wyth some of iudgement more discrete,
Wild it to drown, or vnderset with flame
The suspect present of the Grekes deceit,
Or bore and gage the hallowe caues uncouth.
So diuerse ranne the giddy peoples minde.
Loe! formest of a rout that followd him,
Kindled Laocoon hasted from the towre,
Crieng far of: 'O wreched citezens,
What so great kind of frensie freteth you?
Deme ye the Grekes our enemies to be gone?
Or any Grekish giftes can you suppose
Deuoid of guile? Is so Ulysses known?
Either the Grekes ar in this timber hid,
Or this an engin is to anoy our walles,
To view our toures, and ouerwhelme our towne.
Here lurkes some craft. Good Troyans, geue no trust
Unto this horse, for, what so euer it be,
I dred the Grekes; yea! when they offer gyftes!'
And with that word, with all his force a dart
He launced then into that croked wombe;
Which tremling stack, and shoke within the side,
Wherwith the caues gan hollowly resound.
And, but for Faites and for our blind forcast,
The Grekes deuise and guile had he discried;
Troy yet had stand, and Priams toures so hie.

Therwyth behold, wheras the Phrigian herdes
Brought to the king with clamor, all vnknown
A yongman, bound his handes behinde his back;
Whoe willingly had yelden prisoner,
To frame his guile, and open Troyes gates
Unto the Grekes; with courage fully bent,
And minde determed either of the twaine,—
To worke his feat, or willing yeld to death.
Nere him, to gaze, the Troyan youth gan flock,
And straue whoe most might at the captiue scorne.
The Grekes deceit beholde, and by one profe
Imagine all the rest.
For in the preasse as he vnarmed stood,
Wyth troubled chere, and Phrigian routes beset,
'Alas!' quad he, 'what earth nowe, or what seas
May me receyue? catif, what restes me nowe?
For whom in Grece doth no abode remayne;
The Troians eke offended seke to wreke
Their hainous wrath, wyth shedying of my bloud.'
With this regrete our hartes from rancor moued.
The brute appeasde, we askte him of his birth,
What newes he brought, what hope made hym to yeld.
Then he, al dred remoued, thus began:
'O King! I shall, what euer me betide,
Say but the truth; ne first will me denie
A Grecian borne, for though fortune hath made
Sinon a wretche, she can not make him false.
If euer came vnto your eares the name,
Nobled by fame, of the sage Palamede,
Whom traitrously the Grekes condemd to dye,
Giltlesse, by wrongfull dome, for that he dyd
Dyssuade the warres,—whose death they nowe lament;
Underneth him my father, bare of wealth,
Into his band yong, and nere of his blood,
In my prime yeres vnto the war me sent.
While that by fate his state in stay did stand,
And when his realm did florish by aduise,
Of glorie, then, we bare som fame and brute.
But sins his death by false Ulyssez sleight
—I speak of things to all men wel beknown—,

A drery life in doleful plaint I led,
Repining at my gyltlesse frends mischaunce.
Ne could I, fool! refrein my tong from thretes,
That if my chaunce were euer to return
Victor to Arge, to folowe my reuenge.
With such sharp words procured I great hate;
Here sprang my harm. Ulysses euer sithe
With new found crimes began me to affray;
In common eares false rumors gan he sowe;
Weapons of wreke his gylty minde gan seke.
Ne rested ay till he by Calchas meane—
But whereunto these thanklesse tales in vaine
Do I reherse, and lingre fourth the time,
In like estate if all the Grekes ye price?
It is enough ye here rid me at ones.
Ulysses, Lord! how he wold this reioise!
Yea, and either Atride would bye it dere.'
  This kindled vs more egre to enquire,
And to demaund the cause; without suspect
Of so great mischef thereby to ensue,
Or of Grekes craft. He then with forged words
And quiuering limes, thus toke hys tale again.
  'The Grekes oft times entended their return
Ffom Troye town, with long warrs all ytired,
For to dislodge; which, would God! they had done.
But oft the winter storms of raging seas,
And oft the boisteous winds did them to stay;
And chiefly, when of clinched ribbes of firre
This hors was made, the storms rored in the aire.
Then we in dout to Phebus temple sent
Euripilus, to wete the prophesye.
From whens he brought these woful news again:
'With blood, O Grekes! and slaughter of a maid,
Ye pleasd the winds, when first ye came to Troy.
With blood likewise ye must seke your return:
A Grekish soule must offred be therefore.'
  'But when this sound had pearst the peoples eares,
With sodein fere astonied were their mindes;
The chilling cold did ouerrunne their bones,
To whom that fate was shapte whom Phebus wold.

Ulysses then amid the preasse bringes in
Calchas with noyse, and wild him to discusse
The gods intent. Then some gan deme to me
The cruell wrek of him that framde the craft,
Foreseing secretly what wold ensue.
In silence then, yshrowding him from sight,
But dayes twise fiue he whisted, and refused
To death, by speche, to further any wight.
At last, as forced by false Ulyssez crye,
Of purpose he brake fourth, assigning me
To the altar; whereto they graunted all,
And that, that erst eche one dred to himself,
Returned all vnto my wretched death.
And now at hand drew nere the woful day;
All things preparde wherwyth to offer me:
Salt, corne, fillets my temples for to bind.
I scapte the deth, I graunt, & brake ye bands,
And lurked in a marrise all the nyght
Among the ooze, while they did set their sailes;
If it so be that they in dede so dyd.
Now restes no hope my natiue land to see,
My children dere, nor long desired sire,
On whom, parchaunce, they shall wreke my escape:
Those harmlesse wights shal for my fault be slayn.
'Then, by the gods, to whom al truth is known,
By fayth vnfiled, if any any where
Wyth mortal folke remaines, I thee beseche,
O king, thereby rue on my trauail great;
Pitie a wretch that giltlesse suffreth wrong.'
Life to these teres, wyth pardon eke, we graunt.
And Priam first himself commaundes to lose
His gyues, his bands, and frendly to him sayd:
'Whoso thou art, learn to forget the Grekes;
Hencefourth be oures; and answere me with truth:
Whereto was wrought the masse of this huge hors?
Whoes the deuise? and wherto should it tend?
What holly vow? or engin for the warres?'
Then he, instruct with wiles and Grekish craft,
His loosed hands lift vpward to the sterrs:
'Ye euerlasting lampes! I testifye,

Whoes powr diuine may not be violate;
Thaltar and swerd,' quod he, 'that I haue scapt;
Ye sacred bandes! I wore as yelden hoste;
Leful be it for me to breke mine othe
To Grekes; lefull to hate their nacion;
Lefull be it to sparcle in the ayre
Their secretes all, whatsoe they kepe in close;
For free am I from Grece and from their lawes.
So be it, Troy, and, saued by me from scathe,
Kepe faith with me, and stand to thy behest;
If I speak truth, and opening thinges of weight,
For graunt of life requite thee large amendes.
'The Grekes whole hope of vndertaken war
In Pallas help consisted euermore.
But sith the time that wicked Diomede,
Ulysses eke, that forger of all guile,
Auenturde from the holly sacred fane
For to bereue dame Pallas fatall forme,
And slew the watches of the chefest toure,
And then away the holly statue stale,—
That were so bold with handes embrued in blood
The virgin goddesse veiles for to defile—,
Sith that, their hope gan faile, their hope to fall,
Their powr appeir, their goddesse grace withdraw,
Whych with no doutfull signes she did declare.
Scarce was the statue to our tentes ybroughte,
But she gan stare with sparcled eyes of flame;
Along her limes the salt sweat trickled downe;
Yea, thrise her selfe—a hideous thinge to tell—
In glaunces bright she glittered from the ground,
Holding in hand her targe and quiuering spere.
Calchas by sea then bade vs hast our flight,
Whoes engins might not break the walles of Troy,
Unlesse at Grece they wold renew their lottes,
Restore the god that they by sea had brought
In warped keles. To Arge sith they be come,
They pease their godds, and war afresh prepare,
And crosse the seas vnloked for eftsones
They will return. This order Calchas set.
'This figure made they for thagreued god

In Pallas stede, to clense their hainous fault.
Which masse he willed to be reaed hye
Toward the skies, and ribbed all with oke,
So that your gates ne wall might it receiue;
Ne yet your people might defensed be
By the good zele of old deuotion.
For if your hands did Pallas gift defile,
To Priams realm great mischef shold befall;
Which fate the gods first on him self return!
But had your owne handes brought it in your town,
Asie should passe, and carrie offred war
In Grece, euen to the walles of Pelops town,
And we and oures that destenie endure.'
  By such like wiles of Sinon, the forsworne,
His tale with vs did purchace credit; some,
Trapt by deceite; some, forced by his teres;
Whom neither Diomede, nor great Achille,
Nor ten yeres war, ne a thousand saile could daunt.
  Us caitifes then a far more dredful chaunce
Befell, that trobled our vnarmed brestes.
Whiles Laocon, that chosen was by lot
Neptunus priest, did sacrifice a bull
Before the holy altar, sodenly
From Tenedon, behold! in circles great
By the calme seas come fletyng adders twaine,
Which plied towardes the shore—I lothe to tell—
With rered brest lift vp aboue the seas;
Whose bloody crestes aloft the waues were seen.
The hinder part swame hidden in the flood;
Their grisly backes were linked manifold.
With sound of broken waues they gate the strand,
With gloing eyen, tainted with blood and fire;
Whoes waltring tongs did lick their hissing mouthes.
We fled away, our face the blood forsoke;
But they with gate direct to Lacon ran.
And first of all eche serpent doth enwrap
The bodies small of his two tender sonnes,
Whoes wrectched limes they byt, and fed theron.
Then raught they hym, who had his wepon caught
To rescue them; twise winding him about,

With folded knottes and circled tailes, his wast;
Their scaled backes did compasse twise his neck,
Wyth rered heddes aloft and stretched throtes.
He with his handes straue to vnloose the knottes,
Whose sacred fillettes all be sprinkled were
With filth of gory blod, and venim rank,
And to the sterres such dredfull shoutes he sent,
Like to the sound the roring bull fourth loowes,
Which from the halter wounded doth astart,
The swaruing axe when he shakes from his neck.
The serpentes twain with hasted traile they glide
To Pallas temple, and her towres of heighte;
Under the feete of which the goddesse stern,
Hidden behinde her targettes bosse they crept.
New gripes of dred then pearse our trembling brestes.
They sayd Lacons desertes had derely bought
His hainous dede, that pearced had with stele
The sacred bulk, and throwen the wicked launce.
The people cried with sondry greeing shoutes
To bring the horse to Pallas temple bliue,
In hope thereby the goddesse wrath tappease.
We cleft the walles and closures of the towne,
Whereto all helpe, and vnderset the feet
With sliding rolles, and bound his neck with ropes.
This fatall gin thus ouerclambe our walles,
Stuft with armed men; about the which there ran
Children and maides, that holly carolles sang;
And well were they whoes hands might touch the cordes.
With thretning chere thus slided through our town
The subtil tree, to Pallas temple ward.
O natiue land! Ilion! and of the goddes
The mansion place! O warrlik walles of Troy!
Fowr times it stopt in thentrie of our gate;
Fowr times the harnesse clattred in the womb.
But we goe on, vnsound of memorie,
And blinded eke by rage perseuer still:
This fatal monster in the fane we place.
  Cassandra then, inspired with Phebus sprite,
Her prophetes lippes, yet neuer of vs leeued,
Disclosed eft; forespeking thinges to come.

We wretches, loe! that last day of our life
With bowes of fest the town and temples deck.
With this the skie gan whirle about the sphere;
The cloudy night gan thicken from the sea,
With mantells spred that cloked earth and skies,
And eke the treason of the Grekish guile.
The watchemen lay disperst, to take their rest,
Whoes werried limes sound slepe had then opprest.
When, well in order comes the Grecian fleet
From Tenedon, toward the costes well knowne,
By frendly silence of the quiet moone.
When the kinges ship put fourth his mark of fire,
Sinon, preserued by froward destinie,
Let forth the Grekes enclosed in the womb;
The closures eke of pine by stealth vnpind,
Whereby the Grekes restored were to aire.
With ioy down hasting from the hollow tree,
With cordes let down did slide vnto the ground
The great captaines: Sthenel, and Thesander,
The fierce Ulisses, Athamas, and Thoas;
Machaon first, then king Menolae;
Opeas eke that did the engin forge;
And streight inuade the town yburied then
With wine and slepe. And first the watch is slain;
Then gates vnfold to let their fellowes in;
They ioyne themselues with the coniured bandes.
It was the time when, graunted from the godds,
The first slepe crepes most swete in wery folk.
Loe! in my dreame before mine eies, me thought
With rufull chere I sawe where Hector stood,
Out of whoes eies there gushed streames of teares,
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,
Distained with bloody dust, whoes feet were bowlne
With the streight cordes wherwith they haled him.
Ay me, what one! that Hector how vnlike,
Which erst returnd clad with Achilles spoiles;
Or when he threw into the Grekish shippes
The Troian flame! so was his beard defiled,
His crisped lockes al clustred with his blood,
With all such wounds, as many he receiued

About the walls of that his natiue town!
Whome franckly thus me thought I spake vnto,
With bitter teres and dolefull deadly voice:
'O Troyan light! O only hope of thine!
What lettes so long thee staid? or from what costes,
Our most desired Hector, doest thou come
Whom, after slaughter of thy many frends,
And trauail of the people, and thy town,
Alweried, lord, how gladly we behold!
What sory chaunce hath staind thy liuely face?
Or why see I these woundes, alas! so wide?'
He answeard nought, nor in my vain demaundes
Abode, but from the bottom of his brest
Sighing, he sayd: 'Flee, flee, O goddesse son,
And saue thee from the furie of this flame!
Our enmies now ar maisters of the walles,
And Troye town now falleth from the top.
Sufficeth that is done for Priams reigne.
If force might serue to succor Troye town,
This right hand well mought haue ben her defense.
But Troye now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques, and her priuy gods.
Them ioyne to thee, as felowes of thy fate.
Large walles rere thow for them; for so thou shalt,
After time spent in thouerwandred flood.'
This sayd, he brought fourth Vesta in his hands,
Her fillettes eke, and euerlasting flame.
In this meane while, with diuerse plaint the town
Throughout was spred; and lowder more and more
The din resouned, with rattling of armes;
Although mine old father Anchises house
Remoued stood, with shadow hid of trees.
I waked; therwith to the house top I clambe,
And harkning stood I; like as when the flame
Lightes in the corne, by drift of boisteous winde;
Or the swift stream, that driueth from the hill,
Rootes vp the feldes, and presseth the ripe corne
And plowed ground, and ouerwhelmes the groue,
The silly herdman all astonnied standes,
From the hye rock while he doth here the sound.

Then the Grekes faith, then their deceit appered.
Of Deiphobus the palace large and great
Fell to the ground, all ouerspred with flash;
His next neighbour Ucalegon afire;
The Sygean seas did glister all with flame.
Upsprang the crye of men, and trompettes blast.
Then, as distraught, I did my armure on,
Ne could I tell yet whereto armes auailde.
But with our feres to throng out from the preasse
Toward the toure, our hartes brent with desire.
Wrath prickt vs fourth, and vnto vs it semed
A semely thing to dye, armd in the feld.
Wherewith Panthus, scapte from the Grekish dartes,
Otreus sonne, Phebus prest, brought in hand
The sacred reliques and the vanquisht gods,
And in his hand his litle nephew led;
And thus, as phrentik, to our gates he ran.
'Panthus,' quod I, 'in what estate stand we?
Or for refuge what fortresse shall we take?'
Scarse spake I this, when wailing thus he sayd:
'The later day and fate of Troye is come;
The which no plaint or prayer may auaile.
Troyans we were, and Troye was somtime,
And of great fame the Teucrian glorie erst;
Fierce Joue to Grece hath now transposed all.
The Grekes ar lordes ouer this fired town.
Yonder huge horse that stands amid our walles
Sheds armed men; and Sinon, victor now,
With scorne of vs doth set all things on flame.
And, rushed in at our vnfolded gates
Are thousands moe than euer came from Grece.
And some with weapons watch the narrow stretes,
With bright swerdes drawn, to slaughter redy bent.
And scarse the watches of the gate began
Them to defend, and with blinde fight resist.'
Through Panthus words & lightning of the gods,
Amid the flame and armes ran I in preasse,
As furie guided me, and wher as I had heard
The crye greatest that made the ayre resound.
Into our band then fell old Iphytus,

And Rypheus, that met vs by moonelight;
Dymas and Hypanis ioyning to our side,
With yong Chorebus, Mygdonius son;
Which in those dayes at Troye did ariue,
Burning with rage of dame Cassandraes loue,
In Priams ayd and rescue of his town.
Unhappy he! that wold no credit geue
Unto his spouses woords of prophecie.
  Whom when I saw assembled in such wise,
So desperatly the battail to desire,
Then furthermore thus sayd I vnto them:
'O ye yong men, of courage stout in vaine,
For nought ye striue to saue the burning town.
What cruel fortune hath betid, ye see;
The gods out of the temples all ar fled,
Through whoes might long this empire was mainteind;
Their altares eke are left both wast and voyd.
But if your will be bent with me to proue
That vttermost that now may vs befall,
Then let vs dye, and runne amid our foes;
To vanquisht folk, despeir is only hope.'
  With this the yongmens courage did encrease,
And through the dark, like to the rauening wolues
Whom raging furie of their empty mawes
Driues from their den, leauing with hungry throthes
Their whelpes behinde, among our foes we ran,
Upon their swerdes, vnto apparant death;
Holding alway the chiefe strete of the town,
Couerd with the close shadowes of the night.
  Who can expresse the slaughter of that night,
Or tell the nomber of the corpses slaine,
Or can in teres bewaile them worthely?
The auncient famous citie falleth down,
That many yeres did hold such seignorie.
With senslesse bodies euery strete is spred,
Eche palace, and sacred porch of the gods.
Nor yet alone the Troyan blood was shed.
Manhood oft times into the vanquisht brest
Returnes, wherby some victors Grekes ar slain,
Cruel complaintes, and terror euery where,

And plentie of grisly pictures of death.
  And first with vs Androgeus there met,
Fellowed with a swarming rout of Grekes,
Deeming vs, vnware, of that feloship,
With frendly words whom thus he cald vnto:
'Hast ye, my frendes, what slouth hath taried yow?
Your feers now sack and spoile the burning Troy;
From the tall ships where ye but newly come!
When he had sayd and heard no answer made
To him againe, wherto he might geue trust,
Finding himself chaunced amid his foes,
Mazde, he withdrew his foote back with his word.
Like him that wandring in the bushes thick
Tredes on the adder with his rechlesse foote,
Rered for wrath, swelling her speckled neck,
Dismayd, geues back al sodenly for fere;
Androgeus so, feard of that sight, stept back,
And we gan rush amid the thickest rout;
When, here and there we did them ouerthrow,
Striken with dred, vnskilfull of the place.
Our first labor thus lucked well with vs.
  Chorebus then, encouraged by this chaunce,
Reioysing sayd: 'Hold fourth the way of health,
My feers, that hap and manhod hath vs taught.
Change we our shields; the Grekes armes do we on.
Craft or manhod with foes what reckes it which?
The slaine to vs their armure they shall yeld.'
And with that word Androgeus crested helme
And the rich armes of his shield did he on;
A Grekish swerd he girded by his side.
Like gladly Dimas and Ripheus did;
The whole youth gan them clad in the new spoiles,
Mingled with Grekes, for no good luck to vs,
We went, and gaue many onsets that night,
And many a Greke we sent to Plutoes court.
Other there fled and hasted to their ships,
And to their costes of sauegard ran againe.
And some there were, for shamefull cowardrie,
Clambe vp againe vnto the hugie horse,
And did them hide in his wellknowen womb.

Ay me! bootelesse it is for any whight
To hope on ought against will of the gods.
Loe! where Cassandra, Priams daughter dere,
From Pallas chirch was drawn with sparkled tresse,
Lifting in vain her flaming eyen to heuen;
Here eyen, for fast her tender wrestes were bound.
Which sight Chorebus raging could not bere,
Recklesse of death, but thrust amid the throng;
And after we through thickest of the swerdes.
Here were we first ybatred with the dartes
Of our owne feers, from the hye temples top;
Wherby of vs grete slaughter did ensue,
Mistaken by our Grekish armes and crestes.
Then flockt the Grekes moued with wrath and ire
Of the virgin from them so rescued;
The fell Aiax, and either Atrides,
And the great band cleped the Dolopes.
As wrastling windes, out of dispersed whirl,
Befight themselues, the west with southern blast,
And gladsom east proud of Auroraes horse;
The woods do whiz; and fomy Nereus,
Raging in furie, with three forked mace
From bottoms depth doth weltre vp ye seas;
So came the Grekes. And such, as by deceit
We sparkled erst in shadow of the night,
And draue about our town, appered first.
Our fained shields and weapons then they found,
And, by sound, our discording voice they knew.
We went to wreck with nomber ouerlayd.
And by the hand of Peneleus first
Chorebus fel before the altar dead
Of armed Pallas; and Rhipheus eke,
The iustest man among the Troians all
And he that best obserued equitie.
But otherwyse it pleased now the gods.
There Hipanis, and Dimas, both were slaine,
Thoughpearced with the weapons of their feers;
Nor thee, Panthus, when thou wast ouerthrown,
Pitie, nor zele of good deuocion,
Nor habit yet of Phebus hid from scathe.

Ye Troyan ashes, and last flames of mine,
I cal in witnesse, that at your last fall
I fled no stroke of any Grekish swerd,
And if the fates wold I had fallen in fight,
That with my hand I did deserue it wel.
With this from thense I was recuiled back
With Iphytus and Pelias alone;
Iphytus weke, and feble all for age,
Pelias lamed by Ulissez hand.
To Priams palace crye did cal vs then.
Here was the fight right hideous to behold,
As though there had no battail ben but there,
Or slaughter made els where throughout the town.
A fight of rage and furie there we saw.
The Grekes toward the palace rushed fast
And, couerd with engines, the gates beset,
And rered vp ladders against the walles;
Under the windowes scaling by their steppes,
Fenced with sheldes in their left hands, whereon
They did receiue the dartes; while their right hands
Griped for hold thembatel of the wall.
The Troyans on the tother part rend down
The turrets hye and eke the palace roofe;
With such weapons they shope them to defend,
Seing al lost, now at the point of death.
The gilt sparres and the beames then threw they down,
Of old fathers the proud and royal workes.
And with drawn swerds some did beset the gates,
Which they did watch, and kepe in routes full thick.
Our sprites restorde to rescue the kings house,
To help them, and to geue the vanquisht strength.
A postern with a blinde wicket there was,
A common trade to passe through Priams house,
On the back side wherof wast houses stood;
Which way eftsithes, while that our kingdome dured,
Thinfortunate Andromache alone
Resorted to the parentes of her make,
With young Astyanax, his grandsire to see.
Here passed I vp to the hyest toure,
From whense the wretched Troyans did throw down

Darts, spent in waste. Unto a turret then
We stept, the which stood in a place aloft,
The top wherof did reache wellnere the sterres,
Where we were wont all Troye to behold,
The Grekish nauie, and their tentes also.
With instrumentes of iron gan we pick,
To seke where we might finde the ioyning shronk
From that high seat; which we razed, and threw down;
Which falling, gaue fourthwith a rushing sound,
And large in breadth on Grekish routes it light.
But sone an other sort stept in theyr stede;
No stone vnthrown, nor yet no dart uncast.
  Before the gate stood Pyrrhus in the porche
Reioysing in his dartes, with glittring armes;
Like to the adder with venimous herbes fed,
Whom cold winter all bolne hid vnder ground,
And shining bright, when she her slough had slong,
Her slipper back doth rowle, with forked tong
And raised brest lift vp against the sun.
With that together came great Periphas;
Automedon eke, that guided had somtime
Achilles horse, now Pyrrhus armure bare;
And eke with him the warlike Scyrian youth
Assayld the house, and threw flame to the top.
And he an axe before the formest raught,
Wherwith he gan the strong gates hew and break.
From whens he bet the staples out of brasse,
He brake the barres, and through the timber pearst
So large a hole, wherby they might discerne
The house, the court, the secret chambers eke
Of Priamus and auncient kings of Troy,
And armed foes in thentrie of the gate.
  But the palace within confounded was
With wayling, and with rufull shrikes and cryes;
The hollow halles did howle of womens plaint;
The clamor strake vp to the golden sterres.
The frayd mothers, wandring through the wide house,
Embracing pillers, did them hold and kisse.
Pyrrhus assaileth with his fathers might,
Whom the closures ne kepers might hold out.

With often pushed ram the gate did shake;
The postes beat down, remoued from their hookes;
By force they made the way, and thentrie brake.
And now the Grekes let in, the formest slew,
And the large palace with soldiars gan to fill.
Not so fercely doth ouerflow the feldes
The foming flood, that brekes out of his bankes,
Whoes rage of waters beares away what heapes
Stand in his way, the coates, and eke the herdes,
As in thentrie of slaughter furious
I saw Pyrrhus and either Atrides.
There Hecuba I saw, with a hundred moe
Of her sons wyues, and Priam at the altar,
Sprinkling with blood his flame of sacrifice.
Fiftie bedchambers of his childrens wyues,
With losse of so great hope of his ofspring,
The pillers eke proudly beset with gold
And with the spoiles of other nations,
Fell to the ground; and whatso that with flame
Untouched was, the Grekes did all possesse.
Parcase yow wold ask what was Priams fate?
When of his taken town he saw the chaunce,
And the gates of his palace beaten down,
His foes amid his secret chambers eke,
Thold man in vaine did on his sholders then,
Trembling for age, his curace long disused,
His bootelesse swerd he girded him about,
And ran amid his foes, redy to dye.
Amid the court, vnder the heuen, all bare,
A great altar there stood, by which there grew
An old laurel tree, bowing therunto,
Which with his shadow did embrace the gods.
Here Hecuba, with her yong daughters all,
About the altar swarmed were in vaine,
Like doues that flock together in the storme;
The statues of the gods embracing fast.
But when she saw Priam had taken there
His armure, like as though he had ben yong,
'What furious thought, my wretched spouse,' quod she,
'Did moue thee now such wepons for to weld?

Why hastest thow? This time doth not require
Such succor, ne yet such defenders now;
No, though Hector my son were here againe.
Come hether; this altar shall saue vs all,
Or we shall dye together.' Thus she sayd.
Wherwith she drew him back to her, and set
The aged man down in the holy seat.
But loe! Polites, one of Priams sons,
Escaped from the slaughter of Pyrrhus,
Comes fleing through the wepons of his foes,
Searching, all wounded, the long galleries
And the voyd courtes; whom Pyrrhus, all in rage,
Followed fast to reache a mortal wound;
And now in hand, well nere strikes with his spere.
Who fleing fourth till he came now in sight
Of his parentes, before their face fell down
Yelding the ghost, with flowing streames of blood.
Priamus then, although he were half ded,
Might not kepe in his wrath, nor yet his words,
But cryeth out: 'For this thy wicked work,
And boldnesse eke such thing to enterprise,
If in the heauens any iustice be
That of such things takes any care or kepe,
According thankes the gods may yeld to thee
And send thee eke thy iust deserued hyre,
That made me see the slaughter of my childe,
And with his blood defile the fathers face.
But he, by whom thow fainst thy self begot,
Achilles, was to Priam not so stern.
For loe! he, tendering my most humble sute
The right and faith, my Hectors bloodlesse corps
Rendred, for to be layd in sepulture,
And sent me to thy kingdome home again.'
Thus sayd the aged man, and therewithall
Forcelesse he cast his weak vnweldy dart,
Which, repulst from the brasse where it gaue dint,
Without sound hong vainly in the shieldes bosse.
Quod Pyrrhus: 'Then thow shalt this thing report:
On message to Pelide my father go,
Shew vnto him my cruel dedes, and how

Neoptolem is swarued out of kinde.
Now shalt thow dye,' quod he. And with that word,
At the altar him trembling gan he draw,
Wallowing through the blodshed of his son;
And his left hand all clasped in his heare,
With his right arme drewe fourth his shining sword,
Which in his side he thrust vp to the hilts.
Of Priamus this was the fatal fine,
The wofull end that was alotted him.
When he had seen his palace all on flame,
With ruine of his Troyan turrets eke.
That royal prince of Asie, which of late
Reignd ouer so many peoples and realmes,
Like a great stock now lieth on the shore;
His hed and shoulders parted ben in twaine,
A body now without renome and fame.
  Then first in me entred the grisly feare;
Dismayd I was. Wherwith came to my minde
The image eke of my dere father, when
I thus beheld the king of equal age
Yeld vp the sprite with wounds so cruelly.
Then thought I of Creusa left alone,
And of my house in danger of the spoile,
And the estate of young Iulus eke.
I looked back to seke what nomber then
I might discern about me of my feeres,
But weried they had left me all alone.
Some to the ground were lopen from aboue,
Some in the flame their irked bodies cast.
  There was no moe but I left of them all,
When that I saw in Uestaes temple sit
Dame Helen, lurking in a secret place,—
Such light the flame did giue as I went by,
While here and there I cast mine eyen about.
For she in dred least that the Troians shold
Reuenge on her the ruine of their walles;
And of the Grekes the cruel wrekes also,
The furie eke of her forsaken make;
The common bane of Troy and eke of Grece,
Hateful she sate beside the altars hid.

Then boyld my brest with flame and burning wrath
To reuenge my town, vnto such ruine brought;
With worthy peines on her to work my will.
Thought I: 'Shall she passe to the land of Spart
All safe and see Mycene her natiue land,
And like a quene returne with victorie
Home to her spouse, her parentes, and children,
Folowed with a traine of Troyan maides,
And serued with a band of Phrigian slaues;
And Priam eke with iron murdred thus,
And Troy town consumed all with flame,
Whoes shore hath ben so oft forbathed in blood?
No! no! for though on wemen the reuenge
Unsemely is, such conquest hath no fame,
To geue an end vnto such mischief yet
My iust reuenge shal merit worthy praise;
And quiet eke my minde for to be wroke
On her which was the causer of this flame,
And satisfie the cinder of my feers.'
With furious minde while I did argue thus,
My blessed mother then appeard to me,
Whom erst so bright mine eyes had neuer seen,
And with pure light she glistred in the night,
Disclosing her in forme a goddesse like,
As she doth seme to such as dwell in heuen.
My right hand then she took and held it fast,
And with her rosie lips thus did she say:
'Son, what furie hath thus prouoked thee
To such vntamed wrath? what ragest thow?
Or where is now become the care of vs?
Wilt thow not first go see where thow hast left
Anchises, thy father fordone with age?
Doth Creusa liue, and Ascanius thy son?
Whom now the Grekish bands haue round beset,
And were they not defensed by my cure,
Flame had them raught and enmies swerd ere this.
Not Helens beautie hatefull vnto thee,
Nor blamed Paris yet, but the gods wrath
Reft yow this wealth, and ouerthrew your town.
Behold,—and I shall now the cloude remoue,

Which ouercast thy mortal sight doth dim,
Whoes moisture doth obscure all thinges about;
And fere not thow to do thy mothers will,
Nor her aduise refuse thow to performe—
Here, where thow seest the turrets ouerthrown,
Stone bet from stone, smoke rising mixt with dust,
Neptunus there shakes with his mace the walles
And eke the loose foundations of the same,
And ouerwhelms the whole town from his seat.
And cruell Iuno with the formest here
Doth kepe the gate that Scea cleped is,
Nere wood for wrath, whereas she standes, and calls
In harnesse bright the Grekes out of their ships.
And in the turrets hye behold where standes
Bright shining Pallas, all in warlike wede,
And with her shield, where Gorgons hed apperes.
And Iupiter, my father, distributes
Auayling strength and courage to the Grekes;
Yet ouermore, against the Troyan powr
He doth prouoke the rest of all the gods.
Flee then, my son, and geue this trauail end;
Ne shall I thee forsake, in sauegard till
I haue thee brought vnto thy fathers gate.'
This did she say and therwith gan she hide
Herself in shadow of the close night.
  Then dredfull figures gan appere to me,
And great gods eke agreued with our town.
I saw Troye fall down in burning gledes;
Neptunus town, clene razed from the soil.
Like as the elm forgrown in mountaines hye,
Rond hewen with axe, that husbandmen
With thick assaultes striue to teare vp, doth threat;
And hackt beneath trembling doth bend his top,
Till yold with strokes, geuing the latter crack,
Rent from the heighth, with ruine it doth fall.
  With this I went, and guided by a god
I passed through my foes, and eke the flame;
Their wepons and the fire eke gaue me place.
And when that I was come before the gates
And auncient building of my fathers house,

My father, whom I hoped to conuey
To the next hils and did him thearto treat,
Refused either to prolong his life,
Or bide exile after the fall of Troy.
'All ye', quod he, 'in whom yong blood is fresh,
Whose strength remaines entier and in ful powr,
Take ye your flight.
For if the gods my life wold have proroged,
They had reserued for me this wonning place.
It was enough, alas! and eke to much,
To see the town of Troy thus razed ones;
To have liued after the citee taken.
When ye haue sayd, this corps layd out forsake;
My hand shall seke my death, and pitie shal
Mine enmies moue, or els hope of my spoile.
As for my graue, I wey the losse but light,
For I my yeres, disdainfull to the gods,
Haue lingred fourth, vnable to all nedes,
Sins that the sire of gods and king of men
Strake me with thonder and with leuening blast.'
Such things he gan reherse, thus firmly bent.
But we besprent with teres, my tender son,
And eke my swete Creusa, with the rest
Of the houshold, my father gan beseche
Not so with him to perish all at ones,
Nor so to yeld vnto the cruel fate;
Which he refused, and stack to his entent.
  Driuen I was to harnesse then againe,
Miserably my death for to desire.
For what aduise or other hope was left?
'Father! thoughtst thow that I may ones remoue,'
Quod I, 'a foote, and leaue thee here behinde?
May such a wrong passe from a fathers mouth?
If gods will be that nothing here be saued
Of this great town, and thy minde bent to ioyne
Both thee and thine to ruine of this town,
The way is plaine this death for to atteine.
Pyrrhus shall come besprent with Priams blood,
That gored the son before the fathers face
And slew the father at the altar eke.

O sacred mother! was it then for this
That you me led through flame and wepons sharp,
That I might in my secret chaumber see
Mine enmies; and Ascanius my son,
My father, with Creusa my swete wife,
Murdred, alas! the one in thothers blood?
Why, seruants, then, bring me my armes againe;
The latter day vs vanquished doth call.
Render me now to the Grekes sight againe,
And let me see the fight begon of new;
We shall not all vnwroken dye this day.'
  About me then I girt my sword again,
And eke my shield on my left sholder cast,
And bent me so to rush out of the house.
Lo! in my gate my spouse, clasping my feet,
Foregainst his father yong Iulus set.
'If thow wilt go,' quod she, 'and spill thy self,
Take vs with thee in all that may betide.
But as expert if thow in armes haue set
Yet any hope, then first this house defend,
Whearas thy son, and eke thy father dere,
And I, somtime thine owne dere wife, ar left.'
Her shrill loud voice with plaint thus filled the house,
When that a sodein monstrous maruel fell.
For in their sight, and woefull parents armes,
Behold a light out of the butten sprang
That in tip of Iulus cap did stand;
With gentle touch whoes harmlesse flame did shine
Upon his heare, about his temples spred.
And we afraid, trembling for dredfull fere,
Bet out the fire from his blasing tresse,
And with water gan quench the sacred flame.
  Anchises glad his eyen lift to the sterres;
With handes his voice to heauen thus he bent:
'If by praier, almighty Iupiter,
Inclined thou mayst be, beholde vs then
Of ruth at least; if we so much deserue,
Graunt eke thine ayd, father, confirm this thing.'
  Scarse had the old man said, when that the heuens
With sodein noise thondred on the left hand;

Out of the skie, by the dark night there fell
A blasing sterre, dragging a brand or flame,
Which, with much light gliding on the housetop,
In the forest of Ida hid her beames;
The which, full bright cendleing a furrow, shone,
By a long tract appointing vs the way;
And round about of brimstone rose a fume.
My father vanquist, then beheld the skies,
Spake to the gods, and tholly sterre adored:
'Now, now,' quod he, 'no longer I abide;
Folow I shall where ye me guide at hand.
O native gods! your familie defend;
Preserue your line. This warning comes of you,
And Troy stands in your protection now.
Now geue I place, and wherso that thou goe,
Refuse I not, my sonne, to be thy feer.'
This did he say; and by that time more clere
The cracking flame was heard throughout the walles,
And more and more the burning heat drew nere.
'Why then, haue done, my father dere,' quod I,
'Bestride my neck fourthwith, and sit thereon,
And I shal with my sholders thee susteine,
Ne shal this labor do me any dere.
What so betide, come perill, come welfare,
Like to vs both and common there shal be.
Yong Iulus shall beare me company,
And my wife shal follow far of my steppes.
Now ye, my seruantes, mark well what I say:
Without the town ye shall find, on an hill,
An old temple there standes, wheras somtime
Worship was don to Ceres the goddesse;
Biside which growes an aged cipresse tree,
Preserued long by our forefathers zele.
Behind which place let vs together mete.
And thou, father, receiue into thy handes
The reliques all, and the gods of the land,
The which it were not lawfull I should touch,
That come but late from slaughter and blodshed,
Till I be washed in the running flood.'
When I had sayd these wordes, my sholders brode

And laied neck with garments gan I spred,
And theron cast a yellow lions skin;
And therupon my burden I receiue.
Yong Iulus, clasped in my right hand,
Followeth me fast with vnegal pace;
And at my back my wife. Thus did we passe
By places shadowed most with the night.
And me, whom late the dart which enemies threw
Nor preasse of Argiue routes could not amaze,
Eche whispring wind hath power now to fray
And euery sound to moue my doutfull mind,
So much I dred my burden and my feer.
And now we gan draw nere vnto the gate,
Right well escapte the daunger, as me thought,
When that at hand a sound of feet we heard.
My father then, gazing throughout the dark,
Cried on me, 'Flee, son! they ar at hand.'
With that bright sheldes and shene armours I saw.
But then, I knowe not what vnfrendly god
My trobled wit from me biraft for fere,
For while I ran by the most secret stretes,
Eschuing still the common haunted track,
From me catif, alas! bereued was
Creusa then, my spouse—I wote not how,
Whether by fate, or missing of the way,
Or that she was by werinesse reteind,
Bue neuer sithe these eies might her behold;—
Nor did I yet perceiue that she was lost,
Ne neuer backward turned I my mind,
Till we came to the hill wheras there stood
The old temple dedicate to Ceres.
And when that we were there assembled all,
She was only away, deceiuing vs,
Her spouse, her son, and all her compainie.
What god or man did I not then accuse,
Nere wood for ire, or what more cruell chaunce
Did hap to me, in all Troies ouerthrow?
Ascanius to my feeres I then betoke,
With Anchises, and eke the Troian gods,
And left them hid within a valley depe.

And to the town I gan me hye againe,
Clad in bright armes, and bent for to renew
Auentures past, to search throughout the town,
And yeld my hed to perils ones againe.
And first the walles and dark entrie I sought
Of the same gate wherat I issued out,
Holding backward the steppes wher we had come
In the dark night, loking all round about.
In euery place the vgsome sightes I saw;
The silence selfe of night agast my sprite.
From hense againe I past vnto our house,
If she by chaunce had ben returned home.
The Grekes were there, and had it all beset.
The wasting fire blown vp by drift of wind
Aboue the roofes, the blazing flame sprang vp,
The sound wherof with furie pearst the skies.
To Priams palace and the castel then
I made; and ther at Iunous sanctuair,
In the void porches, Pheniz, Ulisses eke,
Sterne guardens stood, watching of the spoile.
The richesse here were set, reft from the brent
Temples of Troy: the table of the gods,
The vessells eke that were of massy gold,
And vestures spoild, were gatherd all in heap.
The children orderly, and mothers pale for fright,
Long ranged on a rowe stode round about.
So bold was I to showe my voice that night,
With clepes and cries to fill the stretes throughout,
With Creuse name in sorrow, with vain teres,
And often sithes the same for to repete.
The town restlesse with furie as I sought,
Thunlucky figure of Creusaes ghost,
Of stature more than wont, stood fore mine eyen.
Abashed then I woxe; therwith my heare
Gan start right vp; my voice stack in my throte.
When with such words she gan my hart remoue:
'What helps to yeld vnto such furious rage,
Swete spouse?' quod she. 'Without wil of the gods
This chaunced not. Ne lefull was for thee
To lead away Creusa hense with thee;

The king of the hye heuen suffreth it not.
A long exile thou art assigned to bere,
Long to furrow large space of stormy seas;
So shalt thou reach at last Hesperian land,
Wher Lidian Tiber with his gentle streme
Mildly doth flow along the frutfull felds.
There mirthful wealth, there kingdom is for thee;
There a kinges child preparde to be thy make.
For thy beloued Creusa stint thy teres,
For now shal I not see the proud abodes
Of Myrmidons, nor yet of Dolopes,
Ne I, a Troyan lady, and the wife
Unto the sonne of Uenus, the goddesse,
Shall goe a slaue to serue the Grekish dames;
Me here the gods great mother holdes.
And now farwell, and kepe in fathers brest
The tender loue of thy yong son and myne.'
  This hauing said, she left me all in teres
And minding much to speake; but she was gone,
And suttly fled into the weightlesse aire.
Thrise raught I with mine armse taccoll her neck,
Thrise did my handes vaine hold thimage escape,
Like nimble windes, and like the flieng dreame.
So night spent out, returne I to my feers.
And ther wondring I find together swarmd
A new nomber of mates, mothers, and men,
A rout exiled, a wreched multitude,
From eche where flockke together, prest to passe,
With hart and goods, to whatsoeuer land
By sliding seas me listed them to lede.
And now rose Lucifer aboue the ridge
Of lusty Ide, and brought the dawning light.
The Grekes held thentries of the gates best;
Of help there was no hope. Then gaue I place,
Toke vp my sire, and hasted to the hill."

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BOOK 4.

(*Tottel's Version of* 1557)

But now the wounded quene, with heuy care,
Throughout the veines she norisheth the plage,
Surprised with blind flame; and to hir mind
Gan eke resort the prowesse of the man
And honour of his race; while in her brest
Imprinted stack his wordes and pictures forme;
Ne to her limmes care graunteth quiet rest.
The next morrow, with Phebus laump the earth
Alightned clere, and eke the dawning day
The shadowes dark gan from the poale remoue,
When, all vnsound, her sister of like minde
Thus spake she to: "O sister Ann, what dreames
Be these, that me tormented thus afray?
What new guest is this, that to our realm is come;
What one of chere; how stout of hart in armes?
Truly I think, ne vain is my belefe,
Of goddish race some offspring shold he be:
Cowardry notes hartes swarued out of kind.
He driuen, Lord! with how hard destiny;
What battailes eke atchiued did he recount!
But that my mind is fixt vnmoueably
Neuer with wight in wedlock ay to ioyne,
Sith my first loue me left by death disseuered,
If geniall brands and bed me lothed not,
To this one gilt perchaunce yet might I yeld.
Anne, for I graunt, sith wretched Sichees death
My spouse and house with brothers slaughter staind,
This onely man hath made my sences bend
And pricked foorth the mind that gan to slide:
Now feelingly I tast the steppes of mine old flame.
But first I wish the earth me swalow down,
Or with thunder the mighty Lord me send
To the pale gostes of hel and darknes deepe,
Ere I thee staine, shamefastnes, or thy lawes.

58

BOOK 4.

(*Version based upon Ms. Hargrave* 205)

But now the wounded quene, with heavie care,
Throwgh owt the vaines doth nowrishe ay ye plage,
Surprised with blind flame; & to her minde
Gan to resort the prowes of the man,
And honour of his race; whiles in her brest
Imprinted stake his wordes & forme of face;
Ne to her lymmes care graunteth quiet rest.
The next morowe, with Phoebus lampe the erthe
Ylightned clere, & eke the dawninge daye
The shadowe danke gan from the pole remove,
When, all vnsownd, her sister of like minde
Thus spake she to: "Oh sister, what dremes
Be these that me tormenten thus afraide?
What newcome gest vnto our realme ys come;
What one of chere; how stowt of hart in armes?
Truelie I thinke, ne vaine ys my beleife,
Of goddishe race some of springe shuld he seeme:
Cowardie noteth hartes swarved owt of kinde.
He driven, Lord! with how hard destinie;
What battells eke atcheived did he tell!
& but my mind war fixt vnmovablie
Never with wight in weddlocke for to joine,
Sithe my first love me lefte by deth disseverid,
Yf bridall bowndes & bed me lothed not,
To this one fawlt perchaunce yet might I yeld.
For I wyll graunt, sithe wretched Syches dethe
My spouse & howse with brother slaughter stand,
This onelie man hath made my senses bend
& pricketh furthe the minde that gan to slide:
Felenglie I tast the steppes of mine old flame.
But first I wishe the erth me swallowe downe,
Or with thunder the mightie Lord me send
To the pale gostes of hell and darkness depe,
Or I the stayne, shamefastnes, or thi lawes.

He that with me first coppled, tooke away
My loue with him; enjoy it in his graue."
  Thus did she say, and with supprised teares
Bained her brest. Wherto Anne thus replied:
"O sister, dearer beloued then the lyght,
Thy youth alone in plaint still wilt thou spill?
Ne children sweete, ne Venus giftes wilt know?
Cinders, thinkest thou, mind this, or graued ghostes?
Time of thy doole, thy spouse new dead, I graunt
None might the moue: no, not the Libian king,
Nor yet of Tire; Iarbas set so light,
And other princes mo, whom the rich soile
Of Affrick breedes, in hounours triumphant.
Wilt thou also gainstand thy liked loue?
Comes not to mind vpon whoes land thou dwelst?
On this side, loe! the Getule town behold,
A people bold, vnuanquished in warre;
Eke the vndaunted Numides compasse thee;
Also the Sirtes vnfrendly harbroughe.
On thother hand, a desert realme for thurst,
The Barceans, whose fury stretcheth wide.
What shall I touch the warres that moue from Tire,
Or yet thy brothers threates?
By gods purueiaunce it blewe, and Iunos helpe,
The Troiaynes shippes, I think, to runn this course.
Sister, what town shalt thou see this become?
Throgh such allie how shal our kingdom rise,
And by the aid of Troiane armes how great?
How many waies shal Cartages glorie grow?
Thou onely now besech the gods of grace
By sacrifice. Which ended, to thy house
Receue him, and forge causes of abode;
Whiles winter frettes the seas, and watry Orion,
The shippes shaken, vnfrendly the season".
  Such words enflamed the kindled mind with loue,
Loosed al shame, and gave the doubtfull hope.
And to the temples first they hast and seeke
By sacrifice for grace, with hogreles of two yeares
Chosen, as ought, to Ceres that gaue lawes,
To Phebus, Bachus, and to Iuno chiefe,

He that with me first coopled, tooke awaie
My love, which still enioye he in his grave."
  Thus did she saye, & with surprised teares
Bayned her brest. Whereto thus An replied:
"O sister more beloved then the light,
Thi youth all sole in plaintes wilt thow nedes spill?
Ne children swete, ne Venus giftes wilt knowe?
Cindres, thinkest thow, minde this, or graved ghostes?
Time of thie dole, thi spouse new dedd, I graunt
None might the moue; Iarbas not to fere,
The Libian king dispised eke by the,
& other princes moe, whom the riche soyle
Of Aefrike bredes, in honours tryvmphant.
Wilt thow allso withstand the loue that likes the?
Come not to minde vpon whose land thow dwelst?
On this syde, loe! the Getule towns behold,
A people bold, vnvanquished in warr;
Eke the vndaunted Numides compas the;
Allso the Syrtes vnfrindlie harboroughes.
On tother hand the desert realme of Scythe,
The Barceans, whose furie stretcheth wide.
What shall I touch the wars that moue from Tyre,
Or yet thie brothers threates?
By godes purveiaunce yt blue, & Junos helpe,
The Troiane shippes, I thinke, to rounne this course.
Sister, what towne shalt thow se this become?
Throwgh such alie how shall our kingdome rise,
& by the ayde of Troiane armes how great?
How manie waies shall Carthage glorie growe?
Thow onelie now beseke the godes of grace
By sacrifice. Which ended, to thie howse
Receave him, & forge causes of abode;
Whiles winter freates the seas, & watrie Orion,
The shippes shaken, vnfrindlie the season."
  Such wordes inflamde the kindled hart with love,
Lewsed all shame, & gaue the dowtfull hope.
& to the temples fyrst thei hast & seke
By sacrifice for grace, with hogreles of two yeares
Chosen, as owght, to Coeres that gaue lawes,
To Phoebus, Bacchus, & to Juno cheif,

Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.
Faire Dido held in her right hand the cup,
Which twixt the hornes of a white cowe she shed
In presence of the gods, passing before
The aulters fatte; which she renewed oft
With giftes that day and beastes debowled,
Gasing for counsell on the entrales warme.
Ay me, vnskilfull mindes of prophesy!
Temples or vowes, what boote they in her rage?
A gentle flame the mary doth deuoure,
Whiles in the brest the silent wound keepes life.
Unhappy Dido burns, and in her rage
Throughout the town she wandreth vp and down;
Like to the striken hinde with shaft in Crete,
Throughout the woods, which, chasing with his dartes,
Aloofe, the shepheard smiteth at vnwares,
And leaves vnwist in her the thirling head,
That through the groues and landes glides in her flight,
Amid whose side the mortall arrow stickes.
  Aeneas now about the walles she leades,
The town prepared and Cartage welth to shew;
Offring to speak, amid her voice, she whistes.
And when the day gan faile, new feastes she makes;
The Troies trauales to heare anew she listes,
Inraged al, and stareth in his face
That tels the tale. And when they were al gone,
And the dimme mone doth eft withold the light,
And sliding starres prouoked vnto sleepe,
Alone she mournes within her palace voide,
And sets her down on her forsaken bed,
And absent him she heares, when he is gone,
And seeth eke. Oft in her lappe she holdes
Ascanius, trapt by his fathers forme,
So to begile the loue cannot be told.
  The turrettes now arise not, erst begonne;
Neither the youth weldes armes, nor they auaunce
The portes, nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken there hang the workes and mighty frames
Of walles high raised, threatening the skie.

Which hath in care the bandes of mariage.
Fair Dido held in her right hand the cupp,
Which twixt the hornes of a white cowe she shedd
In presence of the godes, passing before
The aultres tall, which she renued ofte
With giftes that daye & bestes deboweled,
Gasing for cownsell on the thentrailes warme.
Ay me, vnskillfull myndes of prophetise!
Alas, blind mindes of prophetes! what avayle
Temples or vowes, what booten thei in rage?
A gentle flame the marie doth devower,
Whiles in the brest the sylent wound kepth life.
Vnhappi Dido burnes, & in her rage
Throwgh owt the towne she wandreth vp and downe;
Like to the stryken hinde with shafte in Crete,
Throwgh owt the woodes, which, chasing with his dartes,
Aloofe, the shepard smyteth at vnwares,
& leaves vnwiste in her the thirling hedd,
That throwgh the groves & laundes glides in her flight,
Amidd whose syde the mortall arrowe stykes.
  Aeneas now abowt the walls she leades,
The towne preparde & Carthage welth to showe;
Offring to speake, amidd her voice, she whistes.
& when the daye gan fayle, new feastes she makes;
The Troiane travailes to here anew she listes,
Enraged all, & stareth in his face
That tells the tale. And when thei war all gone,
& the dymme moone repressed the daie light,
& slidinge sterres provoked vnto slepe,
Alone she moornth within her palaice voide,
& settes her downe on her for saken bedd,
& absent him she heres, when he is gone,
& seithe eke. Ofte in her lappe she holds
Askanius, trapte by his fathers fourme,
To proue if she might so beguile her loue.
  The turretes now arise not, erst begoune;
Nether the youth weeldes armes, nor they avaunce
The port, nor other mete defence for warr.
Broken thei hang, the workes & mightie frames
Of walls hie raised, sthretching to the skie.

Whom as soone as Ioues deare wife saw infect
With such a plage, ne fame resist the rage,
Saturnes daughter thus burdes Venus then:
"Great praise", quod she, "and worthy spoiles you win,
You and your son, great gods of memory,
By both your wiles one woman to deuower.
Yet am I not deceiued, that foreknew
Ye dread our walles and bildinges gan suspect
Of high Cartage. But what shalbe the ende?
Or wherunto now serueth such debate?
But rather peace and bridale bandes knit we,
Sith thou hast spede of that thy heart desired,
Dido doth burne with loue, rage fretes her boones.
This people now, as common to vs both,
With equal fauour let vs gouerne then.
Lefull be it to serue a Troian spouse;
And Tirianes yeld to thy right hand in dowre."
To whom Venus replied thus, that knewe
Her wordes proceded from a fained minde,
To Libian coastes to turne thempire from Rome:
"What wight so fond such offer to refuse?
Or yet with thee had leuer striue in warr?
So be it fortune thy tale bring to effect.
But destenies I dout, least Ioue nill graunt
That folke of Tire, and such as came from Troie,
Should hold one town; or graunt these nacions
Mingled to be, or ioyned ay in leage.
Thou art his wife; lefull it is for the
For to attempt his fansie by request.
Passe on before and folow the I shall".
Quene Iuno then thus tooke her tale againe:
"This trauaile be it mine. But by what meane,
Marke, in fewe wordes I shal thee lerne eftsones,
This worke in hand may now be compassed.
Aeneas nowe, and wretched Dido eke,
To the forest a hunting minde to wende
To morne, as soon as Titan shall ascend,
And with his beames hath ouerspred the world.
And whiles the winges of youth do swarm about,
And whiles they raunge to ouer set the groues,

Whom as soone as Ioves dere wife saw infect
With such a plague, ne fame resist the rage,
Saturnus dowghter bourdes thus with Venus than:
"Great praise", quod she, "& worthie spoiles ye winne,
You & your sonn, great godes of memorie,
By bothe your wiles one woman to devower.
Yet am I not deceyved, that foreknew
Ye dredd our walles & buyldinges did suspect
Of hie Carthage. But what shalbe the end?
Or whervnto now serveth such debate?
But rather peace & brydall bondes knitt we,
Syth thow hast spedd of that thie hart desyred.
Dido doth burne, the rage her bones doth perse.
The people now then common to vs bothe;
With egall favour so lett vs governe them.
Lefull be it to serve a Troiane spouse;
& Tyrians yeld to thie right hand in dower."
To whom Venus replied thus, that knew
Her wordes proceded from a fayned minde,
To Lybian costes to turne the prince from Rome:
"What wight so fond such offer to refuse?
Or yet with the had lever lyve in warr?
So be it fortune thi tale bring to effect.
But destenies I dowte, lest Jove will graunt
That folke of Tyer, & such as came from Troie,
Shuld hold one towne; or graunt these nations
Mingled to be, or joined aye in league.
Thow art his wief; lefull yt is for the
For to attempt his fancie by request.
Passe on before & followe the I shall."
Quene Juno then tooke thus her tale againe:
"This travaile be yt mine. But by what meane,
Marke, in few wordes I shall the lerne eftsones,
This work in hand maie now be compassed.
Aeneas now, & wretched Dido eke,
The forest till a hunting minde to wend
The morow, as soone as Titan shall ascend,
& with his beames hath overspredd the erth.

. . . . . .

& whiles the range doth sett the groues about,

A cloudie showr, mingled with haile, I shall
Poure down, and then with thonder shake the skies.
Thassemble scattered, the mist shall cloke.
Dido a caue, the Troyan prince the same
shall enter to, and I will be at hand.
And if thy will sticke vnto mine, I shall
In wedlocke sure knit and make her his own:
Thus shall the maryage be." To whose request
Without debate Venus did seme to yeld,
And smyled soft, as she that found the wyle.
Then from the seas the dawning gan arise.
The sun once vp, the chosen youth gan throng
Out at the gates: the hayes so rarely knit,
The hunting staues with their brod heads of steele,
And of Masile the horsemen, fourth they brake;
Of senting houndes a kenel hugh likewise.
And at the threshold of her chaumber dore
The Carthage lords did on the quene attend;
The trampling steede, with gold and purple trapt,
Chawing the fomie bit, there fercely stood.
Then issued she, awayted with great train,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre embradred riche.
Her quyuer hung behinde her backe, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Butned with gold. The Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladsom Iulus.
Aeneas eke, the goodliest of the route,
Makes one of them, and ioyneth close the throngs.
Like when Apollo leaueth Lycia,
His wintring place, and Xanthus floods likewise,
To viset Delos, his mothers mansion,
Repairing eft, and furnishing her quire,
The Candians and folkes of Driopes,
With painted Agathyrsies, shoute and crye,
Enuironing the alters roundabout,
When that he walks vpon mount Cynthus top.
His sparkled tresse represt with garlandes soft
Of tender leaues, and trussed vp in gold,
His quiuering dartes clattring behinde his back:
So fresh and lustie did Aeneas seme,

A clowdie shower, mingled with haile, I shall
Pooer down, & then with thunder shake the skies.
The assembles skattered, the mistes shall cloke.
Dido the cave, the Troiane prince the same
Shall enter too, & I wilbe at hand.
& if thie will stick vnto mine, I shall
In weddlocke suer knitt, & make her his owne:
This shall the mariage be." To whose request
Without debate Venus did seeme to graunt,
& smyled softe, as she that fownd the wile.
  Then from the sea the dawning gan arise.
The son hoist vp, the chosen youth gan throng
Vnto the gates: the hayes so rarelie knitt,
The hunting staves with ther brode heddes of yron,
& of Massile the horsemen, furth thei breke;
Of senting howndes a kennell huge likewise.
& at the thressolde of her chamber dore
The Carthage lordes did on ther quene awaite;
The trampling steed, with gold & purple deckt,
Feirslie stood chawing on the fominge bitt.
Then issued she, awaited with a trayne,
Clad in a cloke of Tyre bordered full rich.
Her quyver hong behind her backe, her tresse
Knotted in gold, her purple vesture eke
Butned with gold. The Troianes of her trayne
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus.
Aeneas eke, the goodliest of the rowt,
Makes one of them & ioyneth close the thronges.
Like when Apollo leaveth Licia,
His wintring place, & Xanthus fluddes likewise,
To se Delos, his mothers mansion,
For to repayer & furnishe new her quyer,
The Cretians & folke of Driopes,
& painted Agathirth, do howle & crie,
Environninge the aulters rownd abowt,
When that he walkes vpon mownt Cynthus topp,
His sparkled tresse represt with garlandes softe
Of tender bowes, & tressed vp in golde,
His quyver dartes clattringe behind his backe:
So freshe & lustie did Aeneas seme,

Such lordly port in present countenaunce.
But to the hils and wilde holtes when they came,
From the rocks top the driuen sauage rose.
Loe! from the hill aboue, on thother side,
Through the wyde lawnds they gan to take their course.
The harts likewise, in troupes taking their flight,
Raysing the dust, the mountain fast forsake.
The childe Iulus, blithe of his swift steede,
Amids the plain now pricks by them, now thes,
And to encounter wisheth oft in minde
The foming bore, in steede of ferefull beasts,
Or lion brown might from the hill descend.
In the meane while the skies gan rumble sore;
In tayle thereof a mingled showr with hayle.
The Tyrian folk, and eke the Troyans youth,
And Venus nephew the cotage, for feare,
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hils.
Dido a den, the Troyan prince the same.
Chaunced vpon. Our mother then, the Earth,
And Iuno that hath charge of mariage,
First tokens gaue with burning gledes of flame,
And, priuie to the wedlock, lightning skies;
And the nymphes yelled from the mountains top.
Ay me! this was the first day of their mirth,
And of their harmes the first occasion eke.
Respect of fame no longer her withholdes,
Nor museth now to frame her loue by stelth.
Wedlock she cals it; vnder the pretence
Of which fayre name she cloketh now her faut.
Forthwith Fame flieth through the great Libian towns;
A mischefe Fame—there is none els so swift—
That mouing, growes; and flitting, gathers force.
First small for dred, sone after climes the skies,
Stayeth on earth, and hides her hed in cloudes.
Whom our mother, the Earth, tempted by wrath
Of gods, begat; the last sister—they write—
To Caeus, and to Enceladus eke;
Spedie of foote, of wyng likewise as swift;
A monster huge, and dredfull to decriue:
In euery plume that on her body sticks—

Such lordlie port in cowntinance dothe showe.
  But to the hills & wilde holtes when thei came,
From the rockes toppe the wild savage rooes
Availe the hill, & on the other syde,
Over the laundes, thei gan to take ther course.
The hartes likewise, in troopes taking ther flight,
Raising the dust, the mountaynes fast forsoke.
The child Iulus, blithe of his swifte steed,
Amides the playne now prickes by them, now these,
& to encounter wisheth ofte in minde
The foming bore, in stedd of ferefull beastes,
Or lyon browne might from the hill discend.
  In the meane while the heavens gan romble sore;
In tayle wher of a mingled shower with haile.
The Tirian folke & skattred Troiane youth
& Venus nevew the cottages for fere
Sought rownd about; the fluddes fell from the hills.
Quene Dido, with the Troiane prince alone,
Chanst on a denn. Our mother then, the Erth,
& Juno that hath charge of mariage,
First tokens gave with burning gledes of flame,
&, previe to the weddlocke, lightning skies;
& the nymphes wayled from the mountaynes toppe.
  Aye me! this was the foremost daye of myrthe,
& of mischief the first occasion eke.
Respect of fame no lenger her with holdes,
Ne museth she to frame her loue be stelth.
Wedlock she calls it; vnder the pretence
Of which faier name she cloketh now her fault.
  Furthwith Fame flies throwgh the greet Libian townes;
A mischief Fame—ther is none ells so swifte—
That moving, growes; & flitting, gethers strength.
First small to dredd, soone after climes the skies,
Percing the erth, & hides her hedd in clowdes.
Whom our mother, the Erth, tempted by wrathe
Of godes, begat; the last sister—thei write—
To Caeus and Inceladus.
Speedie of foote, of wing likewise right swifte;
A monster thing & dreddfull to behold:
For everie plume that on her bodie stickes

A thing in dede much maruelous to heare—
As many waker eyes lurk vnderneath,
So many mouthes to speake, and listning eares.
By night she flies amid the cloudie skie,
Shriking, by the dark shadow of the earth,
Ne doth decline to the swete sleepe her eyes.
By day she sits to mark on the house top,
Or turrents hye, and the great towns afraies,
As mindefull of yll and lyes as blasing truth.
This monster blithe with many a tale gan sow
This rumor then into the common eares,
As well things don, as that was neuer wrought:
As, that there comen is to Tyrians court
Aeneas, one outsprong of Troyan blood,
To whom fair Dido wold her self be wed;
And that, the while, the winter long they passe
In foule delight, forgetting charge of reigne,
Led against honour with vnhonest lust.
  This in eche mouth the filthie goddesse spreds,
And takes her course to king Hiarbas straight;
Kindling his minde, with tales she feedes his wrath.
Gotten was he by Ammon Iupiter
Upon the rauisht nimph of Garamant.
An hundred hugie, great temples he built
In his farre stretching realmes to Iupiter;
Altars as many kept with waking flame,
A watche alwayes vpon the gods to tend;
The floores embrude with yelded blood of beastes,
And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.
He, wood of minde, kindled by bitter brute,
Tofore thaltars, in presence of the gods,
With reared hands gan humbly Ioue entreate:
  "Almighty God! whom the Moores nacion,
Fed at rich tables, presenteth with wine,
Seest thou these things? or feare we thee in vaine,
When thou lettest flye thy thonder from the cloudes?
Or do those flames with vaine noyse vs affray?
A woman that wandring in our coastes hath bought
A plot for price, where she a citie set;
To whome we gaue the strond for to manure,

As manie waker eies lurke vnderneth;
A thing in deed much mervaylous to here,
So manie mowthes to speke, & listning eares.
By night she flieth amidd the clowdie skie,
Shriking, by the darke shadowe of the erth,
Ne once her eies to swete slepe doth encline.
By daye she sittes to marke on the howse toppes
Or turrettes hie, & the great townes she frayes,
Mindfull of yll & lies as blasing truth.
This monster blith with manie a tale gan sowe
This rumor then into the common eares,
As well thinges done as that was never wrought:
As, that there comen is to Tyrians court
Aeneas, that of Troiane bludd is sprong,
To whom faier Dido wold her self be wedd;
In natures lustes the winter for to passe,

. . . . . .

This in ech mowth the filthie goddes spredd,
& takes her course to king Iarbas straight;
Kindling his minde, with tales she fedd his wrathe.
Gotten he was by Hammon Jupiter
Vpon the ravisht Garamantida.
An hundred temples in his realme he buylte,
An hundred aulters kepte with waker fyer,
A watche allwaies on the goddes to attende;
The erth imbrued with yelded blood of bestes,
& thresholdes spredd with garlandes strange of hew.
He, wood of minde, kindled by bitter bruites,
Fore the aultars, in presence of the godes,
With reared handes gan humblie Ioue entreate:
"Allmighti lord, whom the Moors nacion,
Fede at riche tables, presenteth with wine,
Seest thow these thinges? or serue we the in vayne,
When thow lettes fle the thunder from the clowdes,
Whose flames oft chaunce with vaine noise vs afraye?
A wandring woman in our coostes hath bowght
A plott for price, wher she a village sett;
To whom we gaue the strond for to manure,

And lawes to rule her town; our wedlock lothed,
Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realme.
That Paris now, with his vnmanly sorte,
With mitred hats, with oynted bush and beard,
His rape enioyth; whiles to thy temples we
Our offrings bring, and folow rumors vaine."
Whom praing in such sort and griping eke
The altars fast, the mighty father heard,
And writhed his loke toward the royal walls
And louers eke, forgetting their good name.
To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge:
"Hense, son, in hast! and call to thee the windes!
Slide with thy plumes and tell the Troyan prince,
That now in Carthage loytreth, rechlesse
Of the towns graunted him by desteny.
Swift through the skies see thow these words conuey.
His faire mother behight him not to vs
Such one to be, ne therefore twyse him saued
From Grekish arms, but such a one
As mete might seme great Italie to rule,
Dreedfull in arms, charged with seigniorie,
Shewing in profe his worthy Teucrian race,
And vnder lawes the whole world to subdue.
If glorie of such things nought him enflame,
Ne that he listes seke honour by som paine,
The towers yet of Rome, being his sire,
Doth he enuie to yong Ascanius?
What mindeth he to frame? or on what hope
In enmies land doth he make hys abode?
Ne his offspring in Italie regardes?
Ne yet the land of Lauin doth behold?
Bid him make sayle; haue here the sum and end.
Our message thus report." When Ioue had sayd,
Then Mercurie gan bend him to obey
His mightie fathers will; and to his heeles
His golden wings he knits, which him transport
With a light winde aboue the earth and seas.
And then with him his wande he toke, whereby
He calles from hell pale gostes, and other some
Thether also he sendeth comfortlesse;

& lawes the towne to rule; our weddlock lothe,
Hath chose Aeneas to commaund her realmes.
That Paris now, with his vnmanlie sorte,
With mytred hattes, with oynted bushe & bearde,
His rape inioyes; whiles to thie temple we
Our offringes bring & hallowe rumours vayne."
  Whom prayeng in such sort & gryping eke
The aulters fast, the mightie father harde,
& wrythed his looke towardes the royall walls
& lovers eke, forgetting ther good name.
To Mercurie then gaue he thus in charge:
"Hence, sonne, in hast! & call to the the windes!
Slide with thie plumes & tell the Troiane prince,
That now in Carthage loytreth reckleslie,
Of the townes graunted him by destenie.
Swifte throwgh the skies se thow these wordes reporte.
His faire mother behight him not to vs.
Such one to be, ne therfor twise him savde.
From Greekishe armes, but Italie to rule,
Dreddfull in armes, & chargde with seigniorie,
Discovering his worthie Tewcrine race,
& vnder lawes the whole world to subdue.
If glorie of such thinges nowght him enflame,
Ne that he list seke honour by some payne,
The turrettes yet of Roome doth he envie,
That is the father of Ascanius?
What mindeth he to frame? or by what hope
In inmies land doth he make his abode?
Ne his ofspring in Italie regardes?
Ne yet the lond of Lavine doth behold?
Bidd him make sayle; haue here the summ & ende.
Our message thus report." When Iove had said,
Then Mercurie gan bend him to obeye
His mightie fathers will; & to his heeles
His golden winges he knittes, which him transport
With a light winde aboue the erthe & sees.
& then with him his wande he tooke, wherby
He calls from hell pale ghostes, & other some
Thither he sendeth allso comefortles;

Wherby he forceth sleepes, and them bereues;
And mortall eies he closeth vp in deth.
By power wherof he driues the windes away,
And passeth eke amid the troubled cloudes,
Till in his flight he gan descrie the top
And the stepe flankes of rocky Atlas hill,
That with his crowne susteines the welkin vp;
Whose head, forgrowen with pine, circled alway
With misty cloudes, beaten with wind and storme;
His shoulders spred with snow; and from his chin
The springes descend, his beard frosen with yse.
Here Mercury with equal shining winges
First touched, and, with body headling bette,
To the water thence tooke he his discent,
Like to the foule that endlong costes and strondes,
Swarming with fysh, flyes sweping by the sea.
Cutting betwixt the windes and Libian landes,
From his graundfather by the mothers side
Cillenes child so came, and then alight
Upon the houses with his winged feete,
To fore the towers, wher he Aeneas saw
Foundacions cast, arering lodges new,
Girt with a sweard of iasper, starry bright;
A shining parel, flameed with stately eie
Of Tirian purple, hong his shoulders down,
The gift and work of wealthy Didoes hand,
Stripped throughout with a thin thred of gold.
  Thus he encounters him: "Oh careles wight,
Both of thy realme, and of thine own affaires;
A wifebound man now dost thou reare the walles
Of high Cartage, to build a goodly town?
From the bright skies the ruler of the gods
Sent me to thee, that with his beck commaundes
Both heuen and earth; in hast he gaue me charge,
Through the light aire this message thee to say:
What framest thou? or on what hope thy time
In idlenes doth wast in Affrick land?
Of so great things if nought the fame thee stirr,
Ne list by trauaile honour to pursue,
Ascanus yet, that waxeth fast, behold,

Wherby he forcethe slepes & bereaves them;
& mortall eies he closethe vp in dethe.
By pooer wherof he dryves the windes awaie,
& passeth eke amidd the trowbled clowdes,
Till in his flight he gan descriue the topp
& steepie flankes of rockie Athlas hill,
That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp;
Whose hedd, forgrowen with pine, circled allwaie
With mistie clowdes, beaten with winde & stormes;
His showlders spredd with snowe; & from his chinn
The springes discende, his berd frosen with yse.
Here Mercurie with egall shininge winges
Fyrst towched, &, with bodie heddlong bent,
To the water thence took he his discent,
Like to the fowle that endlonge coostes & strondes,
Swarming with fishe, flies swymming by the sea.
Cutting betwixt the windes & Libian sandes,
From his graundfather by the mothers syde
The Cylen childe so came, & then alight
Vpon the howses with his winged feete,
Tofore the towers, wher he Aeneas saw
Fowndacouns cast & rearinge buyldinges new,
Gyrt with a sworde of iasper, starrie bright;
Of Tyrian purple hynge his showldres downe
His shininge pawle of mightie Didos gifte,
Striped throwgh owt with a thinn threde of golde.
  Then thus he sayd: "Thow, that of highe Carthage
Dost the fowndacouns laye to please thie wife,
Raising on height a passing fayer citie!
But oh, for woe; thine owne thinges owt of minde!
From the bright skies the ruler of the godes
Sent me to the, which with his becke commaundes
Both heaven & erth; in hast he gaue me charge
Throw the light ayer this message the to saye:
What buildest thow, or by what hope thy time
In idlenes thus wastes in Afrike land?
Of so great thinges if not the fame the sturr,
Ne lust by honour thie travaile to pursue,
Ascanius yet, that thriveth fast, behold,

And the hope of Iulus seede, thine heir,
To whom the realme of Italy belonges
And soile of Rome." When Mercury had said,
Amid his tale, far of from mortall eies
Into light aire he vanisht out of sight.
  Aeneas, with that vision striken down,
Well nere bestraught, vpstart his heare for dread;
Amid his throtal his voice likewise gan stick.
For to depart by night he longeth now,
And the sweet land to leaue, astoined sore
With this aduise and message of the gods.
What may he do, alas! or by what woordes
Dare he persuade the raging quene in loue?
Or in what sort may he his tale beginne?
Now here, now there his recklesse minde gan run,
And diuersly him drawes, discoursing all.
After long doutes this sentence semed best:
Mnestheus first, and strong Cloanthus eke,
He calles to him, with Sergest; vnto whom
He gaue in charge his nauie secretly
For to prepare, and driue to the sea coast
His people, and their armour to addresse,
And for the cause of change to faine excuse,
And that he, when good Dido least foreknew
Or did suspect so great a loue could break,
Wold wait his time to speke therof most meete;
The nearest way to hasten his entent.
Gladly his wil and biddings they obey.
  Ful soone the quene this crafty sleight gan smell,—
Who can deceiue a louer in forecast?—
And first foresaw the motions for to come,
Things most assured fearing; vnto whom
That wicked Fame reported, how to flight
Was armde the fleet, all redy to auale.
Then ill bested of counsell, rageth she,
And whisketh through the town like Bachus nunne,
As Thias stirres, the sacred rites begon,
And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hering Bachus name hallowed,
And that the festful night of Citheron

& the hope of Iulus seede, thine heire,
To whom the realme of Italie belongeth
& soyle of Rome." When Mercurie had said,
Amid his tale, farr of from mortall eies
Into light ayer he vanisht owt of sight.
  Aeneas, with that vision stryken downe,
Well ner bestraught, vp start his herre for dred;
Amid his throte his voice likewise gan sticke.
For to depart by flight he longeth now,
& that swete land to leave, astonied sore
By thadvice & message of the godes.
What may he do, alas! or by what wordes
Dare he perswade the raging quene in loue?
Or in what sort may he his tale begin?
Whiles here, now ther his restles minde gan ronne,
& diverslie him drawes, discoursing all.
After long dowbte this sentence semed best:
Mnestheus first, & strong Cleanthus eke,
He calls to him, with Sergest; vnto whom
He gave in charge his navie secretlie
For to prepare, & drawe to the sea coostes
His people, & his armour to addres,
& for the change of thinges to faine excuse,
& that he wold, when Dido lest foreknew
Or did suspect so great a love coold breke,
Awaite a tyme to speke therof most mete;
The nearest waie to hasten his entent.
Gladlie his will & biddinges thei obeie.
  Full soone the Quene this craftie sleight gan smell,
—Who can deceaue a lover in forecast?—
& first foresees these mocions for to come,
Ye most assured fearing; vnto whom
That wicked Fame reported how the flete
Was armed new, all readie to avale.
Then yll bestedd of cownsell, rageth she,
& whisketh throwgh the towne like Bacchus nonne,
As Thyas sturrs, the sacred rites begonne,
When the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her furth, hering Bacchus name halowed,
& when the feastfull night of Cytheron

Doth call her fourth, with noyes of dauncing.
At length her self bordeth Aeneas thus:
"Unfaithfull wight, to couer such a fault
Coldest thou hope? vnwist to leue my land?
Not thee our loue, nor yet right hand bethrothed,
Ne cruell death of Dido may withhold,
But that thou wilt in winter shippes prepare,
And trie the seas in broile of whorling windes?
What if the land thou seekest were not straunge,
If not vnknowen, or auncient Troye yet stoode,
In rough seas yet should Troye towne be sought?
Shunnest thou me? By these teares and right hand,—
For nought els haue I wretched lefte my self—
By our spousals and mariage begonne,
If I of thee deserued euer well,
Or thing of mine were euer to thee leefe,
Rue on this realme, whoes ruine is at hand.
If ought be left that praier may auaile,
I thee beseche to do away this minde.
The Libians and tirans of Nomadane
For thee me hate; my Tirians eke for thee
Ar wroth; by thee my shamefastnes eke stained,
And good renoume, wherby vp to the starres
Perelesse I clame. To whom wilt thou me leaue,
Redy to dye, my swete guest, sithe this name
Is all, as now, that of a spouse remaines?
But wherto now shold I prolong my death?
What? vntil my brother Pigmalion
Beate downe my walles? or the Getulian king
Hiarbas yet captiue lead me away?
Before thy flight a child had I ones borne,
Or sene a yong Aeneas in my court
Play vp and down, that might present thy face,
All vtterly I could not seeme forsaken."
Thus sayd the quene. He, to the gods aduise,
Unmoued held his eies, and in his brest
Represt his care and stroue against his wil,
And these few wordes at last then forth he cast:
"Neuer shall I denie, quene, thy deserte,
Greater than thou in wordes may well expresse.

Doth call her owt, with noise of her dawnsing.
At length her self thus boordes Aeneas with:
"Vnfaithfull wight, to colour such a flight!
& cooldst thow hope vnwist to leave my land?
Not the our love, nor yet right hand betrothde,
Ne crwell dethe of Dido may with hold,
But that thow wilt in winter shippes prepare
& take the seas in broyle of raging windes?
What if the land thow sekest war not strange,
Yf not vnknowen, or auncient Troie stoode,
In rowghe seas yet shuld Troie of the be sought?
Shunnist thow me? by these teares & right hand—
For nowght ells haue I wretched lefte my self—,
By our spowsailes & mariage begoune,
If I of the deserued ever well,
Or thing of mine war ever to the leefe,
If to request that enie place be lefte,
Rue on this realme, whose ruine ys at hand,
I the beseche, & do awaie this minde.
The Libian folke & tyrantes Numydanne
For the me hate; my Tryians eke are wrothe;
My shamefastnes eke stayned for thi cause,
& good renowne, wherby vp to the starrs
Pereles I clambe. To whom wilt thow me leaue,
Readie to die, O my swete gest, syth this name
Ys all, as now, that of a spowse remaines?
But wherto now shuld I prolong my dethe?
What? vnto my brother Pigmalion
Bete downe my walls? or the Getulian king
Iarbas yet captive lead me awaie?
Before thie flight a child had I conceaved,
Or saw a yong Aeneas in my court
Play vp and downe, that did present thie face,
All vtterlie I coold not seme forsaken."
Thus sayd the quene. He, to the godes advice,
Vnmoved held his eies, & in his brest
Represt his care & stroue against his will,
& these wordes few at lengthe furth gan he cast:
"Never shall I denie, quene, thie desertes,
Greater then thow in wordes may well expres.

To think on thee ne irke me aye it shall,
Whiles of my selfe I shall haue memory,
And whiles the spirit these limmes of mine shal rule.
For present purpose somwhat shal I say.
Neuer ment I to clok the same by stelth,
Sclaunder me not, ne to escape by flight.
Nor I to thee pretended mariage,
Ne hyther cam to ioine me in such leage.
If desteny at mine own liberty
To lead my life would haue permitted me,
After my wil my sorow to redoub,
Troy and the remainder of our folke
Restore I shold, and with these scaped handes
The walles againe vnto thee vanquished,
And palace high of Priam eke repaire.
But now Apollo, called Grineus,
And prophecies of Licia me aduise
To sease vpon the realme of Italy;
That is my loue, my country, and my land.
If Cartage turrettes thee, Phenician borne,
And of a Libian town the sight deteine,
To vs Troians why doest thou then enuy
In Italy to make our risting seat?
Lefull is eeke for vs straunge realmes to seeke.
As oft as night doth cloke with shadowes darke
The earth, as oft as flaming starres apere,
The troubled ghost of my father Anchises
So oft in sleepe doth fray me, and aduise;
The wronged hed by me of my deare sonne,
Whom I defraud of the Hisperian crown,
And landes alotted him by desteny.
The messenger eke of the gods but late
Sent down from Ioue—I sware by either hed—,
Passing the ayre, did this to me report.
In bright day light the god my selfe I saw
Entre these walles, and with these eares him heard.
Leue then with plaint to vexe both the and me;
Against my will to Italy I go."
Whiles in this sort he did his tale pronounce,
With waiward looke she gan him ay behold,

To thinke on the ne yrke me ay it shall,
Whiles of my self I shall haue memorie,
& whiles the sprite these limmes of mine shall rule.
It is not great the thing that I requyer.
Nether ment I to cloke the same by stelth,
Slaunder me not, ne to eskape by flight.
Ne I to the pretended mariage,
Ne hither cam to joine me in such league.
Yf destenie at mine owne libertie
To lead my life woold haue permitted me,
After my will my sorowes to redowble,
Troie & the remainder of all my folke
Restore I shuld, & with these scaped handes
Ther walls againe vnto the vanquished,
& palaice hie of Priam eke repayer.
But now Apollo, called Gryneus,
& prophecies of Licia me bidd
To sease vpon the realme of Italie;
That is my loue, my countrie, & my land.
Yf Carthage turretes the, of Phenis land,
& of a Libian towne the sight detaynes,
To vs Troianes whie dost thow then envie
In Italie to make our rested ende?
Lefull it is for vs strang realmes to seke.
As ofte as night doth cloke with shadowe danke
The erthe, as oft as flaming sterrs appere,
The troobled ghost of my father Anchises
So ofte in slepe doth feare & advice me,
& wronged hedd by me of my dere sonne,
Whom I defraude of the Hesperian crowne
& landes allotted him by destenie.
The messenger eke of the godes but late,
Sent downe from Iove—I swere by either hedd—,
Passing the aier, did this to me reporte.
In bright daie light the god my self I sawe
Entre these walls, & with these eares him hard.
Leave then with plaint to vexe both the & me;
Against my will to Italie I goe."
  Whiles in this sort his tale he did pronownce,
With wayward looke she gan him aie behold,

And roling eies that moued to and fro,
With silent looke discoursing ouer al.
And foorth in rage at last thus gan she brayde:
"Faithlesse! forsworn! ne goddesse was thy dam,
Nor Dardanus beginner of thy race,
But of hard rockes mount Caucase monstruous
Bred thee, and teates of tyger gaue thee suck.
But what should I dissemble now my chere,
Or me reserue to hope of greater things?
Mindes he our teares, or euer moued his eyen?
Wept he for ruth, or pitied he our loue?
What shall I set before, or where begin?
Iuno, nor Ioue, with iust eyes this beholds.
Faith is no where in suretie to be found.
Did I not him, thrown vp vpon my shore,
In neede receiue, and fonded eke inuest
Of halfe my realme, his nauie lost repair;
From deathes daunger his fellowes eke defend?
Ay me! with rage and furies, loe! I driue.
Apollo now, now Lycian prophesies,
Another while the messenger of gods,
He sayes, sent down from mighty Ioue himself,
The dredfull charge amid the skies hath brought.
As though that were the trauil of the gods,
Or such a care their quietnes might moue!
I hold thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words:
To Italie passe on by helpe of windes,
And through the floods go searche thy kingdom new.
If ruthfull gods haue any power, I trust
Amid the rocks thy guerdon thou shalt finde,
When thou shalt clepe full oft on Didos name.
With burial brandes I, absent, shall thee chase,
And when cold death from life these lims deuides,
My gost eche where shall still on thee awaite.
Thou shalt abye, and I shall here thereof;
Among the soules below thy brute shall come."
With such like wordes she cut of half her tale,
With pensiue hart abandoning the light,
And from his sight herself gan farre remoue,
Forsaking him, that many things in fere

With rowling eies that moved to & fro,
With sylent looke discoursing over all.
& furth at last in rage thus gan she brayde:
"Faithless! foresworne! thie dame ne goddes was,
Nor Dardanus beginner of thie race,
But soor hard rockes mownt Caucase monstruous
Bredd the, & tettes of tygres gaue the sucke.
But what shuld I dissemble now my chere,
Or me reserue to hope of greater thinges?
Shedd he one teare, or ever movde his eien?
Wepte he for ruth, or pitied our loue?
What shall I sett before, or wher beginne?
Iuno, ne Iove, with iust eies this beheld.
Faith is no wher; no surete is to be fownde.
Did I not him, throwen vp vpon my shore,
In nede receaue, & fownded eke invest
Of half my realme; his navie lost, repayer;
From dethes daunger his felowes eke defende?
Aie me! with rage of furies, lo! I driue.
Apollo now, now Lician prophecies,
An other while the messenger of godes,
He saith, sent downe from mightie Iove him self,
This dreddfull charge amidd the skies hath browght.
As thowgh that were the travaile of the godes,
Or such a care ther quietnes might moue!
I hold the not, nor yet gainsaye thie wordes;
To Italie passe on by helpe of windes,
& throwgh the fluddes go serche thi kingdome new.
Yf rufull godes haue enie power, I trust
Amidd the rockes thie hyer shalt thow fynde,
When thow shalt clepe full oft on Didos name.
With buriall brandes I, absent, shall the chase,
& when cold dethe from life these lymmes devide,
My ghost ech wher shall still on the awaite.
Thow shalt abie, & I shall here thereof;
Among the sowles bylowe this bruite shall come."
With such like wordes she cutt of half her tale,
With pensife hart abandoninge the light,
& from his sight her self gan farr remoue,
Forsaking him, that manie thinges in feare

Imagened, and did prepare to say,
Her swouning lims her damsels gan releue,
And to her chamber bare of marble stone,
And layd her on her bed with tapets spred.
But iust Aeneas, though he did desire
With comfort swet her sorows to appease,
And with his words to banish all her care,
Wailing her much, with great loue ouercome,
The gods will yet he woorketh, and resortes
Unto his nauie, where the Troyans fast
Fell to their worke, from the shore to vnstock
High rigged ships. Now fleetes the talowed kele.
Their oares with leaues yet grene from wood they bring,
And mastes vnshaue, for hast to take their flight.
You might haue sene them throng out of the town
Like ants, when they do spoile the bing of corne
For winters dred, which they beare to their den,
When the black swarm creeps ouer all the fields,
And thwart the grasse by strait pathes drags their pray.
The great graines then som on their shoulders trusse,
Some driue the troupe, som chastice eke the slow,
That with their trauaile chafed is eche pathe.
Beholding this, what thought might Dido haue!
What sighes gaue she, when from her towers hye
The large coasts she saw haunted with Troyans workes,
And in her sight the seas with din confounded!
O witlesse loue, what thing is that to do
A mortal minde thou canst not force thereto!
Forced she is to teares ay to returne,
With new requestes to yeld her hart to loue.
And least she should before her causelesse death
Leaue any thing vntried: "O sister Anne,"
Quoth she, "behold the whole coast round about,
How they prepare, assembled euery where;
The streming sailes abiding but for wynde;
The shipmen crowne theyr ships with bows for ioy.
O sister, if so great a sorow I
Mistrusted had, it were more light to beare.
Yet nathelesse, this for me wretched wight,
Anne, shalt thou do, for faithles, thee alone
He reuerenced, thee eke his secretes tolde.

Imagyned, & did prepare to saye.
Her sowning lymmes her damsells gan releue,
& to her chamber bare of marble stone,
& layd her on her bedd with tapistes spredd.
But iust Aeneas, thowgh he did desyer
With comfort swete her sorrowe to appease,
& with his wordes to bannishe all her care,
To waile her much with grete love ouercome,
By the godes will yet workes he, & resortes
Vnto his navie, wher the Troianes fast
Fell to ther worke, from the shore to vnstocke
Highe charged shippes. Now fleetes the talowed kele.
Ther ores with leaues yet grene from woode thei bringe,
& mastes vnshauen, for hast to take ther flight.
Ye might haue seen them throng owt of the towne
Like antes, when thei do spoile the binge of corne
For winters dredd, which thei bear to their denne,
When the blake swarme creepes ouer all the feeldes,
& thwart the grasse by straight pathes dragg ther praye.
The gret graynes then somme on ther showlders trusse,
Some driue the troope, some chastice eke the slowe;
With ther travaile chaffed ys euerie path.
Beholdinge thus, what thowght might Dido haue!
What sighes gaue she, that from her towers of height
The large coostes saw haunted with Troians werkes,
& in her sight the seas with dynne confownded!
O wittles loue, what thing is that to do
A mortall minde thow canst not force therto!
Forced she is to teares ay to returne,
By new requestes to yeld her hart to loue.
& lest she shuld before her causeles dethe
Leave enie thing vntried: "O Sister An,"
Quod she, "behold the whole coost rownd abowt,
How thei prepare, assembled everie wher;
The streminge sayles abyden but for windes;
The shippmen crowne ther shippes with bowes for ioie.
O sister, if so great a sorrowe I
Mistrusted had, it wear more light to beare.
Yet natheles, this for me wretched wight,
An, shalt thow doe, for faithles, the alone
He reverenced, & eke his secrettes told.

The metest time thou knewest to borde the man;
To my proud foe thus, sister, humbly say:
I with the Grekes within the port Aulide
Coniured not, the Troyans to destroy;
Nor to the walles of Troy yet sent my fleete;
Nor cynders of his father Anchises
Disturbed haue, out of his sepulture.
Why lettes he not my wordes sinke in his eares
So harde to ouertreate? whither whirles he?
This last boone yet graunt he to wretched loue:
Prosperous windes for to depart with ease
Let him abide. The foresayde mariage now,
That he betraied, I do not him require,
Nor that he should faire Italy forgo;
Neither I would he should his kingdom leaue;
Quiet I aske, and a time of delay,
And respite eke my furye to asswage,
Til my mishap teach me, all comfortlesse,
How for to wayle my grief. This latter grace,
Sister, I craue; have thou remorse of me!
Whiche, if thou shalt vouchsafe, with heapes I shall
Leaue by my death redoubled vnto thee."
  Moisted with teares thus wretched gan she playne;
Which Anne reportes, and answere bringes againe.
Nought teares him moue, ne yet to any wordes
He can be framed with gentle minde to yelde.
The werdes withstande, & God stops his meke eares.
Like to the aged boysteous bodied oke,
The which among the Alpes the northerne windes,
Blowyng now from this quarter, now from that,
Betwixt them striue to ouerwhelme with blastes;
The whistlyng ayre among the braunches rores,
Which all at once bow to the earth her croppes,
The stock once smit; whiles in the rockes the tree
Stickes fast; and loke! how hye to the heauen her toppe
Reares vp, so deepe her roote spredes downe to hell:
So was this lorde now here, now there beset
With wordes, in whose stoute brest wrought many cares.
  But still his minde in one remaines; in vaine
The teares were shed. Then Dido, frayde of fates,
Wisheth for death, irked to see the skyes.

The metest tymes thow knew to boorde the man;
To my prowd foe thus, sister, humblie saye:
I with the Grekes in the port Aulide
Coniured not, the Troianes to destroie;
Nor to the walls of Troie yet sent my fleete;
Nor cynders of his father Anchises
Disturbed, aye owt of his sepulture.
Whie lettes he not my wordes synk in his eares
So hard for to intreat? whither wholes he?
This last boone yet graunte he to wretched loue:
Prosperous windes for to depart with ease
Let him abide. The foresaid marriage now,
That he betraide, I do not him requyer,
Nor that he shuld faire Italie forgoe;
Nether I woold he shuld his kingdome leaue;
Quiet I aske, & a tyme of delaye,
& respite eke my furie to aswage,
Till my mishappe teach me, all comefortles,
How for to waile my greif. This latter grace,
Sister, I craue; haue thow remorse of me!
Which, if thow shalt vouchsafe, with heapes I shall
Leave by my dethe well rendred vnto the."
  Mingled with teares thus wretched gan she plaine;
Which An reportes, & answer bringes againe.
Nowght teares him moue, ne yet vnto my wordes
He harkyns, thowgh that he war milde of kynde.
Destenie withstandes; a god stoppes his meke eares.
Like to the aged boistrous bodid oke,
Amidd the Alpes, which that the northren windes,
That now from this, now from that quarter blowe,
Betwixt them striue to overwhelme with blast;
The whistling ayer amongest the braunches rores,
Which all at ones bowe to the erthe hys croppes,
The stocke onste smyte; whiles in the rockes the tree
Stikes fast; & looke! how hie to heaven his topp
Reares vy, as deepe his roote spredes downe to hell:
So was this lord now here, now ther besett
With wordes, in whose stowt brest wrowght maine cares.
  But still his minde in one remaynes; for nowght
The teares werr shed. Then Dido, frayd of fates,
Wisheth for dethe, yrkenge to se the skies.

And that she might the rather worke her will,
And leaue the light—a grisely thing to tell—,
Upon the altars, burnyng full of cense,
When she set giftes of sacrifice, she saw
The holy water stocks waxe blacke within;
The wine eke shed, chaunge into filthy gore.
This she to none, not to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palace eke,
In memory of her old spouse, there stood,
In great honour and worship, which she held,
With snowwhite clothes deckt, and with bows of feast;
Wherout was herd her husbandes voyce and speche
Cleping for her, when dark night hid the earth.
And oft the owle with rufull song complaind
From the house top, drawing long dolefull tunes.
And many things, forspoke by prophets past,
With dredfull warning gan her now affray,
And stern Aeneas semed in her slepe
To chase her stil about, distraught in rage.
And still her thought that she was left alone
Uncompanied, great viages to wende,
In desert land her Tyrian folk to seeke.
Like Pentheus, that in his madnes saw
Swarming in flocks the furies all of hell,
Two suns remoue, and Thebes town shew twain;
Or like Orestes, Agamemnons son,
In tragedies who represented aye
Driuen about, that from his mother fled
Armed with brands, and eke with serpents black;
That sitting found within the temples porche
The vglie furies his slaughter to reuenge.
  Yelden to wo, when phrensie had her caught,
Within her selfe then gan she well debate,
Full bent to dye, the time and eke the meane;
And to her wofull sister thus she sayd,
In outward chere dissembling her entent,
Presenting hope vnder a semblant glad:
"Sister, reioyce! for I haue found the way
Him to returne, or lose me from his loue.
Toward the end of the great ocean flood,

& that she might the rather worke her will,
& leaue the light—a greislie thing to tell—,
Vpon the aulters, burninge full of sence,
When she sett giftes of sacrifice, she sawe
The holie water stockes waxe blake within;
The wine eke shedd, changde into filthie geare;
Which she to none, ner to her sister told.
A marble temple in her palaice eke,
In memorie of her old spouse, ther stoode,
In great honour & wurshippe, which she held,
With snow white clothes deckt, & with bowes of feast;
Wher oft was hard her husbondes voice, & speche
Clepinge for her, when derke night hidd the erth.
& oft the owle with rufull song complaind
From the howse topp, to drawe his plaining tunes.
& manie thinges, forspoke by prophetes past,
Of dreddfull warninges gan her now afraye,
& sterne Aeneas semed in her slepe
To chase her still abowt, bestraught in rage.
& still her thowght that she was left alone
Vnwaited on great voiages to wende,
In desert land her Tyrian folke to seke.
Like Pentheus, that in his maddnes sawe
Swarminge in flockes the furies all of hell,
Two souns remoue, & Thebes towne showde twaine;
Or like Orestes, Agamemnons sonne,
In tragedies who representeth aie
Driven abowt, that from his mother fledd
With armed brandes, & eke with serpentes blake;
That sitting fownd within the temples porche
Th uglie furies his slaughter to revenge.
  Yolden to woe, when frensie had her caught,
Within her self then gan she well debate,
Full bent to dye, the tyme & eke the meane;
& to her wofull sister thus she sayd,
In owtward chere dissembling her entent,
Presentinge hope vnder a semblant glade:
"Sister, reioice! for I haue fownd the waie
Him to returne, & loose me from his loue.
Toward the ende of the occean fludd,

Where as the wandring sun discendeth hence,
In the extremes of Ethiope, is a place
Where huge Atlas doth on his sholders turne
The sphere so round, with flaming starres beset;
Borne of Massyle, I heare, should be a nunne,
That of Thesperian sisters temple old
And of their goodly garden keper was,
That geues vnto the dragon eke his foode,
That on the tree preserues the holy fruit
That honie moyst, and sleping poppey castes.
This woman doth auaunt, by force of charme,
What hart she list to set at libertie,
And other some to perce with heuy cares;
In running flood to stop the waters course,
And eke the sterres their meuings to reuerse;
Tassemble eke the gostes that walk by night.
Under thy feete thearth thou shalt behold
Tremble and rore, the okes come from the hill.
The gods and thee, dere sister, now I call
In witnes, and thy hed to me so sweete,
To magike artes against my will I bend.
Right secretly within our inner court,
In open ayre reare vp a stack of wood,
And hang theron the weapon of this man,
The which he left within my chamber stick.
His weedes dispoiled all, and bridal bed,
Wherein, alas! sister, I found my bane,
Charge thereupon; for so the nunne commaundes,
To do away what did to him belong,
Of that false wight that might remembraunce bring."
Then whisted she; the pale her face gan staine.
Ne could yet Anne beleue her sister ment
To cloke her death by this new sacrifice,
Nor in her brest such furie did conceiue;
Neither doth she now dred more greuous thing
Then folowed Sichees death; wherefore
She put her will in vre. But then the quene,
When that the stak of wood was reared vp
Under the ayre within the inward court,
With clouen oke and billettes made of fyrre,

Wheras the sonne descendeth & declines,
In thextremes of Aethiope, is a place
Wher huge Atlas doth on his showlders turne
The sphere so rownd, with flaming sterrs besett;
Borne of Massile, I here, shuld be a nonne,
Of the Hesperian sisters temple old
The garder, that giues the dragon foode
That on the tre preserues the holie fruite
Which honie moist & sleping popey cast.
This woman doth avaunt, by force of charmes,
What hart she list to sett at libertie,
& other some to perse with heavie care;
In ronning floode to stopp the waters course,
& in the sterrs ther order to reverse;
The ghostes that walke by night eke to assemble.
Vnder thie foote the earth thow shalt behold
Tremble & rore, the okes fall from the hills.
The godes & the, dere sister, now I call
In wittnes, & thie hedd to me so swete,
To magike art against my will I bend.
Right secretlie within our inner court,
In open aier reare vp a stacke of woode,
& hang ther on the weapon of this man,
The which he lefte within my chamber sticke.
His weedes despoiled all, & brydall bedd,
Wherein, alas! sister, I fownd my bane,
Charge ther vpon; for so the nonne commaundes,
To do awaie what so did him belong,
Of that false wight that might remembrance bring."
  Then whisted she; the pale her face gan staine.
Ne coold yet An beleue her sister ment
To cloke her dethe by this new sacrifice,
Nor in her brest such furie did conceaue;
Nether doth she now dredd more grevous thinges
Then folowed Sycheus dethe, wherefor
She puttes her will in vre.
But the quene, when the stacke was reared vp
Vnder the aier within the open court,
With cloven oke & billettes made of fyrr,

With garlandes she doth all beset the place,
And with grene bows eke crown the funerall;
And therupon his wedes and swerd yleft,
And on a bed his picture she bestowes,
As she that well foreknew what was to come.
The altars stande about, and eke the nunne
With sparkeled tresse; the which thre hundred gods
With a loude voice doth thunder out at once,
Erebus the grisely, and Chaos huge,
And eke the threefolde goddesse Hecate,
And three faces of Diana the virgin;
And sprinkcles eke the water counterfet,
Like vnto blacke Auernus lake in hell.
And springyng herbes reapt vp with brasen sithes
Were sought, after the right course of the moone;
The venim blacke intermingled with milke;
The lumpe of fleshe twene the new borne foales eyen
To reue, that winneth from the damme her loue.
She, with the mole all in her handes deuout,
Stode neare the aulter, bare of the one foote,
With vesture loose, the bandes vnlaced all;
Bent for to dye, cals the gods to recorde,
And gilty starres eke of her desteny.
And if there were any god that had care
Of louers hartes, not moued with loue alike,
Him she requires of iustice to remember.
It was then night; the sounde and quiet slepe
Had through the earth the weried bodyes caught;
The woodes, the ragyng seas were falne to rest;
When that the starres had halfe their course declined;
The feldes whist, beastes, and fowles of diuers hue,
And what so that in the brode lakes remainde,
Or yet among the bushy thickes of bryar,
Laide downe to slepe by silence of the night,
Gan swage their cares, mindlesse of trauels past.
Not so the spirite of this Phenician,
Unhappy she, that on no slepe could chance,
Nor yet nightes rest enter in eye or brest;
Her cares redoble; loue doth rise and rage againe,
And ouerflowes with swellyng stormes of wrath.

With garlandes then she doth besett the place,
& with grene bowes eke crowen the funerall;
& ther vpon his weedes & sword forsake,
& over his bedd his picture she bestowes,
As she that well foreknew what was to come.
The aulters stand abowt, & eke the nonne
With sparkled tresse; the which iii C godes
With a lowd voice doth thunder owt at once,
Herebus greislie, & Chaos eke,
With the threfold goddes Proserpine,
& thre figures of Dian the virgine;
& sprinkles eke the water counterfayte,
Vnto the blake Avernus lake in hell.
Weare sought, after the right course of the moone;
& springing herbes reaped with brasen sighes
Ther venime blake entermingled with mylke;
The lompe of fleshe twene the new borne fols eien
To weane her from her dames loue.
She, with the milk in bothe her handes devoute,
Stoode nere the aulter, bare on the one foote,
With vesture loose, the bandes vnlaced all;
Bent for to dye, calls the godes to record,
& gyltie sterrs eke of her destenie.
& if that ther werr enie god had care
Of lovers trwe, vnequall in behest,
Him she requires of iustice to remember.
Yt was the night that sownd & quiet rest
Had throwgh the erth the wearied bodies caught;
The woodes, the raging seas war fallen to rest;
When that the starrs had half ther course declinde;
The feldes whiste, beastes, & fowles of dyvers hwe,
& what so that in the brode slowghes remaine,
Or yet amonges the busshie thickes of bryer,
Laid downe to slepe by sylence of the night,
Gan swage ther cares, mindles of travailes past.
Not so the sprite of this Phenician,
Vnhappie she, that on no slepe coold chaunce,
Nor yet nightes rest in eie nor brest coold entre;
Her cares redowble; loue rise & rage againe,
& ouerflowes with swelling stormes of wrathe.

Thus thinkes she then, this roules she in her mind:
"What shall I do? shall I now beare the scorne
For to assaye mine olde woers againe,
And humbly yet a Numid spouse require,
Whose mariage I haue so oft disdayned?
The Troyan nauy, and Teucrian vile commaundes
Folow shall I, as though it shoulde auaile,
That whilom by my helpe they were releued?
Or for because with kinde and mindefull of folke
Right well doth sit the passed thankefull dede?
Who would me suffer—admit this were my will—,
Or me scorned to their proude shippes receiue?
Oh, wo begone, full little knowest thou yet
The broken othes of Laomedons kinde!
What then? alone on mery mariners
Shall I waite, or borde them with my power
Of Tyrians, assembled me about?
And such as I with trauaile brought from Tyre,
Driue to the seas, and force them saile againe?
But rather dye, euen as thou hast deserued,
And to this wo with iron geue thou ende!
And thou, sister, first vanquisht with my teares
Thou in my rage with all these michiefes first
Didst burden me, and yelde me to my foe.
Was it not graunted me, from spousals free,
Like to wilde beastes, to liue without offence,
Without taste of such cares? Is there no fayth
Reserued to the cinders of Sychee?"
Such great complaints brake forth out of her brest;
Whiles Aeneas, full minded to depart,
All thinges prepared, slept in the poupe on high.
To whom in slepe the wonted godheds forme
Gan aye appere, returnyng in like shape
As semed him, and gan him thus aduise,
Like vnto Mercury in voyce and hue,
With yelow bushe, and comely lymmes of youth:
"O Goddesse sonne, in such case canst thou sleepe?
Ne yet bestraught the daungers doest forsee
That compasse thee, nor hearst the faire windes blowe?
Dido in minde roules vengeance and desceite:

Thus thinkes she then, thus rowles she in her minde:
"What shuld I do? shall I now beare the skorne
For to assaye myne old wooers againe,
Or humblie yet a Numyde spouse require,
Whose mariage I haue so ofte disdainde?
The Troiane navie, & Teuchryn vile commaundes
Follow shall I, as thowgh it shuld availe,
That whilome by mie helpe thei war releved?
Or for bycause with kynd & mindfull folke
Right well doth sitt the passed thankfull dede?
Who woold me suffer—admitt this war my will—,
Or skorned me to ther prowd shippes receaue?
Oh, woe begon, full litle doest thow knowe
Or smell the broken othes of Laomedus kinde!
What then? alone with merie maryners
Shall I awaite, or boorde them with my power
Of Tyrians, assembled me abowt?
& such as I with travaile browght from Tyre,
Driue to the seas, & force them sayle againe?
But rather dye, even as thow hast deserved,
& to this woe with yron geve thow ende!
& thow, sister, first vanquisht with my teares,
Thow in my rage with all these mischiefes fyrst
Did burden me, & wisht me to my foe.
Was it not graunted me, from spousailes fre,
Like to wild bestes, to lyve with owt offence,
With owt tast of such cares? Is ther no faith
Reserude to the cynders of Sycheus?
Such great complaintes brake furth owt of her brest;
Whiles that Aeneas, certein to depart,
All thinges preparde, slept in the pupp on hie.
To whom in sleape the wonted godheddes forme
Gan aie appere, returning in like shape
As semed him, & gan him thus advise,
Like vnto Mercurie in voice & here,
With yelow bushe & comelie lymmes of youthe:
"O goddes sone, in such case canst thow sleape?
Nor yet bestraight the daungers dest for see
That compass the, ner here the faire windes blowe
Dido in minde rowles veniaunce & deceite;

Determd to dye, swelles with vnstable ire.
Wilt thou not flee, whiles thou hast time of flight?
Straight shalt thou see the seas couered with sayles,
The blasyng brondes the shore all spred with flame,
And if the morow steale vpon thee here.
Come of, haue done, set all delay aside;
For full of change these women be alway."
This sayd, in the dark night he gan him hide.
  Aeneas, of this sodain vision
Adred, starts vp out of his sleepe in hast;
Cals vp his feers: "Awake! get vp, my men!
Abord your ships, and hoyse vp sayl with speede!
A god me wills, sent from aboue againe,
To hast my flight, and writhen cabels cut.
Oh holy god, what so thow art, we shall
Folow thee, and all blithe obey thy will.
Be at our hand, and frendly vs assist!
Addresse the sterres with prosperous influence!"
And with that word his glistering sword vnshethes,
With which drawen he the cabels cut in twaine.
The like desire the rest embraced all.
All thing in hast they cast, and fourth they whurle.
The shores they leaue; with ships the seas ar spred;
Cutting the fome by the blew seas they swepe.
  Aurora now from Titans purple bed
With new day light hath ouerspred the earth,
When by her windowes the quene the peping day
Espyed, and nauie with splaid sailes depart
The shore, and eke the porte of vessels voyde.
Her comly brest thrise or foure times she smote
With her own hand, and tore her golden tresse.
"Oh Ioue!" quoth she, "shall he then thus depart,
A straunger thus, and scorne our kingdom so?
Shall not my men do on theyr armure prest,
And eke pursue them throughout all the town?
Out of the rode sone shall the vessell warpe?
Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and welde your owers!
What said I? but where am I? what phrensie
Alters thy minde? Vnhappy Dido, now
Hath thee beset a froward destenie?

Certein of death, swells with vnstable yre.
Wilt thow not fle, whiles thow hast tyme of flight?
Straight shalt thow se the seas coverd with sayles,
The blasing brondes the shore skalt all with flame,
& if the morow steales vpon the here.
Come of, haue done, sett all delaie aside;
For full of change these women be allwaie."
This said, in the dark night he gan him hide.
  Aeneas, of this sodaine vision
Adredd, stertes vp owt of his sleape in hast;
Calls vp his feres: "Awake! gett vp, my men!
Aburd your shippes, & hoyse vp sayle with spede!
A god me wills, sent from aboue againe,
To hast my flight, & wrethed cables cutt.
O holie god, what so thow art, we shall
Followe the, & all blithe obaye thie will.
Be at our hand, & frindlie vs assist!
Adresse the sterrs with prosperous influence!"
& with that word his raser sword vnshethes,
With which drawen he the cable cutt in twaine;
The like desire the rest imbraced all.
All thing in hast thei refte, & furth thei whorle.
The shore thei leave; with shippes the sees ar spredd;
Cuttinge the fome by the grene seas thei sweepe.
  Aurora now from Titans purple bedd
With new daies light had ouerspredd the earth,
Throwgh the windowe the quene the creking daye
Aspied, & navie with splaide sayles depart
The shore, & eke the port of vessells voide.
Her comelye brest thrise or fower tymes she smitte
With her owne hand, & tare her golden tresse.
"Oh Iove!" quod she, "Shall he then thus depart,
A straunger thus, & skorne our kingdome soe?
Shall not my men do on ther armour prest,
& eke pursue them throwgh owt all this towne?
Owt of the rode soone shuld the vessells warpe?
Hast on, cast flame, hoyse sayle, & weelde your ores!
What said I? but wher am I? what fransie
Alters thie minde? Vnhappie Dido, now
Hath the be sett a froward destenie?

Then it behoued, when thou didst geue to him
The scepter. Lo! his faith and his right hand,
That leades with him, they say, his countrie godes,
That on his back his aged father bore!
His body might I not have caught and rent?
And in the seas drenched him, and his feers?
And from Ascanius his life with iron reft,
And set him on his fathers bord for meate?
Of such debate perchaunce the fortune might
Haue bene doubtfull; would go it were assaied!
Whom should I feare, sith I my selfe must die?
Might I have throwen into that nauy brandes,
And filled eke their deckes with flaming fire,
The father, sonne, and all their nacion
Destroied, and falln my self ded ouer al!
Sunne, with thy beames that mortall workes discries;
And thou, Iuno, that wel these trauailes knowest;
Proserpine, thou, vpon whom folk do vse
To houle, and call in forked waies by night;
Infernal furies, ye wreakers of wrong;
And Didos gods, who standes at point of death:
Receiue these wordes, and eke your heauy power
Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserue,
And our request accept, we you beseche.
If so that yonder wicked head must needes
Recouer port, and saile to land of force,
And if Ioues wil haue so resolued it,
And such ende set as no wight can fordoe;
Yet at the least asailed mought he be
With armes and warres of hardy nacions;
From the boundes of his kingdom farre exiled;
Iulus eke rashed out of his armes;
Driuen to call for helpe, that he may see
The giltlesh corpses of his folke lie dead.
And after hard condicions of peace,
His realme, nor life desired may he brooke;
But fall before his time, vngraued amid the sandes.
This I require; these wordes with blood I shed.
And, Trians, ye his stocke and all his race
Pursue with hate! rewarde our cinders so!

Then the behoued, when thow did devide
Thie sceptre. Loe! his faithe & his right hand,
That ledes with him, thei saye, his cuntrie godes,
That on his backe his aged father bare!
His bodie might not I haue caught & rent,
& in the sees haue drentcht him, & his pheres?
Or from Askanius his life berefte with yron,
& sett him on his fathers boord for meat?
Of such debate perchaunce the fortune might
Haue dowtefull bene; woold god yt war assayd!
Whom shuld I fear, that sithe my self must dye?
Might I haue throwen into that navie brondes,
& fylled eke ther deckes with flaming fyer,
The father, sonn, & all the nacion
Distroyed, & fall my self ther ouer all!
Sunne, with thie beames that mortall werkes descriest;
And thow, Iuno, that well these travailes knowst;
Proserpine, thow, vpon whom folke do vse
To howle, & call in forked waies by night;
Infernall furies, ye wreekers of wrong;
& Didos godes, which standes at point of deathe:
Receaue these wordes, & eke your heavie powre
With drawe from me, that wicked folke deserue,
& our request accepte, we you besech.
If so that yonder wicked hed must nedes
Recouer port, & sayle to land of force,
& if Ioues will hath so resolved it,
& such end sett as no wight can fordoe;
Yet at the least assayled might he be
With armes & warrs of hardie nacions;
From the bondes of his kingdome farr exiled;
Iulus eke ravisht owt of his armes;
Driven to call for helpe, that he maie se
The wailfull corses of his folke lie dedd.
& after hard condicions of peace,
His realme, nor life desyred maie he brooke;
But dye before his tyme, vnburied amidd the sandes.
This I require; these wordes with blud ishedd.
&, Tirians, ye his stocke & all his race
Pursue with hate! reward our cindres so!

No loue nor leage betwixt our peoples be!
And of our bones some wreaker may there spring,
With sword and flame that Troians may pursue!
And from hencefoorth, when that our powr may stretch,
Our costes to them contrary be for aye,
I craue of God; and our streames to their fluddes;
Armes vnto armes; and offspring of eche race
With mortal warr eche other may fordoe!"
  This said, her mind she writhed on al sides,
Seking with spede to end her irksome life.
To Sichees nurse, Barcen, then thus she said—
For hers at home in ashes did remaine—:
"Cal vnto me, deare nurse, my sister Anne;
Bid her in hast in water of the fludde
She sprinckle the body, and bring the beastes
And purging sacrifice I did her shewe.
So let her come; and thou thy temples bind
With sacred garlandes; for the sacrifice
That I to Pluto haue begonne, my mind
Is to performe, and geue end to these cares;
And Troian statue throw into the flame."
When she had said, redouble gan her nurse
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trot.
  But trembling Dido egerly now bent
Upon her sterne determinacion,
Her bloodshot eies roling within her head,
Her quiuering chekes flecked with deadly staine,
Both pale and wan to think on death to come,
Into the inward wardes of her palace
She rusheth in, and clam vp, as distraught,
The buriall stack, and drew the Troian swerd,
Her gift sometime, but ment to no such vse.
Where, when she saw his weed and wel knowen bed,
Weping a while, in study gan she stay,
Fell on the bed, and these last words she said:
"Swete spoiles, whiles God and destenies it wold,
Receue this sprite, and rid me of these cares!
I liued and ranne the course fortune did graunt,
And vnder earth my great gost now shall wende.
A goodly town I built, and saw my walles,

No loue nor league betwixt our peoples be!
And of our bones some wreeker may ther springe,
With sword & flame that Troianes may pursue!
And from hencefoorth, when that our powr may
Our coostes to them contrarie be thei aie, [stretch,
I craue of God; that our streames to ther fluddes;
Armes vnto armes; & ofspringe of ech race!"
This sayd, her mind she wrythde ouer all sides,
Seking with spede to ende this yrksome life.
To Syches nurse, Barcen, then thus she sayd—
For hers at home in asshes did remaine—:
"Call vnto me, dere nurse, my sister An;
Bidd her in haste in water of the floode
She sprinkle the bodye, & bring the beastes
& purging sacrifice I did her showe.
So lett her come; & thow thie temples bynde
With sacred garlandes; for the sacrifice
That I to Pluto haue begonn, I mynde
For to perfourme, & geue ende to these cares;
A Troiane statue throwe into the flame."
When she had sayd, redowble gan her nurse
Her steppes, forth on an aged womans trott.
But trembling Dido egerlie now bent
Vpon her sterne determinacion,
Her bludd shott eien rowling within her hedd,
Her quiuering chekes fleked with deadlie staine,
Both pale & wanne to thinke on deathe to come,
Into the inner wardes of her palaice
She russheth in, & clamme vp, as bestraught,
The buriall stacke, & drew the Troiane sword,
Her gifte sometime, but ment to no such vse.
Wher, when she saw his weedes & wellknowen bedd,
Wepinge a while, in studie gan she staye,
Fell on the bedd, & these last wordes she sayde:
"Swete spoiles, whiles God & destenie did permitt,
Receave this sprite, & ridd me of these cares!
I ran the course so longe as fortune did yt graunt,
& vnder earth my great ghost now shall wende.
A goodlie towne I buylt, & saw my walls,

Happy, alas, to happy, if these costes
The Troyan shippes had neuer touched aye!"
This said, she laid her mouth close to the bed.
"Why then", quoth she, "vnwroken shall we die?
But let vs die, for thus, and in this sort
It liketh vs to seeke the shadowes darck.
And from the seas the cruel Troyans eies
Shall wel discern this flame, and take with him
Eke these vnlucky tokens of my death."
As she had said, her damsells might perceue
Her with these wordes fal pearced on a sword,
The blade embrued, and hands besprent with gore.
The clamor rang vnto the pallace toppe;
The brute ranne throughout al thastoined towne.
With wailing great, and womens shril yelling
The roffes gan roare, the aire resound with plaint,
As though Cartage or thauncient town of Tyre
With prease of entred enemies swarmed full;
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.
Her sister Anne, spritelesse for dread to heare
This fearefull sturre, with nailes gan teare her face.
She smote her brest, and rushed through the rout,
And her dieng she cleapes thus by her name:
"Sister, for this with craft did you me bourd?
The stak, the flame, the altars, bred they this?
What shall I first complaine, fosaken wight?
Lothest thou in death thy sisters felowship?
Thou shouldst haue calld me to like destiny:
One wo, one sword, one houre mought end vs both!
This funerall stak built I with these handes,
And with this voice cleped our natiue gods;
And, cruel, so absentest me from thy death?
Destroyd thou hast, sister, both thee and me,
Thy people eke, and princes borne of Tyre.
Geue here; I shall with water washe her woundes,
And suck with mouth her breath, if ought be left."
This said, vnto the high degrees shee mounted,
Embrasing fast her sister now half dead,
With wailefull plaint; whom in her lap she layd,

Happie, alas, to happie, if these coostes
The Troiane shippes had never towched aie!"
  This sayd, she layd her mowth close to the bedd.
"Whie then," quod she, "vnwroken shall we die?
But let vs die, for thus, & in this sort
Yt liketh vs to seke the shadows darke.
& from the seas the crwell Troiane eies
Shall well discerne this flame, & take with him
Eke these vnluckie tokens of my deathe."
  As she had sayd, her damsells might perceve
Her with those wordes fall persed on the sword,
The broyling blood with gore, & handes imbrwed.
The clamer rang vnto the palaice topp;
The bruite ran throwgh all the astoined towne.
With wailing great, & womens laymenting
The roophes gan rore, the aire resownd with plaint,
As thowgh Carthage or auncient Tyre
With presse of entred armes swarmed full;
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, & mansions eke of men.
  Her sister An, spriteles for drede to here
This dreddfull sturr, with nailes gan tere her face.
She smotte her brest, & russheth throwgh the rowte,
& dying thus she cleapes her by her name:
"Sister, for this with crafte did you me boorde?
The stacke, the flame, the aulters, bredd thei this?
What shall I fyrst complaine, forsaken wight?
Loothest thow in dethe thi sisters felowshipe?
Thow shuld haue called me to like destenie:
One woe, one sword, one hower ende both vs two!
Thys funerall stacke buylt I vp with these handes,
& with this voice cleped our natiue godes;
&, crwell, so absentes me from thie deathe?
Distroid yt hath, sister, both the & me,
Thie people eke, & princes borne of Tyre.
Geve here; I shall with water washe her woundes,
& sucke with mowthe her breath, if owght be lefte."
  Thus sayd, vnto the hie degrees she mownted,
Embrasing fast her sister now half deed,
With wailfull plaint; whom in her lapp she layd,

The black swart gore wiping dry with her clothes.
But Dido striueth to lift vp againe
Her heauy eyen, and hath no power thereto:
Deepe in her brest that fixed wound doth gape.
Thrise leaning on her elbow gan she raise
Herself vpward, and thrise she ouerthrewe
Upon the bed, ranging with wandring eies
The skies for light, and wept when she it found.
Almighty Iuno hauing ruth by this
Of her long paines and eke her lingring death,
From heauen she sent the goddesse Iris downe,
The throwing sprit and iointed limmes to loose.
For that neither by lot of destiny
Nor yet by kindly death she perished,
But wretchedly before her fatall day,
And kindled with a sodein rage of flame,
Proserpine had not from her head bereft
The golden heare, nor iudged her to hell.
The dewye Iris thus with golden wings,
A thousand hues shewing against the sunne,
Amid the skies then did she flye adowne,
On Didos head where as she gan alight:
"This heare", quod she, "to Pluto consecrate,
Commaunded I reue; and thy spirit vnloose
From this body." And when she thus had said,
With her right hand she cut the heare in twaine,
And therwith al the kindly heat gan quench,
And into wind the life foorthwith resolue.

The blake swart gore wiping drie with her clothes.
& Dido striveth to lifte vp againe
Her heavie eien, & hath no power therto:
Depe in her brest the fixed wound doth gape.
Thrise leaning on her elbowe gan she raise
Her self vpward, & thrise she ouerthrew
Vpon the bedd, ranginge with wandring eies
The skies for light, & wept when she it fownde.
  Allmightie Iuno, having ruthe by this
Of her long paines & eke her lingring deathe,
From heaven she sent the goddes Iris downe,
The striving sprite & iointed lymmes to loose.
For that neither by lott of destenie
Nor yet by naturall death she perished,
But wretchedlie before her fatall daye,
& kindled with a sodayne rage of flame,
Proserpine had not from hedd berefte
The golden herre, nor iudged her to hell.
The dewie Iris thus with golden winges,
A thowsand hues showing against the soun,
Amidd the skies then did she fle adowne,
On Didos hedd wheras she gan alight:
"This herre," quod she, "to Pluto consecrate,
I do bereaue; & eke the sprite vnloose
From thie bodie." & when she had thus sayd,
With her right hand she cutt the herr in twaine,
& therwith all the naturall heat gan quench,
& into winde furthwith the life resolve.

NOTES

TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS

A.—*Additional Ms. 28635.*
D.—*Additional Ms. 17492.*
D.—Day, John. *The Fourth Book of Virgill.*
Dg.—*Douglas, Gawin, Works of.*
E.—*Egerton Ms. 2711.*
H.—*Ms. Hargrave 205.*
Harl.—*Ms. Harleian 78.*
Hip.—Hippolito de Medici, Translation of *Æneid, Book 2.*
K.—Koeppel, E. *Studien zur Geschichte des Englischen Petrarchismus.*
Lb.—Nicolo Liburnio. Translation of *Æneid, Book 4.*
N.—Nott, George Frederick, *The Works of Surrey.*
P.—*Additional Ms. 36529.*
Pl.—Piccolomini, Bartolommeo Carli, Translation of *Æneid, Book 4.*
S.—Surrey.
T.—Tottel, *Songs and Sonettes, or Certain Bokes of Virgiles Æneis.*
V.—Virgil.

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. See Bapst, *Deux Gentilshommes—Poètes de la cour de Henry VIII* 153, for full discussion of date of birth.
2. *Calendar State Papers, Spanish, 1529-1530,* no. 228.
3. *Letters and Papers 5.* no. 1626.
4. Ibid.
5. *Let. and Pap.* 16. no. 350. Bapst quotes the above from the unabridged letter.
6. See poem 19, vs. 13-18.
7. *Cal. St. Pap., Sp., 1529-1530,* no. 425.
8. Bapst gives 1538 as the year of this event, but on what authority I cannot find.
9. See the notes to all three poems.
10. Manuscript Harleian 296. f. 171, quoted by Bapst.
11. Wriothesley, *Chronicle* 1. 118-120.
12. *Let. and Pap.* 21. 2. no. 555. 1.
13. Anstis, *Register of the Order of the Garter* 2. 423.
14. Bapst, 249, from a manuscript of Bennet College.
15. Bapst, 255.
16. See poem 34, vs. 41-42.
17. See poem 40.
18. Bapst, 256 ff.
19. *Let. and Pap.* 17. nos. 493, 542, 543, 557.
20. See notes to poem 34.
21. See poem 19, v. 7.
22. *Acts of the Privy Council,* quoted by Bapst, 268.
23. Sloane MS. 1523, f. 37, quoted by Bapst, 269.
24. *Let. and Pap.* 18.1. no. 73.
25. See also nos. 74, 315, 327, 347.
26. See poem 32.
27. *Cal. St. Pap., Sp., 1542-1543,* no. 259.
28. *Let. and Pap.* 19.2. no. 176.
29. See poem 47, and notes.
30. Bapst, 316-317.
31. See letter to Henry from Surrey, *Let. and Pap.* 20.2. no. 928; quoted by Bapst, 324.
32. *Let. and Pap.* 20.2. no. 950; quoted by Bapst 324.
33. See letter from Thomas Hussey to Surrey, under date of Nov. 6, *Let. and Pap.* 20.2. no. 738; quoted by Bapst, 319.
34. I think Bapst is mistaken in his assertion that Surrey visited London in December 1545 at the request of the Privy Council. He finds an allusion to this visit in the letter of the Council to Surrey under date of March 21, 1546 (*Let. and Pap.* 21.1. no. 433): "Upon consideration of all such letters as have been written from thence (Boulogne) and also of such information as *hath been gyven unto His Highness by mouth here by your*

Lordship." I think this refers rather to such oral reports as were made at Surrey's request by Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir Thomas Wyatt, as indicated in Surrey's letter of Dec. 7, and by Ellerker, as indicated in letter of Jan. 8, 1546.

35. *Let. and Pap.* 21.1. no. 33. The French historian, Mouthuc, attributed the victory to the conduct of the French commander, Oudart du Biez, who leapt from his horse, took up a pike, and thus aroused the spirit of his men.

36. *Let. and Pap.* 21.1. no. 81.

37. Poem 9.

38. See poems 21 and 33, and notes.

39. *Let. and Pap.* 20.2. no. 658.

40. These letters are quoted in full by Nott, 207-211.

41. Letter quoted in full by Nott, 224-227.

42. See letter of March 15, Nott, 220.

43. Quoted by Nott, 223.

44. *Let. and Pap.* 21.1. no. 1274.

45. *Let. and Pap.* 21.2. no. 555.4.

46. As Bapst pertinently remarks, the art of heraldry did not exist until the period of the crusades.

47. See MS Heralds College L., fol. 14; MS Harleian 297, fol. 256 b.

48. See Anstis, *Register of the Order of the Garter* 1.175.

49. See notes to poem 54.

50. *Let. and Pap.* 21.2. no. 696.

51. Bapst identifies this Edmund Knyvet with the Edmund Knyvet who in 1541 struck Thomas Clere, the friend of Surrey, within the tennis court of the King's house, and nearly lost his head therefor. According to the *Dictionary of National Biography,* however, the Edmund Knyvet who quarreled with Clere was an uncle of Surrey's cousin and accuser, who died May 1, 1546.

52. *Chronicle of the Grey Friars,* quoted by Bapst, 253.

53. *Let. and Pap.* 21.2. no. 644.

54. *Let and Pap.* 21.2. no. 756.

55. *Let. and Pap.* 21.2. no. 617.

56. *Let. and Pap.* 22.2. no. 697.

57. See Bapst, 348-349.

58. See notes to poem 44.

TEXTUAL NOTES

1

T., p. 10.—Title: A complaint by night of the louer not beloued.

2

T., p. 4.—8 second ed. flete.—*Title*: Description of Spring, wherin eche thing renewes, saue onelie the louer.

3

P. 55b.—10 *omitted, probably through carelessness; I have supplied the v. conjecturally, from the suggestion of the corresponding v. in T.*

T.'s version (12) differs radically:

I neuer sawe my Ladye laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith first she knew my griefe was growen so great,
Which other fansies driueth from my hart
That to my selfe I do the thought reserue,
The which vnwares did wounde my wofull brest:
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest,
Yet, sins she knew I did her loue and serue
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,
Her smilyng lokes that hid thus euermore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore.
So dothe this cornet gouerne me alacke:
In somer, sunne: in winters breath, a frost:
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

—*Title*: Complaint that his ladie after she knew of his loue kept her face alway hidden from him.

4

P. 55b.—6 doubful.

Variants in T. (8): 1 that liueth and reigneth in.—2 That built.—7 cloke.—10 whereas he lurkes and plaines.—12 paynes.—14 his death, takes his.—*Title*: Complaint of a louer rebuked.

5

P. 56a.—Foll by H. S.—9 snow *altered from* sone, *same hand.*

Variants in T. (9):4 fired flame.—9 An other so colde in frozen yse.—*Title*: Complaint of the louer disdained.

6

P. 57a. T. (11) reads as follows:

Set me wheras the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beams do not dissolue the yse;
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene;
In presence prest of people madde or wise.
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree:
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
In clearest skye, or where clowdes thickest be:
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye.
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll, or dale, or in the fomying flood:
Thrall, or at large, aliue where so I dwell:
Sicke, or in health: in euyll fame, or good.
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

Title: Vow to loue faithfully howsoeur he be rewarded.

7

T., p. 10.—Title: The frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie.

8

T., p. 12.—Title: Request to his loue to ioyne bountie with beautie.

9

T., p. 32.—Title: The fansie of a weried louer.

10

P. 56b.—Foll. by H. S.

Found also in H., with the variant:—3 shall ensue.

11

P. 50a—Foll. by Ffinis, H. S.—19-20 *supplied fr. T.*—22 might.—28 yet *replaced by it above, later hand*—44 t *in* atgaas *seems to replace some earlier letter.*—45 she *inserted by later hand.*—52. or.

Found also in A [*24a*], *and H* [*115*]., *with the variants*:—1 *A.* the tender grene *lacking.*—10-40 *A lacking, due to mutilation of Ms.*—19-20 H. *lacking.*—25 *H. stirs.*—44 *A. H.* suck.—51 *A.* good will.—53 *A.* fele the wownd yet greene.

Variants in T [*1*].:—1 his tender.—4 new.—8 the shade.—10 mine.—13 hath.—14 time in time.—15 in time.—17 kindes.—18-19 *the couplet in the text.*—21 all thing.—22 night.—23 it self.—25 tormentes.—26 and curse.—27 opprest.—28 it doth.—29 trauailes.—33 lest by my chere my chance appere to playn.—34 in my minde.—35 the place.—36 the lace.—44 agazed.—51 of my tene.—*Title*: Description of the restlesse state of a louer, with sute to his ladie, to rue on his diyng hart.

12

T., p. 21.—Title: To the Ladie that scorned her louer.

13

T., p. 14.—Title: The louer comforteth himself with the worthinesse of his loue.

14

P. 53b.—19 straynith *altered from* (?) straynneth.—25-29 *lacking; supplied from T.*

Variants in T [*24*].: *sts. 3, 5, and 8 lacking.*
—13 First when, those.—14 my mortall.—15 within her.—22 and blinde Cupide did whippe.—31 in paine to put.— 32 mine vnrest.—*Title*: The louer describes his restless state.

15

P. 54a.—Foll. by Ffinis, H. S.—9 sightes.—27 e *of* blynde *doubtful.*—28 sparskled.

Variants in T [5].:—2 me causde.—6 misguiding me had led the way.—7 mine eyen.—8 had made me lose a better.—9 sighes.—10 with game.—11 the boiling smoke.—12 the persaunt heate of secrete flame.—13 doe bayne.—15 her bewty hath the fruites.—22 glowing red.—24 wherin.—*Title*: Description of the restlesse state of a louer.

16

T., p. 22.—27 second ed. troules.—*Title*: The forsaken louer describeth and forsaketh loue.

17

T., p. 24.—Title: The louer excuseth himself of suspected change.

18

*T., p. 20.—*21 *second ed.* by lawe of kinde.—*Title*: A praise of his loue: wherin he reproueth them that compare their Ladies with his.

19

T., p. 217.—Title: The constant louer lamenteth.

20

Found in Harl. 30b; and in T (241)., where the poem is not assigned to Surrey. As each of these versions appears corrupt, the text has been compiled from the two.

Variants in Harl:—3 the foyle.—4 to say.—7 to repent.—9 raginge will, wanton youthe.—13 heaven.—17 his.—18 for.—21 now ther.—23 is good.—25-30 wanting.—*Foll. by* Ffinis.

Variants in T.:—7 to finde.—10 Which we haue.—11 From Sicilla to Caribdis cliues.—*Title*: The louer disceiued by his love repenteth him of the true loue he bare her.

21

T., p. 15.—Found also in D. 55a where the hand is very slovenly, words, and even lines, being scratched out, to be replaced by slightly different spellings. Variants:—8 a shepe, remiemberances.—9 wordes.—10 guvernances.—12 wante off.—25 nyghtes.—30 sswalle by rayges.—32 assales.—37 makes me to playne.—40 my mowrtht.—*Title*: Complaint of the absence of her louer being upon the sea.

The first stanza is in Harl (30b).

22

P. 53a.—I wais *replaces* wailes *later hand.*—12 do *inserted, same hand.* —30 his *crossed out and replaced by* in, *later hand.*—31-32 *wanting; supplied from A.*—36 e *of* colde *doubtful.*

Found also in A [*26a*], *with the variants*:—1 wayes.—2 wills doth.—5 and causeth.—11 me *lacking.*—13 and lettes.—21 dead.—22 cheekes.—30 in fume.—31-32 *couplet in the text.*—35 lover.—41 the fyer.—43 a yolden.—44 mashe.—46 glyntt.

Variants in T [*6*].:—1 waies.—2 doe.—4 whom.—5 He makes the one to rage.—6 other.—10 a depe dark hel.—11 and me withholdes—12 willes me that my.—14 were lost.—15 So, may turne.—17 content my self.—19 harmes, dissembling.—24 wote.—30 in fume.—31-32 *the couplet*: and though he list to se his ladies grace ful sore,/ such pleasures as delight the eye doe not his health restore.—36 (alas who would beleue?).—39 with others help.—42 I burne, I wast, I leze.—43 a yelding.—45 or els with seldom swete to season.—48 wil printe.—49 the slipper, the sodain.—50 the doubtful, the certain.—*Title*: Description of the fickle affections panges and sleightes of loue.

23

T., p. 7.—Variants in the second ed.:—6 woes.—34 vnwittingly.—39 I. 41—expressed.—*Title*: Complaint of a louer, that defied loue, and was by loue after the more tormented.

24

T., p. 16.—*Variants*:—73 *first ed.* had; *second ed.* hath.—*Title*: Complaint of a dying louer refused vpon his ladies iniust mistaking of his writyng.

25

T., p. 22.—Variants:—7 *second ed.* my well beloued.—*Title*: A warning to the louer how he is abused by his loue.

26

T., p. 26.—1 *second ed.* walkt.—3 *all eds. read* howl.—12 Ye *for* yet.—14 *first ed.* go, *second ed.* grow.—*Title*: A careless man, scorning and describing, the suttle vsage of women towarde their louers.

27

A. 23a.—Foll. by Ffinis.—13 slyttes.—27 stykes.—30 and *before* eke *inserted; same hand.*—32 them *inserted; same hand.*

Variants in T. [*198*]: 6 seke for to take.—7 Whose practise yf were proued.—8 Asseuredly beleue it well it were to great.—10 could.—14 full well.—16 With will.—17 had ioynde.—21-38 *missing.*—*Title*: Of the dissembling louer. *T. attributes it to an "uncertain author."*

28

T., p. 220.—Title: The faithfull louer declareth his paines and his vncertain ioies, and with only hope recomforteth somwhat his wofull heart.

29

P. 55a.—Foll. by H. S.—6 an *inserted before* erle, *diff. hand.*—11 furst *inserted; same hand.*—13 of kind *replaces orig.* her mate *or* her mace.

Variants in T (9).:—6 an erle.—8 *no article,* tasteth costly.—13 Her beauty.—14 can.—*Title*: Description and praise of his loue Geraldine.

30

P. 55a.—Foll. by H. S.—*orig.* plat.—12 *before* distill *stands* doth, *crossed out.*—14 have *altered from* half; *hand uncertain.*

31

P. 51a.—Foll. by Ffinis, H. S.—49 Eache; *reading supplied from T.*—54 in releif, *it looks as if the writer started to make a y, and then altered it to* i.

Found also in H [117],; no variants.

Variants in T [13].:—9 seates.—16 leads.—19 though one should another whelme.—23 trayned with.—29 holtes.—32 of force.—33 wide vales eke.—40 night.—47 doest.—49 Eccho.—*Title*: Prisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

32

P. 52a.—Foll. by Ffynis, H. H.—10 lest.—22 Sceptures.—61 they.

Found also in A [25a]., with the variant:—66 vnto thie righteous.

33

A. 31a.—Foll. by Ffinis. Preston.—15-16 *lacking.*—30 Bearkes.—31 fyndes.

Variants in T [19].: 11 Whome I was wont tembrace with well contented minde.—12 winde.—13 Where, well him, sone him home me.—15-16 *couplet in text.*—17 oft times do greue.—18 that when I wake I lye in doute where.—19 me semes do grow.—20 dere Lord ay me alas me thinkes I see him die.—21 with his faire little sonne.—24 I say welcome my lord.—30 breake, huge vnrest.—31 finde.—34 sum hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my mind.—36 no cure I find, good return.—37 saue whan I think, by sowre.— 39 and then vnto my self I say when we shall meete.—40 litle while, the ioy.—41 I you coniure.—43 this excesse.—*Title*: Complaint of the absence of her louer being vpon the sea.

34

A. 27a.—Foll by Ffinis.

Variants in T [218].: 2 can shew.—3 I late.—5 the gentle, it pleased.—6 he semed well.—10 of fresher.—11 were coy.—12 vnto the which.—17 With that she.—20 nor al.— 22 go range.—23 With that he.—25 his wrath.—35 your self haue heard.—37 both *omitted.*—40 to lese his life.—41 whose liues.—42 their willes preserued ar, right *omitted.*—43 But now I doe, it moueth.—47 our kyndes.—48 your frendes.—49 am fled.—52 on such.—53 coyed.—54 be trapt, with such.—55 lust to loue.—56 of currant sort.—60 nor lure nor.—64 this your refuse.—65 And for reuenge therof.—66 I thousand.—69 bent and bow.—70 sailes.—72 with bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple shepe I say.—*Title*: A song written by the earle of Surrey to a lady that refused to daunce with him.

35

P. 63a.

Found also in A [28b]., without variants.

36

P. 63b.—1 sonnden.

Found also in A (29b)., without variants.

37

T., p. 31.—8 *first ed.* his prison; *second ed.* this prison.—*Title*: Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

38

P. 56a.—Foll. by H. S. Spalmes.—13 yprinted *altered from* imprinted, *same hand.*

Found also in E [85b]., without variants.

Variants in T [28].: *3* dan Homers.—13 imprinted.—14 ought.—*Title*: Praise of certain psalms of David, translated by Sir T. W. the elder.

39

T. p. 32.—Title: Exhortacion to learne by others trouble.

40

P. 56b.—Foll. by H. S.

Variants in T (30).:—1 Thassirian.—3 on fire.—4 Did yeld, vanquisht.—5 dint.—10 and womanish.—11 impacient.—*Title*: Of Sardinapalus dishonorable life and miserable death.

41

P. 54b.—Foll. by H. S.—8 contynvance *altered from* contenaunce, *same hand.*—12 soveranty *altered from* soventy, *same hand.*

Variants in T [*27*].: 1 that do.—5 no strife.—10 trew wisdom ioyned with simplenesse.—12 the wit may not oppresse.—13 the faithful wife, without.—16 ne wish for death, ne.—*Title*: The meanes to attain happy life.

42

T., p. 27.—Title: Praise of meane and constant estate.

Found also in Harl (29a)., where the poem is subjected to rather elaborate corrections, in the same hand, but in different ink. Variants in the orginal ms. version: 1 the compas.—3 forshunnynge.—5 Who gladly halsethe.—7 dene vnplayne.—9 The lustyer pyne the greatter wyndes oft it rues.—10 sueight; falne *omitted.*—11 And lyghtninges assalyt hiegh mountaynes & cleves.—12 A hoort well scholed in ouer hartes depe.—13 amenyment; ferethe.—14 Wynter smarte.—16 Bowe vnbent shall cease & vuice frame to sharpe.—17 In streight estate appere thou hardie and stoute.—18 when full vnlucky.—20 rief. *Foll. by* Ffinis.

Variants in the revised ms. version: 1 this.—4 Lest on.—5 enhalsethe.—9 it *omitted.*—10 sueightes fall.—13 Hopes amendment.—14 sharpe.

43

A. 26a.—Foll. by Ffinis.—12 monnis *for* mannis.

Variants in T (30).: 4 doth.—16 dented chewes.—*Title*: How no age is content with his own estate, and how the age of children is the happiest, if they had skill to understand it.

44

P. 56b.—Foll. by H. S.

Variants in T (218).: 1 knowledge was not rife.—2 other were.—3 conuert.—4 wende.—5 yet no voyde.—12 we led to vertues traine.—13 brestes.—14 they do eate.—*Title*: A praise of Sir Thomas Wyate th[e] elder for his excellent learning.

45

P. 57a.—Foll. by H. S. *A note reads* "Here ende my Ld. of Surreys Poems." *Variant in T (28)*.: 2 thy liuely hed.—*Title*: Of the death of the same Sir T. W.

46

T., p. 29.—Title: Of the same.

47

Camden's Remains, p. 514.—2 high.—12 seven times seven.

Found also in John Aubrey, History of Surrey 5.247, *with the variant*: —2 Count, thou.

48

P. 58b.—27 straunge *replaced by* all; *hand uncertain.*—31 I *replaces some erased word; hand uncertain.*—39 therby.—*Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in A (32a)., with the foll. variants:—16 dischargde.—27 all thinges under.

49

P. 59a.—22 times.—43 ligh (t) some.—54 r(e)garde.—79 hards.—82 m(a)y. *Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in A (32b)., with the foll. variants:—9 I mynd.—22 tewnes.—26 so.—72 the broken sleapes.—74 frewte or with paynes.

50

P. 59b.—10 reuiues *replaces* reioyce; *diff. hand.*—33 seke.—43 sore *orig.* fore.—44 wheras that *replaced by* eke wher; *diff. hand.*—55 hathe ether geuen to man *revised to* hath geuen to ether man; *diff. hand.*—66 fore *inserted; hand uncertain.*—*Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in A (33b)., with the foll. variants:—44 where.—51 This errour.

51

P. 61a.—13 earles folke; ease *replaces* eache; *prob. same hand.*—22 the trauill.—26 spends.—34 thre fould *inserted; diff. hand.*—45 change *replaced by* deth; *diff. hand.*—58 re *of* unsaureth *inserted; prob. diff. hand.*

Found also in A (34b)., with the foll. variants:—13 throught sloothe and careless.—44 goe.—54 yolden ghost.

52

P. 62a.—4 fayth, not *alt. to* none; *hand uncertain.*—15 er *of* better *crossed out.*—17 words *alt. to* works; *hand uncertain.*—27 out *alt. to* outer; *prob. another hand;* our: *ms. note by Percy.*—29 the *replaced by* to; *hand uncertain.*—32 toiling *inserted before* hand, *then itself replaced by* tillers, *diff. hands.*—35 hordith: *ms. note by Percy.*—43 gredy *replaced by* righteous; *gredy a clerical error through anticipation of the word later in the line.*—48 armes: *ms. note by Percy;* furst *alt. to* fyrst.—50 boote: *ms. note by Percy.*—52 that that *alt. to* that those, *and again to* then that; *diff. hands.*—61 ne *replaced by* no; *diff. hand.*—*Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in A (34a), with the foll. variants:—4 none prevayle.—14 lustes.—15 bet.—17 workes.—27 withouten.—28 our secreat.—29 to lyving.—48 armes of povertie.

53

A. 28a. Latin title supplied.—34 list *inserted.*—*Foll. by* Finis.

54

P. 65a.—7 of dred *inserted after* cold, *diff. hand.*—11 e *inserted in* spady; i *of* thei *replaces orig.* n, *same hand; later, altered to* they; *diff. hand.*—15 kept the walles *altered to* do keep walles; *diff. hand or hands.*—16 whiles myscheif *altered to* whiles myscheif eke *and later to* myscheif ioyned.—18 then *replaced by* ne; *diff. hand.*—20 not *replaced by* for; *diff. hand.*—21 not *crossed out; diff. hand.*—26 them hell *altered to* hym helc; *diff. hand.*—47 phalme.—*Preceded by* Exaudi Deus Orationem Meam.—*Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in A (30b).,with the foll. variants:—2 herken.—16 and myschief joynede.—18 ne my.—26 hym self devoure.—29 aulture.—*The Latin line foll. by* id est, cast thie care uppon the Lord and he shall norishe the.

55

P. 63a.—27 blasted.—*Preceded by* Domine Deus Salutis. *Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in *A (28b).*, with the foll. variants:—4 as in.—9 me cast.—17 do.—24 thie praise.—26 nor.—27 blazed, mowthes.—44 to my.

56

P. 64a.—14 glutten *alt. to* glutted; *diff. hand.*—17 that frame.—18 *final* s *of* skourges *crossed out.*—25 doth *inserted after* lord; *diff. hand.*—27 inquititye.—30 affects.—47 fleshe *alt. to* fleece; *diff. hand.*—49 rare *alt. to* care; *diff. hand—Preceded by* Quum Bonus Israel Deus.—*Foll. by* Finis.

Found also in A (29b)., with the foll. variants.—14 glutted.—18 sckourdge.—22 with cupps.—33 beholde.—35 and whan.—47 goolden fleece.—59 others succours.

57

Headed: The second boke of Virgiles Aenaeis.—147 pleased.—284 twine.—327 fouth.—335 *Foll. by line*: By cordes let fal fast gan they slide adown.—924 felow.—926 liue.—962 amazde. *N. emends to read* could make amazed.—987 ccompanie.—1026 mine *wanting.*

58

H. *headed*: P. Vergilii Maronis Aeneidos Liber Quartus Britannice Sermoni Donatus per Comitem S.—H. 8 *Gloss*: The description of the tyme.—H. 10 *Gloss*: The talke of a lover.—H. 15 of how—H. 31 *Gloss*: A calling upon the godes, wherin, by reasons advice, she requires to resist yis force of love.—T. 54 forthrust.—H. 56 move *before* touch *crossed out.*—H. 58 sufferance.—H. 72 with offred steres.—T. 88 to *omitted.*—T. 92 flght.—H. 106 he she heres.—H. 107 with hold *before* she *crossed out.*—H. 109 them.—H. 116 faine resist to.—H. 120 wills.—H. 128 then (them?) commend.—T. 141 at *for* art.—H.155 Or *for* A.—H. 163 soone.—T. 222 faut.—H. 226 strengh.—H. 247 *line supplied from T.*—H. 266 rich *replaces* with *crossed out.*—H. 281 hedd *before* looke *crossed out.*—H. 304 ou.—

H. 315 awaie *before* amidd *crossed out.*—T. 327 thend.—T. 334 the *omitted.* —H. 346 Whi buildest; th *crossed out;* thy time *supplied from T.*—T. 347 he *omitted.*—H. 349 *before* lust *some letter crossed out.*—H. 360 to leave *supplied from T.*—H. 379 fleight.—H. 383 flame.—H. 392 lengh.—H. 428 lenghe.—H. 433 these wordes.—T. 435 sielfe.—T. 439 men.—T. 441 men *for* me in.—H. 441 life *before* will *crossed out.*—T. 433 haue haue.—T. 447 thee *for* the.—H. 455 shadowe.—H. 469 pronowne.—T. 475 silence.—H. 489 now *before* lo *crossed out.*—T. 505 thase.—H. 506 I this.—H. 522 the kele talowed.—H. 558 ne pulled *replaces* aye; *same hand.*—H.561 *originally* grauntes.—H. 583 rore.—H. 584 ther croppes.—H. 610 her *corrected from* his.—H. 622 seking.—H. 625 se *crossed out after* within.—H. 638 Hesperians.—H. 639 garden. T. 639 rund.—H. 659 man *for* nonne.—H. 663 men.—H. 673 funeralls.—H. 678 iiiiC.—H. 698 quiest.—H. 762 gett *before* Awake *crossed out.*—H. 765 wretched.—H. 770 vnshethles.—H. 787 all *before* owt *crossed out.*—H. 796 I *before* not *crossed out.*—T. 797 So.—T. 798 goodes. H. 807 says *instead of* sunne.—H. 830 (?) yea.—H. 835 *line supplied from T.*—H. 853 for A *instead of* forth on.—T. 855 herforme.—H. 864 in *before* wepinge *crossed out.*—H. 871 towne before alas *crossed out.*—H. 874 quod she *above; same hand.*—H. 882 handes & *before* eke *crossed out and inserted after it.*—T. 885 damsell.—H. 905 & *before* eke *crossed out.*—H 906 thi *before* her *crossed out.*—H. 915 a *of* raise *inserted above.*—H. *followed by* finis.

Additional varients—T. 2 playe.—H. 510 his.

VARIANTS IN D

(*The following table gives all the readings in D. which vary from the readings in T. The verses are numbered as in T.*)

26 Ay me, since, Sicheus.—27 fewde defiled.—28 he hath my sences bent.—32 with thunder or.—34 or, lawe.—36 My love which (?) still enjoye he in grave.—37 surprised.—41 That, nor.—42 Doeth dust.—44 Iarbas not to feere.—45 The Libian king dyspised yet by thee.—48 wythstande the love that likes thee.—49 *Omits.*—50 in.—52 And for eke.—53 Wyth Syrtes the unfriendly.—54 for thurste.— 67 starre.—73 as they ought.—84 *omits* A, maryes.—88 yshotte.—90 fasteneth in her unware.—91 left in her unwist.—96 the.—98 Troians.—99 stared.—101 reprysed the dayelyght.—106 withholdes.—107 Ascanus.—108 *adds* that *before* cannot.—111 *omits* mete.—113 threatning to.—114 in effect.—115 Wyth a pestilence.—116 burdeneth *for* burdes.—119 wylles.—121 to suspect.—126 loves and burnes, the rage her bones doth perse.—127 is then now common.—130 dowry.—132 from desmembled mind.—140 in a.—149 The forest till.—152 Dum trepidant ale.—153 The raunger doth set the groues about.—154 *omits* I shall.—155 on them.—162 seem to graunt.—163 fast.—166 Unto.—171 there the Quene awayte.—174 backed with a grete rout.—177 wounde up in.—189 *omits* that.—190 he prest.—194 in countenance present.—198 whereas theyr course.—199 trompes.—204 tymerous.—209 coltage.—210 arounde.—211 the Troyan prince likewyse.—216 wayted.—217 foremest day of myrthe.—218 myshappe.—219 withheld.—226 on hye.—227 Perecing the.—231 *omits.*—232 for to tell.—233 For, plume.—236 harkening.—237 cloudes and skie.—239 delyne *instead of* decline.—240 see.—242 *omits* as, blasting.—247 Aeneas comen sprong of Troyan bloode.—249 In Natures lust the winter for to passe.—250 Regnorum immemores turpique.—251 cupidine captos.—252 the mouthes.—256 ravisht Garamantida.—257 temples in his large realme.—258 *lacking*—259 Altars as many with waker burning flame.—260 to attend.—261 Flowers embrused yelded bloode of beastes.—263 bryntes.—264 Afore the aulters.—269 the *for* thy.—270 Whose flames of fyre.—271 A wandring woman.—272 village.—278 the.—282 And with his loke gan thwart.—289 reporte.—292 but Italye to rule.—293 *lacking.*—295 Discovering, tencryne.—299 doth he envy.—300 To yong Ascanus that is his father.—305 *omits* and end.—306 messenger, Then Mercurie gan.—307 When Jove had said, bend.—310 the.—312 other some also.—313 thyther he sendes; *line differently divided.*—318 And.—320 sholders.—321 forcrowne.—324 frosted beard.—326 wyth the body.—327 extent.—330 Rushing.—334 For towers.—337 *lacking.*—339 His shyning pawle of myghty Didos gifte.— 343 a maryed man.—345 skies bright.— 345 that by.—348 there.—349 Why buildest thou, by.—350 thus wastes.—352 lystes.—358 vanysheth.—364 By the advise.—367 dare.—369 discussing.—374 drewe.—376 change of thinges, ascuse.—380 chasten.—387 shippe.—389 Bachus munite.—390 Bacchatur—Cithaeron.—(*Virgil's lines 301-3 quoted instead of any translation corresponding to T. 390-4*).—395 thus bordes she A E. of herself.—396 flyght *instead of* fault.—401 Cruel, to trie, boysterous.—403 *omits* yet.—413 The Libians

and Tirians, tyrans of Nomadane.—414 ar wrothe.—415 My shamefastnes eke stained for thy cause.—417 came.—421 To tary till.—424 the, conceyved.—426 To play.—431 These wordes yet at last then forth.—436 synowes.—437 It is not grete the thyng that I requyre.—438 Neyther.—441 *omits* me in.—444 redout.—446 escaped.—450 wyll me advise.—451 lease.—453 of Phoenis land.—456 resydence.—457 it is.—461 doth me feare and advise.—463 Hisprian.—475 sylence; *same misprint.*—477 thy dame ne Goddes was.—479 Tancase.—487 There is no fayth, no surety.—489 *adds* foolyshe *before eke.*—492 am.—494.—*adds* the *before* Gods.—503 byre.—506 thys—521 To wayle.—522 By the *etc.*—525 charged.—526 *adds* the *before* wood.—529 buige.—537 syghtes.—542 and.—543 and yeld.—544 *omits* and.—548 strayned sayle abideth.—552 nevertheless; *adds* a *before* wretched.—554 and eke.—557 in.—561 ay.—563 for to entreat.—564 hys.—576 well-rendred.—577 Myngled.—578 bryng.—580 He harkens though that he were mylde of kynde.—581 Destenies.—582 boysterous.—584 Blowing now from this, now from that quarter, blow.—587 hys.—589 hys.—590 as, hys.—595 Wyshed, yrketh.—601 geare.—602 Which syght, not.—607 Wher oft.—608 Clypping.—609 complayne.—610 to dray his playning tunes.—614 bestraught.—615 *omits* left.—616 Unwayted on.—617 folkes.—626 hughly.—632 *omits* a.—635 thende of the great Octian.—636 the sun dyscendeth and declynes.—641 Of the Hysperiane sisters temple.—642 *lacking.*—643 The garden that gyves the Dragon food.—645 (?). poppy that slepe provokes.—651 The gostes that walk by night eke to assemble.—653 fall.—655 *omits* to me.—671 Then, Sicheus.—672 *lacking.*—673 But the Quene when the stake was reared up.—676 then she doth.—678 forsooke.—679 on hys.—684 eke.—685 *omits* and eke; Proserpina.—688 Like unto the.—689 reaped up.—691 Theyr.—700 Of lovers unequall in behest.—707 longes remaynde.—709 that.—713 might rest in eye nor brest cold enter.—714 *omits* doth.—719 nunned.—726 Or scorned me.—728 doest thou wotte.—729 Or smell the broken othes.—733 with Ire.—737 *omits* first.—739 Did, wyshe.—734 Sicheus.—744 complaint.—745 certayne.—756 Certayne of death.—757 flye.—759 stald all.—761 onsyde.—762 *omits* For.—765 *from.*—768 Joue.—777 wrest.—782 creking.—783 the *added before* navye.—785 three.—787 hence.—791 and *added before* out; *otherwise like T.*—796 when thou with hym devydedst.—797 The Scepture.—798 goodes.—810 fall myself theyr.—812 knowes.—815 *adds* eke *after* furies.—822 *omits* it.—832 unburyed.—839 Now; *omits* that our.—843 *lacking.*—844 over.—845 thys.—846 then briefly.—855 Is to reform.—859 all egerly.—871 desteny did permytte.—877 Troian.—886 the.—887 The bolyng bloud with gore and handes embrued.— 890 lamenting.—892 auncient towne.—899 And dyeng thus she cleapes her.—907 Or.—908 As cruel for to absent.—910 at Tyre.—916 geare.—917 But, strave.—919 under.—932 *adds* yet *after* not.—939 *adds* eke *after* and.

CRITICAL NOTES

1

Adapted from Petrarca *Sonetto in Vita* 113:

Or che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace,
E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
Notte 'l carro stellato in giro mena,
E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace;
Veggio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface
Sempre m' è innanzi per mia dolce pena:
Guerra è 'l mio stato, d'ira e di duol piena;
E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.
Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Move 'l dolce e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco;
Una man sola mi risana e punge.
E perchè 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
Mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco
Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

Surrey's sonnet, with its abrupt opening, its more dramatic antithesis, and its superior interpretation of nature, is much the finer of the two. The opening verses, and especially the noble fifth verse, are prophetic of the Georgian poets.

2

Adapted from Petrarca *Sonetto in Morte* 42:

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia.
E garrir Progne e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria e l'acqua e la terra è d'amor piena;
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che dal cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al Ciel se ne portò le chiavi;
E cantare augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Petrarca's spring is typically Italian with its smiling plains and serene sky, and Zephyrus and Venus are introduced as in the beautiful spring pieces of Botticelli. Surrey's sonnet is as typically English with its green-clad hills and dales, its blossoming hedgerows and shady streams. It is the spring of Chaucer's Prologue and of such lyrics as *Sumer is icumen in.* Note that Surrey minimizes the lover's complaint to dwell longer upon nature.

10. Cf. *Parliament of Foules* 353: The swallow, murderer of the bees smale.

3

Translated from Petrarca *Ballata* 1:

Lassare il velo o per Sole o per ombra,
Donna, non vi vid'io,
Poi che'n me conosceste il gran desio
Ch' ogni altra voglia d' entr' al cor mi sgombra,
Mentr'io portava i be' pensier celati
C'hanno la mente desiando morta,
Vidivi di pietate ornare il volto:
Ma poi ch'Amor di me vi fece accorta,
Fur i biondi capelli allor velati,
E l'amoroso sguardo in se raccolto.
Quel ch' i' più desiava in voi, m' è tolto;
Sì mi governa il velo,
Che per mia morte, ed al caldo ed al gelo.
De' be' vostr' occhi il dolce lume adombra.

4

Translated from Pet. *Son. in Vita* 91. See pages 48-50.

It is interesting to compare Wyatt's translation of the same sonnet, a translation which is vigorous, but rough:

The longe love, that in my thought doeth harbor,
And in my hert doeth kepe his residence,
Intoo my face preaseth with bolde pretence,
And therin campeth, spreding his baner.
She that mee lerns too love and suffre,
And willes that in my trust and lustes negligence
Be rayned by reason, shame & reverence,
With his hardines takis displeasur.
Where with all, untoo the herte forrest hee fleith,
Leving his enterprise, with payne & cry,
And there him hideth & not appereth.
What may I doo, when my maister fereth,
But, in the felde, with him too lyve & dye,
For goode is the liffe ending faithfully.—(Edgerton Ms. 5a.)

5

This fancy may have been suggested by Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* 1.78:

E questo hanno causato due fontane
Che di diverso effetto hanno liquore;
Ambe in Ardenna, e non sono lontane.
D' amoroso disio l' una empie il core;
Chi bee dell' altra senza amor rimane,
E volge tutto in ghiaccio il primo ardore.
Rinaldo gustò d' una, e amor lo strugge;
Angelica de l' altra, a l' odia e fugge.

Rajna, *Le Fonti dell' Orlando Furioso* 93-95 (1900) discusses at length the Italian and Classical analogues.

6

Translated from Pet. *Son in Vita* 95:

Ponmi ove 'l Sol occide i fiori e l'erba,
O dove vince lui 'l ghiaccio e la neve;
Ponmi ov' è 'l carro suo temprato e leve,
Ed ov' è chi cel rende o chi cel serba,
Ponm' in umil fortuna, od in superba,
Al dolce aere sereno, al fosco e greve;
Ponmi alla notte, al dì lungo ed al breve,
Alla matura etate od all' acerba;
Ponm' in cielo od in terra od in abisso,
In alto poggio, in valle ima e palustre,
Libero spirto od a' suoi membri affisso;
Ponmi con fama oscura o con illustre;
Sarò qual fui, vivrò com' io son visso,
Continuando il mio sospir trilustre.

Petrarca, in turn, was indebted to Horace 1. 22:

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget;
Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

4. This verse, interpolated by Surrey, contrasts the flippant and intolerant ignorance of the proud with the humility of the sage. Tottel's substitution, "In presence prest of people madde or wise", is much less effective.

7

In *Ms. A.* this sonnet, lacking vs. 10 and 12, is assigned to Lord Vaux. If by Surrey, it is not Surrey at his best: the alliteration is unduly studied and the imagery common, and the primitive tendency to two strong beats in each half of a verse is much less pronounced in any of Surrey's unquestioned poems. Nott cites the double rhymes as evidence that Surrey did not write the poem, concluding with the statement: "If this poem be Surrey's, it is the only piece of his in which double rhymes occur." Yet the fine poem, "Alas so all thinges nowe doe holde their peace," which immediately precedes in Nott's edition, has the same rhyme scheme.

1-3. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Morte* 63.1-2:

Questo nostro caduco e fragil bene,
Ch' è vento ed ombra ed ha nome beltate.

Cf. also Lydgate, *Beware of Doubleness* 49-52 (Skeat, *Supplement to Chaucer* 292):

What man y-may the wind restrain,
Or holden a snake by the tail!
Who may a slipper eeel constrain
That it will void withouten fail?

Puttenham has incorporated in *The Arte of English Poesie* (Arber, p. 136) a poem in imitation of this sonnet, prefaced by the statement that it is "our owne, made to daunt the insolence of a beautiful woman":

Brittle beauty, blossome daily fading;
Morne, noone, and eue, in age and eke in eld,
Dangerous, disdainefull, pleasantly perswading;
Easie to gripe, but cumbrous to weld;
For slender bottome, hard and heauy lading;
Gay for a while, but little while durable;
Suspicious, incertaine, irrevocable,
O! since thou art by triall not to trust,
Wisedom it is, and it is also iust,
To sound the stemme before the tree be feld;
That is, since death vvill driue vs all to dust,
To leaue thy loue ere that vve be compeld.

8

1-8. "Nature's precious gift of beauty (fourme and fauour), wherewith you engage your friends, bestowing your charms upon them (fede them), is an earnest that you are designed to show forth the supreme skill of Nature; Nature, whose workings are not so unknown but the

alert spirit may divine that where beauty so perfect has been implanted, the fruit of other graces must needs appear."

9. The second and fourth editions of *T.* read *Garret* instead of *Ladie.* Garret was a common version of the name Fitzgerald, and this sonnet, like No. 29, is thus associated with the name of Elizabeth Fitzgerald. What was the original reading? Did the two readings exist in manuscript form, and if so does one of them represent a correction made by the author? Did the editor adopt *Ladie* for the first edition to universalize the poem? Did he then change the reading to *Garret* in the second edition to please Elizabeth Fitzgerald? It should be borne in mind that in July, 1557, the date of the second edition, Edward Fiennes de Clinton, the husband of Elizabeth, as Lord High Admiral held the centre of the stage, directing the naval operations on the outcome of which the destiny of England was thought to depend. In any case, why should the reading have been changed four times in the first five editions? It was probably more than mere chance.

4. This neo-Platonic conceit was very popular in Renaissance amatory verse. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita* 108.1-4:

> In qual parte del Ciel, in qual idea
> Era l' esempio onde Natura tolse
> Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse
> Mostrar quaggiù quanto lassù potea?

Cf. also *Son. in Vita* 190, which suggested to a long line of sonneteers, Italian, French and English, that Heaven was jealous of its perfect product and would not long spare it to earth:

> Chi voul veder quantunque può Natura
> E'l Ciel tra noi, venga a mirar costei,
> Ch' è sola un Sol, non pur agli occhi miei
> Ma al mondo cieco, che vertù non cura.
> E venga tosto, perchè Morte fura
> Prima i migliori, e lascia star i rei:
> Questa, aspettata al regno degli Dei,
> Cosa bella mortal passa e non dura.

Surrey was also familiar, of course, with *Troilus and Criseyde* 1.99-105:

> Criseyde was this lady name a-right;
> As to my dome, in all Troyes citee
> Nas noon so fair, for passing every wight
> So aungellyk was hir natyf beautee,
> That lyk a thing immortal seemed she,
> As doth an hevenish parfit creature,
> That doun were sent in scorning of nature.

9

The allusion in v. 12 shows that this sonnet was written sometime between Sept. 1545 and March 1546, while Surrey was commander of Boulogne and lieutenant-general on the continent, with his headquarters in the Lower Town of Boulogne. This is significant, as it shows that Surrey's interest in sonnets was not confined to his earlier poetical efforts. In October Surrey had requested that his wife might join him in France, a request that was finally refused in March, on the ground that "trouble and disquietness unmeet for woman's imbecilities" were approaching. Bapst thinks that this sonnet, under the guise of a conventional love lament, reflects upon the hardship of this separation. Cf. poems 21 and 23, and notes.

10

This epigram, with its trenchant final couplet giving an unexpected turn to the thought, is quite in the spirit of the best Renaissance tradition.

11

1-6 Cf. *Troil. and Cris.* 5. 8-14:

> The golden-tressed Phebus heighe on-lofte
> Thryes hadde alle with his bemes shene
> The snowes molte, and Zephirus as ofte
> Y-brought ayein the tendre leves grene,
> Sin that the sone of Ecuba the quene
> Bigan to love hir first, for whom his sorwe
> Was al, that she departe sholde a-morwe.

10. Cf. Pet., *Son. in Vita* 150.1-2:

> D'un bel, chiaro, polito e vivo ghiaccio
> Move la fiamma che m' incende e strugge.

18. *K.* suggests the reading *at hand to freeze,* to furnish the proper antithesis, and quotes Pet. *Son. in Vita* 169. 12:

> S' arder da lunge ed agghiacciar da presso,

and vs. 41-42 of the poem "Suche waywarde wais hath love":

> In standing nere my fyre, I know how that I frese;
> Ffar of, to burn . . . .

Similar antitheses are found in *Son. in Vita* 142. 13-14:

> Ma perir mi dà 'l Ciel per questa luce;
> Che da lunge mi struggo, e da press' ardo;

and *Tr. Amore* 3.168:

> Arder da lunge ed agghiacciar de presso.

However, the reading of the text is supported by all of the extant versions.

30. Cf. Pet. *Sest.* 1. 2:

> Se non se alquanti c' hanno in odio il sole.

32. A conventional idea that is often met in amatory verse; it is the theme of Petrarca's *Son. in Vita* 22.

34-38. Cf. *Son. in Vita* 123. 1-4:

> Quando mi vene innanzi il tempo e 'l loco
> Ov' io perdei me stesso, e 'l caro nodo
> Ond' Amor di sua man m' avvinse in modo
> Che l' amar mi fe dolce e 'l pianger gioco.

40-44. These lines are reminiscent of *Son. in Vita* 137. 7-14:

> La vela rompe un vento umido eterno
> Di sospir, di speranze e di desio.
> Pioggia di lagrimar, nebbia di sdegni
> Bagna e rallenta le già stanche sarte,
> Che son d'error con ignoranza attorto.
> Celansi i duo miei dolci usata segni;
> Morta fra l' onde è la ragion e l' arte:
> Tal ch' incomincio a disperar del porto.

This sonnet of Petrarca's was translated entire by Wyatt; see *Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics,* 1.

44. Nott accepts the reading *sucke,* found in A. and H., in preference to *sinke,* and cites in defence thereof *Son. in Vita* 198. 5-6:

> Far potess' io vendetta di colei
> Che guardando e parlando mi distrugge,
> E per più doglia poi s'asconde e fugge,
> Celando gli occhi a me sì dolci e rei
> Così gli afflitti e stanchi spiriti miei
> A poco a poco consumando sugge.

This citation is very far-fetched: in this instance it is the mistress who "sucks" the spirits of the lover; in Surrey's poem it would be the lover who would "suck in" his deadly harm. It is poetically more effective and more in keeping with the sonnet which suggested the figure to Surrey, to picture the lover's spirits as a ship which is sinking, *Tal ch' incomincio a disperar del porto.* This is the "deadly harm" which the hard-hearted mistress takes in sport.

The suggestion that the lover, like the sailor, lifts his eyes to the stars, is taken from *Canz. in Vita* 8. 4. 1-6:

> Come a forza di venti
> Stanco nocchier di notte alza la testa
> A' duo lumi c' ha sempre il nostro polo;
> Così nella tempesta
> Ch' i' sostengo d' amor, gli occhi lucenti
> Sono il mio segno e 'l mio conforto solo.

12

The temper of this piece is not unlike that of No. 34, in which Surrey indignantly resents an insult paid him by some lady high in the court, presumably Lady Hertford. Is it too fanciful to associate this poem with the experience there reflected? Note that in v. 7 Surrey alludes to himself as a "man of war", and that it was immediately after the conjectured rebuff of Lady Hertford in refusing to dance with him at a ball given by him that he accompanied his father, in August, 1542, on his expedition against Scotland. The poem has something of the swagger of a young man undertaking his first real military enterprise.

For the conceit upon which the whole poem turns, compare Chaucer, *The Book of the Duchesse,* vs. 617-686, in which there is an elaborate adaptation of the language of chess. This usage obtained much vogue among the lyric poets and dramatists.

13

3-5 Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita* 13. 1-2:

> Piovonmi amare lagrime dal viso,
> Con un vento angoscioso di sospiri.

14

In *Ms. Harl 78,* f. *27b.* is a poem of which certain stanzas are practically identical with this. It is there attributed to Wyatt, and Nott conjectures that the two poems were translated from a common original in friendly competition. However, no Italian model is known to exist, and the poem is apparently a mosaic of Petrarchian lines. Moreover, the

language of certain stanzas is so nearly identical as to preclude the possibility of independent workmanship. The Harleian version is probably a clumsy reworking of Surrey's poem, or an attempt to reconstruct it from memory: it lacks the introductory stanzas, it misses the irony of the second stanza, and throughout it is faulty in metre. The text is as follows:

Lyke as the wynde with raginge blaste
Doth cawse eche tree to bowe and bende,
Even so do I spende my tyme in wast,
My lyff consumynge vnto an ende.

Ffor as the flame by force dothe quenche the fier,
And runnynge streames consume the rayne,
Even so do I my self desyer
To augment my greff and deadly payne.

Whear as I fynd yat whot is whott,
And colde is colde by course of kynde,
So shall I knet an endeles knott;
Such fructe in love, alas! I fynde.

When I forsaw those christall streames
Whose bewtie doth cawse my mortall wounde,
I lyttyl thought within those beames
So swete a venim for to have founde.

I fele and se my owne decay;
As on that bearethe flame in his brest,
Forgetfull thought to put away
The thynge yat breadethe my vnrest.

Lyke as the flye dothe seke the flame,
And after warde playethe in the fyer,
Who fyndethe her woe, and sekethe her game,
Whose greffe dothe growe of her owne desyr.

Lyke as the spider dothe drawe her lyne,
As labor lost so is my sute.
The gayne is hers, the lose is myne;
Of euell sowne seade suche is the frute.

5. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita,* 33. 1-4:

Se mai foco per foco non si spense,
  Nè fiume fu giammai secco per pioggia;
  Ma sempre l' un per l' altro simil poggia,
  E spesso l' un contrario l' altro accense.

"As fire increases flame and rain swells the streams, so does her presence heighten my distress."

9. Cf. *Ibid.* 15. 5-7:

Ed altri, col desio folle, che spera
  Gioir forse nel foco perchè splende,
  Provan l' altra virtù, quella che 'ncende.

Wyatt translated this passage as follows (Foxwell. *The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat.* p. 11):

Other reioyse that se the fyer bright,
And wene to play in it as they do pretend,
And fynde the contrary of it that they intend.

14. Cf. *Son. in Vita* 89.5: Dagli occhi vostri uscio 'l colpo mortale.

15. Cf. *Ibid.* 101. 8, *Canz.* 16. 7: Dolce veneno.

17. Cf. *Ibid.* 97. 1-4:

Quando 'l voler che con duo sproni ardenti
  E con un duro fren mi mena e regge,
Trapassa ad or ad or l'usata legge
Per far in parte i miei spirti contenti.

id. 121. 8: Ch' ha sì caldi gli spron, sì duro il freno.

21. *Ibid.* 157. 1-4:

> Voglia mi sprona, Amor mi guida e scorge,
> Piacer mi tira, usanza mi trasporta,
> Speranza mi lusinga e riconforta,
> E la man destra al cor già stanco porge.

29. *Ibid.* 180. 1-4:

> Amor, io fallo, e veggio il mio fallire;
> Ma fo sì com'uom ch'arde e 'l foco ha'n seno,
> Che 'l duol pur cresce, e la ragion vien meno
> Ed è già quasi vinta dal martire.

33. *Ibid.* 121. 6-7: Quanto al mondo si tesse, opra d'aragna Vede.

Wyatt translated this sonnet; cf. *The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat,* p. 14.

35. *Ibid.* 169. 14: Vostro, Donna, il peccato, e mio fia 'l danno.

36. *Ibid.* 121. 14: Tal frutto nasce di cotal radice.

15

10. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita* 62.13-14:

> Forse non avrai sempre il viso asciutto:
> Chi' i' mi pasco di lagrime; e tu 'l sai.

24. Cf. *Son. in Morte* 70. 1-2:

> Del cibo, onde 'l Signor mio sempre abbonda,
> Lagrime e dogila, il cor lasso nudrisco.

16

3-4. "Her thoughts, reflected in her eyes, are communicated to my heart through my eyes."

17-21. "Happy is the man who, not having tasted of love, has escaped that torment of an unrelieved passion, which love teaches so insistently."

29-32. "The truest thing that may be said about love, and its greatest injustice, is that its poor victim cannot long endure life."

17

30. "Ganders fo," i. e. the fox.

34-40. "Do not think that one who was so anxious to win your love and so loth to forego it, would willingly fall from his felicity or would desire a change."

45-48. Cf. Pet. *Sest. in Vita* 2. 9-10:

> Quand' avrò queto il cor, asciutti gli occhi,
> Vedrem ghiacciar il foco, arder la neve.

18

13. Cf. A very common conceit among the polite poets, from the time of the Troubadours.

19

4. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita* 153.6: E tempra *il dolce amaro,* che n' ha offeso.

7. This probably alludes to the military expedition to Scotland on which Surrey accompanied his father in the early autumn of 1542, shortly

after his imprisonment in the Fleet for quarreling with John a Leigh, and after the humiliating incident described in poem 34. It may have seemed best to the King, after these stormy episodes, to send this hot-blooded youth North to cool down.

7-18. Compare the antithetical ideas here expressed with the following passages from Petrarca:

Son. in Vita 88.14: E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.

99.6: Di state un ghiaccio, un fuoco quando verna.

130.5: Trem' al più caldo, ard' al più freddo cielo.

15-16. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Morte* 87. 1-2:

> Spirito felice, che si dolcemente
> Volgei quegli occhi più chiari che 'l sole.

16. Cf. *Son. in Vita* 103.9: L' aere percosso da *lor dolci rai.*

22. Cf. *Ibid.* 180.5: Solea frenare *il mio caldo desire.*

20

It is very doubtful if this poem is to be assigned to Surrey, despite the fact that it is so assigned in *Ms. Harl. 78.* Tottel places it among the poems of "Uncertain Authors." The rhyme scheme, a b a c b c, is nowhere else used by Surrey, the comparisons are awkwardly handled, and the diction has little to commend it.

1-6. "I had thought that I was like Ulysses, seeking the faithful Penelope, but I find that I am like Troilus, deceived by Cressida."

18. The "repentance" is not that of the lover, but the pity which the lady finally takes upon him.

21

This poem may have been written, as no. 33 clearly was, for the Countess of Surrey, to voice her impatience at the separation from her husband, during his absence on military duty in France. Cf. notes to nos. 9 and 33. It is the one poem of Surrey's in the Duke of Devonshire Ms. and is in the hand-writing of Mary Shelton, the sweetheart of Sir Thomas Clere, Surrey's companion, who accompanied him to France. (Cf. notes to No. 47.) Perhaps the poem was written for Mary Shelton herself, in recognition of her love for Clere, and was inserted in the Ms. after being sent her from France. It is adapted from Serafino del Aquilo *Epist.* 5:

> Quella ingannata, afflitta et miseranda
> Donna, non donna piu, ma horrendo mostrio.

The epistle, in turn, is adapted from Phyllis' complaint of Demophoon in Ovid's *Heroides 2.*

12-13. These verses are suggested by Pet. *Son. in Vita* 137. 7-8:

> La vela rompe un vento umido eterno
> Di sospir, di speranze e di desio.

24-28. Cf. *Epist.* 37-41:

> Ah quante uolte quando il ciel s' imbruna
> A mezza notte uscio del freddo letto
> A sentir l' hore, a remirar la luna,
> Fatta son marinar per questo effetto.

33. Cf. *Ibid.* 79-80:

E s' afondato è alcun dal tempo rio
Che 'l sappia dico: ahime: questo è sommerso.

Cf. also *Troil. and Cris.* 5.228: O herte mine! Criseyde, my swete foe!

22

This poem is largely indebted to Pet. *Trionfo D' Amore* 3. 151-190, and 4. 139-153. The first of these passages reads as follows:

Or so come da sè il cor si disgiunge,
E come sa far pace, guerra e tregua,
E coprir suo dolor quand, altri 'l punge.
E so come in un punto si dilegua
E poi si sparge per le guance il sangue,
Se paura o vergogna avvien che 'l segua.
So come sta tra' fiori ascoso l' angue;
Come sempre fra due si vegghia e dorme;
Come senza languir si more e langue.
So della mia nemica cercar l' orme,
E temer di trovarla; e so in qual guisa
L' amante nell' amato si trasforme.
So fra lunghi sospiri e brevi risa
Stato, voglia, color cangiare spesso;
Viver, stando dal cor l' alma divisa.
So mille volte il dì ingannar me stesso;
So, seguendo 'l mio foco ovunqu' e' fugge,
Arder da lunge ed agghiacciar da presso.
So com' Amor sopra la mente rugge,
E com' ogni ragione indi discaccia;
E so in quante maniere il cor si strugge.
So di che poco canape s' allaccia
Un' anima gentil, quand' ella è sola,
E non è chi per lei difesa faccia.
So com' Amor saetta e come vola;
E so com' or minaccia ed or percote;
Come ruba per forza e come invola;
E come sono instabili sue rote;
Le speranze dubbiose e 'l dolor certo;
Sue promesse di fe' come son vote;
Come nell' ossa il suo foco coperto
E nelle vene vive occulta piaga,
Onde morte è palese e 'ncendio aperto.
In somma so com' è incostante e vaga,
Timida, ardita vita degli amanti;
Ch' un poco dolce molto amaro appaga:
E so i costumi e i lor sospiri e canti
E 'l parlar rotto e 'l subito silenzio
E 'l brevissimo riso e i lunghi pianti,
E qual è 'l mel temprato con l' assenzio.

The other passage reads:

Errori, sogni ed immagini smorte
Erra d' intorno al carro trionfale;
E false opinioni in su le porte;
E lubrico sperar su per la scale;
E dannoso guadagno, ed util danno;
E gradi ove più scende chi più sale;
Stanco ripose e riposato affanno;
Chiaro disnor, e gloria oscura e nigra:
Perfida lealtate, e fido inganno;
Sollicito furor, e ragion pigra;
Carcer ove si vien per strade aperte.
Onde per strette a gran pena si migra;
Ratte scese all' intrar, all' uscir erte.
Dentro, confusion turbida, e mischia
Di doglie certe e d' allegrezze incerte.

3. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 176, 180; 4. 147.

5. Cf. Pet. *Canz.* 15. 2. 1-2:

S' i' 'l dissi, Amor l' aurate sue quadrella
Spenda in me tutte, e l' impiombate in lei.

9. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita* 175. 7-8:

> Che non pur ponte o guado o remi o vela,
> Ma scampar non potiemmi ale nè piume.

16. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 152.

18. Cf. Pet. *Son. sopra vari Arg.* 7. 1-2:

> S' Amore o Morte non dà qualche stroppio
> Alla tela novella ch' ora ordisco.

19-22. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 153-155, and 164.

25-26. Cf. *Ibid.* 187-188.

28-29. Cf. *Ibid.* 158-159, and 4. 145.

33-35. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 160-162.

36. Cf. *Son. in Vita* 11. 9-14:

39. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 166.

40. Cf. Chaucer, *Squire's Tale* 491-492:

> And for to maken other be war by me,
> As by the whelp chasted is the leoun.

41. Cf. *Tr. Am.* 3. 168.

43-44. Cf. *Ibid.* 169-171.

45. Cf. *Ibid.* 186.

47. Cf. *Ibid.* 177.

49. Cf. *Ibid.* 178.

50. Cf. *Ibid.* 179, 182-183; 4. 153.

23

The influence of Chaucer is of course apparent throughout this fresh and spirited little poem.

21-23. "In their songs methought the birdes thanked nature much that she had permitted them—such was their good fortune—to love all that year, to choose them mates just as their fancy dictated."

41-42. "All that was but the mental impression of one who would be well quit of Cupid."

24

This poem is a fusion of one type of the early French *pastourelle,* in which a shepherd complains to another of his hard-hearted mistress, and of one type of the early French *chanson à personnages,* in which the poet chances upon a man who is lamenting an unrequited love. The opening verses, which give the setting, are reminiscent of the *chanson,* although winter has been substituted for the conventional May morning. The sophisticated references to classical myths appear odd enough in this setting of folk poetry. (Cf. *Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics* xxxvi ff., and *Transition English Song Collections, Cambridge History of Eng. Lit.* 2. 389, 392-3.)

44. A very common conceit with the sonneteers. Cf. Chaucer, *The Book of the Duchesse,* 908-911:

> For certes, Nature has swich lest
> To make that fair, that treyly she
> Was hir cheef patron of beautee,
> And cheef ensample of al hir werke.

77-80. Such references show the very great vogue that *Troilus and Criseyde* enjoyed.

48. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Vita* 37.6:

E corcherassi 'l Sol là oltre, ond' esce
D' un medesimo fonte Eufrate e Tigre;
Prima ch' i' trovi in ciò pace, nè tregua.

25

9-10. "I am suffering so much distress on your account that I cannot rest until you know the disconcerting truth."

11-12. "This love of yours, which abuses you by deceiving you, has so completely mastered you that it sacrifices everything to your passion, and fitfully seizes you." The construction is rather loose.

26

27. "The row" means the whole company of lovers.

27

This poem is a playful rejoinder to the one which precedes it. There is a good deal of question as to whether the poem should be assigned to Surrey. In the ms. from which it is taken, *A.*, it is given as the first of a group of Surrey's poems, but by Tottel it is assigned to "an vncertain aucthor." However, in the second edition it is transposed from its original position at page 198, and is placed immediately after the poem, "Wrapt in my carelesse cloke," with the title, "An answer in the behalfe of a woman." It is to be noted that only the first twenty verses are given in Tottel. Surrey may have written the poem as a mere literary pleasantry, or it may have been written by another in good-natured rivalry. If written by another, he has succeeded in hitting off the style of Surrey to a nicety.

The theme of Susanna and the Elders was a favorite one with the Renaissance artists, and was treated *ad nauseam.*

28

5-8. Petrarca has given beautiful expression to this thought in two of his lyrics. Cf. *Sest. in Vita* 1. 1-6:

A qualunque animale alberga in terra
Se non se alquanti c' hanno in odio il sole,
Tempo da travagliare è quanto è 'l giorno;
Ma poi ch' il ciel accende le sue stelle,
Qual torna a casa, e qual s' annida in selva
Per aver posa almeno infin all' alba.

See also the fourth *Canzone* in which Petrarch contrasts, in pictures of charming color, the rest which awaits the pilgrim, the laborer, the shepherd and the shipman, with his own feverish unrest.

60. A very common conceit. Thus Troilus (*Troilus and Criseyde* 4. 318-322.) and Arcite (*The Knightes Tale* 2765-2770).

29

The subject of this sonnet is Elizabeth Fitzgerald, the little daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare. Born in Ireland in or about 1528, she was brought to England in 1533 when her father was involved in charges of rebellion. In 1537 she entered the household of the Princess Mary (*Ms. Vesp. C. xiv.*, 1. 274.) and in 1540 was transferred to the service of Queen Catherine Howard. In 1543 she married Sir Anthony Browne, a widower of sixty. I take it that Surrey first met her at Hunsdon in March 1537, and met her again at Hampton in July, prior to the ninth (Madden, *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* [London, 1831] 21, 23 and 33 show that Mary was at Hunsdon and at Hampton on these dates). The poem was probably written in July, 1537, while Surrey was confined at Windsor for having struck a courtier. Though the offense was committed in June, Surrey was probably not confined before July 12, as on that date he was at Kennington, his father's home, suffering from some illness (*Let. and Pap.* 12. 2. 248).

A stubborn literary tradition has it that this maiden was the object of Surrey's verse. Nash seems to be responsible for this tradition, for in his romance entitled *The Unfortunate Traveller, or the Life of Jack Wilton* (1594), Surrey is reputed to have consulted Cornelius Agrippa in Venice as to the welfare of Elizabeth and to have seen her image in a magic mirror, and later, while in Florence, to have offered to defend his lady's beauty against all comers. Drayton perpetuated the fiction in his *England's Heroical Epistles, Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to Geraldine,* 1598, of which the *Argument* is as follows: "Henry Howard, that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent poet, falling in love with Geraldine; descended of the noble family of the Fitzgerald's of Ireland, a faire and modest Lady; & one of the honorable maydes to Queen Katherine Dowager; eternizeth her prayses in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundry inuentions: and after some fewe yeares, being determined to see that famous Italy, the source and Helicon of al excellent Arts; first visiteth that renowned Florence, from whence the Geralds challeng their descent, from the ancient family of the Geraldi: there in honor of his mistress he aduaunceth her picture: and challengeth to maintaine her beauty by deeds of Armes against all that durst appeare in the lists, where after the proofe of his braue and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memory, he writeth this epistle to his deerest Mistres."

This tradition gained wide vogue in the seventeenth century and Warton gave it full credence in his *History of English Poetry* (4.23). Nott accepted it as its face value and indeed became so obsessed with the idea that he construed all of the amatory poems in the light of it, introducing the name Geraldine into manufactured titles for the poems, and filling his notes, in other respects often so admirable, with sentimental trash.

The truth probably is that Surrey whiled away an idle hour of confinement by composing a sonnet in compliment to a little girl of nine whose pretty face chanced to have caught his fancy. If he did for the

time being accept her as the "Laura" of his verse, it must have been in a spirit of playfulness. Most of his amatory verse is undertaken largely as a literary exercise, as any student of Renaissance polite verse must appreciate.

1. The Fitzgeralds were supposed to be descended from a Florentine family, the Geraldi.

6. The mother of Elizabeth was Lady Elizabeth Grey, fourth daughter of Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, granddaughter of Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV, and first cousin of Henry VIII (*D. N. B.*).

30

This and the following poem were written in the summer of 1537, while Surrey was confined at Windsor for having struck a courtier.

7. *Ioily woes;* cf. the Italian *dolci guai. The hateless shorte debate*: the sweet quarrels of lovers. So Troilus (*Troil. and Cris.* 2.1099): I have a Ioly wo, a lusty sorwe.

11. Cf. Pet. *Son. in Morte* 20. 1-2: I'ho pien di sospir quest' aer tutto.

31

This poem, like the preceding, was written at Windsor in the summer of 1537, during Surrey's confinement. In surroundings that were all eloquent with the memory of the happy boyhood years spent at Windsor with Richmond, the King's son, and that contrasted the past and the present so sharply, the poet fondly recalls the affectionate comradeship and the enthusiasms of the former days. It must be allowed, to be sure, that the narrative is somewhat idealized, for some of the activities described are those of young men rather than of lads in their earliest teens.

Cf. *Troil and Cris.* 3. 1362:

> Or elles when that folk be sike
> Easy sighes such as ben to like.

53-54. Koeppel notes the similarity of this sentiment to the pathetic words of Francesca (*Inferno* 5. 121-123):

> Nessun maggior dolore,
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria.

32

In April, 1543, Surrey, in company with certain boon companions, one of whom was Thomas Wyatt, the son of the poet (*Acts of the Privy Council* 1. 104), was committed to the Fleet on the twofold charge of eating meat in Lent, and of going about the streets at night breaking windows with a stone-bow. In the *Acts of the Privy Council* the offence is entered as follows: "Att Saint-James the first day off aprill. . . Th'erle of Surrey being sent for t'appere before the Cownsell was charged as well off eating off fleshe, as off a lewde and unsemely manner of walking in the night abowght the stretes and breaking with stonebowes off certeyne wyndowes. And towching the eating off flesshe, he alleged a licence,

albeitt he hadde nott secretly used the same as apparteyned. And towching the stonebowes, he cowlde nott denye butt he hadde verye evyll done therein, submitting himselff therefore to such ponissement as sholde to them be thowght good. Whereapon he was committed to the Fleet."

It may have been during his confinement that this irrepressible young nobleman composed this waggish satire, in which he pretends that the city had become so lost in trespasses and sin that nothing short of such drastic means could arouse it to a sense of its spiritual condition.

The metre is the *terza rima,* save for vs. 29-40, which rhyme a b a b a b c d c d c d. As in these lines the poet is inveighing against the seven deadly sins, he may intend a playful intimation that the *terza rima* should not be polluted with anything so evil. It may be, of course, that the change of metre is merely to secure rapidity.

2. "Suc h was my indignation at the dissolute life within the city walls that fear of retribution could not keep me from forcibly rebuking it. Mere words, as the preachers well know, are of small avail, and so I resorted to this novel method of voicing my protest. My punishment of the city, under cover of the night, accords with your secret sins, and should teach you that justice seeks out every fault, and that no one is secure from it."

21. Cf. Isaiah 47. 11.

45-55. Cf. Revelation 18 and Jeremiah 11, for general similarities.

56-58. Cf. Jeremiah 51. 49.

59. Nott calls attention to Petrarca's invective against the vices of the Papal Court at Avignon, *Son. sopra* Varj *Arg.* 14:

Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova.

60-64. Adapted from Ezekiel 5. 12-17, 6. 11-14, and Jeremiah 50.15. Nott thinks that Surrey may have in mind a second sonnet of Petrarca's in which he condemns Avignon as the modern Babylon, *Son. sopra* Varj *Arg.* 15. 9-10.

Gl' idoli suoi saranno in terra sparsi,
E le torri superbe, al Ciel nemiche.

65-68. Cf. Jeremiah 51-48.

33

This poem was clearly written for the Countess of Surrey while Surrey was separated from her during his winter of military service in France. Evidently Surrey and his wife found this separation very trying; cf. notes to poems 9 and 21. The poem leaves no doubt of the affection which was mutually felt. Note the felicitous domestic picture in vs. 21-28.

22. Thomas Howard, the eldest son of the poet, then aged nine.

29. Cf. *Troil and Cris.* 4. 234-237:

Up-on his beddes syde a-down him sette,
Ful lyk a deep image pale and wan;
And in his brest the heped wo bigan
Out-breste.

34

In *Tottel* this piece bears the title, "A song written by the earle of Surrey to a ladie that refused to daunce with him." Bapst conjectures that this lady was Lady Hertford, the wife of Edward Seymour. He finds support for this theory in the deep-seated enmity of the two houses, in the fact that the escutcheon of the Stanhopes—Lady Hertford's family—was supported by two wolves, and in Drayton's association of the names of Surrey and Lady Hertford in his epistle, *Surrey to Geraldine,* 145-148:

> Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues report
> To be the glory of the English Court,
> Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
> If euer Surrey truly were inspir'd.

The closing lines suggest to Bapst that Surrey gave the function at which the insult was received, and he fixes the date as August, 1542, by interpreting verse 41 as a reference to those members of Surrey's family who were in confinement during the proceedings against Catherine Howard.

3. The lion was an heraldic emblem of the Howards.

11. The pride and spirit of Lady Hertford were exemplified by her quarrels with Catherine Parr over the question of precedence.

30. Thomas Howard, grandfather of the poet, overthrew James IV of Scotland in the famous battle of Flodden Field.

35-40 This reference is to Surrey's uncle, Thomas Howard, the second son of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk. In June, 1536, he was committed to the Tower because he had affianced himself to Lady Margaret Douglas, the King's niece, without the royal knowledge or assent. Inquiry showed that Surrey's sister, the Duchess of Richmond, had encouraged this secret alliance and that the lovers had frequently met in her presence to avoid suspicion (*Let. and Pap.* 11 no. 48 [July 8, 1536]). Lord Thomas remained in the Tower until his death two years later. That he and Lady Margaret were ardently attached to one another and continued so even after their confinement, despite the diplomatic protestation of Lady Margaret to Cromwell "Not to thynk that eny fancy doth remayn in me towching hym (*Let. and Pap.* 11. no. 294)", finds confirmaiton in the poems written by their own hands in the *Duke of Devonshire MS.* (See *Bibliography*), which Lady Margaret had evidently borrowed from the Duchess of Richmond and then conveyed surreptitiously to Sir Thomas in the Tower. Miss Ida K. Foxwell (*A Study of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Poems,* London, 1911, p. 132) in her keen history of the vicissitudes of this manuscript, speaks of these poems as follows: "A series of poems by Sir Thomas Howard occurs in another part of the book. Stanzas of intense hopefulness and assurance that all will be well are followed by verses expressing firmness and unaltered resolve to remain true to Margaret. He speaks of means taken to undermine his resolution by cajolery or cruelty, but the poems always end with loving words to 'my none swete wyf'. At length privation told upon a frame

that was never robust, and his last verses are a cry for death that 'his soul may go forth to his ladye' . . . Broken-hearted and desperate verses in the Devonshire Manuscript bear witness to Margaret's grief."

35

This poem serves as a prologue to the translation of Psalm 88, and number 36, in turn, as a prologue to Psalm 73, psalms which presumably Surrey translated while awaiting execution. Bapst makes the following observation upon these poems: "Especially worthy of remark among the poems written at this supreme hour are the two prologues. That of Psalm 73 is addressed to George Blage, with whom, one must remember, the Count had had the altercation which led to his downfall; that of Psalm 88, to Sir Anthony Denny, an intimate of Henry VIII, who must have had a share in Surrey's arrest. But, at the point of death, the poet wished to show his enemies that he had forgotten all the quarrels of this naughty world, and was concerned only with his passage to another life." (page 361.) Sir Anthony Denny was one of the secretaries of Henry VIII, a man who, acocrding to Ascham, was wholly occupied with religion, learning, and affairs of state. When Henry VIII was on his deathbed, so shortly after the execution of Surrey, Denny bravely besought him to repent of his sins and to ask God's mercy. Denny was a zealous promoter of the Reformation, and this was doubtless one ground of dislike between him and Surrey.

8. This does not mean the pardon of the King, as Nott supposed, but God's pardon. The accompanying psalm plainly shows that Surrey was awaiting death at the time of writing.

36

George Blage, an old companion in arms of Surrey's, was, like Denny, an enthusiastic Reformist. At the trial, Edward Rogers recalled a heated dispute between Surrey and Blage over the question of the anticipated regency during the minority of Edward VI. Surrey haughtily contended that his father, as the first duke of England, should hold this office. Blage, in turn, warmly retorted that he hoped such a calamity would never occur. The dispute ended in invectives and threats. *Let. and Pap.* 21.2 no. 555,4.

37

Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, the second son of the poet, states in the Dedicatory Epistle to his *Dutiful Defence of the Royal Regimen of Women* that this poem was the last which his father wrote. Nott is inclined to refer the poem to an earlier confinement, because "Surrey plainly intimates that he either had obtained, or was on the point of obtaining, the King's pardon." However, though only seven at the time of his father's execution, Northampton ought to have known the history of the poem. Moreover, the similarity of the opening verse to that of the preceding poem is strong presumptive evidence of the date. If this is,

indeed, the last poem, the storms and clouds refer to the poet's spiritual struggles; the "paine foreknowne", to the anticipated death for which he is now fortified by patience; the "swete reuenge," to his spiritual triumph over his enemies; and the "wretch," to Southwell, whom Surrey had offered to fight when accused by him of treason. Yet one is hard put to it to construe verses 9-11 to this interpretation. May not the poem have been written in the early days of December, before the trial, when Surrey may have had some occasion for thinking that his skies were clearing? The harsh spirit of the closing lines is certainly incompatible with the resignation of one who has forgiven his enemies and is about to die. It does not comport with the two Prologues and Psalms 88 and 73.

12. The "glass" is the mental reflection; cf. *Troil. and Cris.* 1. 365-366:

> Thus gan he make a mirour of his minde,
> In which he saugh al hoolly hir figure.

38

1. Alexander the Great. Plutarch twice relates the incident: *Lives*, p. 467 (ed. 1831), and *Morals, The Fortune or Virtue of Alexander,* 4. Flügel (*Neuenglische Lesebuch* 302) cites the opening lines of the Dedication to Henry VIII of Berthelette's edition of Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (1532): "Plutarcke wryteth whan Alexander had discomfyte Darius, the Kynge of Perse, among other iewels of the sayde Kynges there was founde a curyous lyttell cheste of great value, which the noble Kynge Alexander beholdynge, sayde: 'This same shall serue for Homere.' Which is noted for the great loue and fauour that Alexander had vnto lernynge."

6. Wyatt paraphrased Psalm 37 and the seven Penitential Psalms. See *The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat* 125-163.

11-12. Cf. 2 Samuel 11-12.

13-14. These verses are probably directed against Henry VIII. See *Introduction,* p. 16.

39

This poem is addressed presumably to Thomas Radcliffe, third Earl of Sussex (b. 1526 [?]), who took part with Surrey in the military operation against France in 1544. Radcliffe was related to Surrey as his father, Henry Radcliffe, second Earl of Sussex (b. 1506 [?]), married Lady Elizabeth Howard, a daughter of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk—the poet's grandfather—, by his second wife. The poem may possibly be addressed to Henry Radcliffe, but Surrey would hardly use this paternal tone to a man eleven years his senior, or reflect upon the "rechlesse youth" of a man of thirty-eight.

2. Nott quotes Tibullus (37):

> Vos ego nunc moneo. Felix, quicunque dolore
> Alterius disces posse carere tuo.

6. Cf. Foxwell, *The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat, Epigram 31,* p. 33:

> Sighes ar my foode: drynke are my teares:
> Clynkinge of fetters such musycke wolde crave:
> Stynke and close ayer away my lyf wears:
> Innocencie is all the hope I have.
> Rayne, wynde or wether I judge by myne eares.
> Mallice assaulted that rightiousnes should have,
> Sure I am, Brian, this wounde shall heale agayne,
> But yet, alas, the scarre shall styll remayne.

Wyatt was twice committed to the Tower: once in 1536, in conjunction with the imprisonment of Anne Boleyn, and again in 1538, when accused by Edmund Bonner of treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole.

40

7. The King referred to is Sardanapalus. See *Introduction,* p. 16.

41

This poem is a translation of Martial's famous epigram on the golden mean, *Ad Seipsum*:

> Vitam quae faciant beatiorem
> Iucundissime Martialis, haec sunt;
> Res non parta labore, sed relicta;
> Non ingratus ager, focus perennis;
> Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta;
> Vires ingenuae, salubre corpus;
> Prudens simplicitas, pares amici;
> Convictus facilis, sine arte mensa;
> Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;
> Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus;
> Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras;
> Quod sis, esse velis nihilque malis;
> Summum nec metuas diem nec optes.

Cf. the following sonnet by Plantin, the proprietor of the famous press, and now reprinted from the old press as a souvenir:

> Avoir une maison commode, propre & belle,
> Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
> Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfans,
> Posseder seul sans bruit une femme fidéle.
>
> N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procés, ni querelle,
> Ni de partage à faire avecque ses parens,
> Se contenter de peu, n'espérer rien des Grands,
> Régler tous ses desseins sur un juste modéle.
>
> Vivre avecque franchise et sans ambition,
> S'adonner sans scrupule à la dévotion,
> Domter ses passions, les rendre obéissantes.
>
> Conserver l'esprit libre, & le jugement fort,
> Dire son Chapelet en cultivant ses entes,
> C'est attendre chez soi bien doucement la mort.

The doctrine of the golden mean evidently made a strong appeal to a generation that was so subject to the uncertainties of fortune. See poem 42, and poem 52, vs. 29-30, where Surrey voices the doctrine again, and *Tottel,* p. 255.

42

Is this poem addressed to the poet's brother or son, or is it addressed to Thomas Wyatt the younger, Surrey's comrade in many a mad frolic? If to the latter, there may be an element of pleasantry in the offering of this sage advice.

The poem is adapted from *Horace, Book 2, Ode 10*:

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
    Litus iniquum.
Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
    Sobrius aula.
Saepius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
    Fulgura montes.
Sperat infestes, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem bene praeparatum
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit
    Jupiter, idem
Summovet. Non si male nunc et olim
Sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
Suscitat musam, neque semper arcum
    Tendit Apollo.
Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare; sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
    Turgida vela.

43

Surrey was of course familiar with the description of the successive ages in Horace, *Ars Poetica,* 156ff. Cf. also the beautiful poem by Sir Thomas More (Padelford, *Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics,* p. 100).

19-22. Cf. *Cant. Tales, The Reeve's Prologue* 13-17:

But ik am old, me list not pley for age;
Gras-tyme is doon, my fodder is now forage,
This whyte top wryteth myne olde yeres,
Myn herte is al-so mowled as myne heres.

44

This and the two following elegiac poems are in memory of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Miss Foxwell, in her admirable monograph (*A Study of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Poems,* p. 125ff,), presents strong evidence that in 1526, when a lad of nine, Surrey came into possession of the manuscript in which Wyatt wrote the first version of his poems, and that later he presented the volume to his sister, the Duchess of Richmond, presumably on the occasion of her marriage to Henry Richmond, the king's son. Surrey probably conceived thus early an admiration for the literary work of the senior poet. Yet it is not likely that the two poets were often thrown together prior to 1541. Wyatt was fourteen years older than Surrey; he was a protege of Cromwell, towards whom Surrey shared his father's enmity; and he favored the protestant movement in the Church. Moreover, with the exception of a few months in 1539, Wyatt was engaged in diplomatic service abroad from June 1537 to May 1540. But

the malicious attack of Bonner upon Wyatt after the fall of Cromwell evidently aroused the ire of Surrey, for he and his sister induced the new queen, Catherine Howard, to use her influence with the king in securing the release of the poet from the Tower. For the remaining two years of Wyatt's life there may well have existed a hearty friendship between the two poets. John Leland in his *Naeniae in Mortem Thomas Viati, Equitis Incomparabilis*, 1542, dedicated to Surrey, gives the following contemporary evidence of the relation of the two poets:

> Accipe, Regnorum comes illustrissime, carmen
> Quo mea Musa tuum laudavit moesta Viatum
> Non exspectato sublatum funere terris.
> Nominis ille tui, dum vixit, magnus amator.
> Nom modo tu vivum coluisti candidus illum,
> Verum etiam vita defunctum carmine tali
> Cola udasti, quale suum Chaucerus, avitae
> Dulce decus linguae, vel juste agnosceret esse.

The poem may be paraphrased as follows: "If in a rude and unscientific age, Jove won undying gratitude in Crete, and others won like gratitude elsewhere, for teaching the arts of humanity; if, even in times of greatest ingratitude, there have always been some to extol virtue—a goodly means to deter men from crime and to inflame them with a passion for virtue—; shall Wyatt's friends be blamed if, in modern days, they deplore—the only office that the living can perform for the dead—the loss of one who used his rare mind to teach Christ to his fellows? When living, his face vexed you, and now his very ashes consume you with envy."

13-14. Surrey has especially in mind Edmund Bonner and Simon Heynes, who, in 1538, accused Wyatt of complicity with Cardinal Pole, of loose living, and of speaking contemptuously of the king; charges which were pressed with such warmth after the death of his friend Cromwell in 1540 that Wyatt was confined for a time to the Tower.

45

See introductory note to the preceding poem.

2-3. See note to verses 13-14 of the preceding poem.

. Cf. Pet. *Son in Vita* 29.1-4:

> Quel ch' in Tessaglia ebbe le man si pronte
> A farla del civil sangue vermiglia,
> Pianse morto il marito di sua figlia,
> Raffigurato alle fattezze conte.

Cf. also *Ibid* 70. 1-4:

> Cesare, poi che 'l traditor d' Egitto
> Li fece il don dell' onorata testa,
> Celando l' allegrezza manifesta,
> Pianse per gli occhi fuor, siccome è scritto.

12. *Troie and Cris.* 5. 1788:

> And kiss the steps whereas thou seest pace
> Of Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Lucan, Stace.

46

See introductory note to no. 44.

47

The subject of this poem is Thomas Clere (died April 14, 1545), Surrey's companion and squire, who, in saving the life of Surrey at the siege of Montreuil (September 19, 1544), received a wound from which he never recovered. Clere was buried at Lambeth, in the chapel assigned to the Howards, and the verses were inscribed on the tablet suspended near the tomb.

1. Clere was born at Ormesby, his father's seat in Norfolk.

2. He was descended from the DeClermont house. Nott emends to read: "Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou'rt hight." But the emendation misses the meaning for the whole point of the epitaph is to identify Clere with the Howard family. In effect, the thought is as follows: "Though of another house, the Howards claim you: you were born in Norfolk, your remains rest in our chapel, you had the blood of the Ormondes, a house united to ours by marriage (Clere's uncle, Thomas Boleyn, a grandson of the seventh Earl of Ormonde, having married Elizabeth Howard), your lady was Mary Shelton, daughter of another allied house (Mary being the cousin of Anne Boleyn), and you chose me as your lord, saving my life at the expense of your own." The epitaph demonstrates the propriety of burying Clere in the Howard chapel.

3. His maternal grandmother was Margaret, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Ormonde.

4. Anne Boleyn; also descended from the Earl of Ormonde.

5. Clere was in love with Mary Shelton, a lady of the court. See notes to 21.

7. Kelsal; a town that had been burned in the expedition against Scotland in the autumn of 1542.

8. Surrey and Clere served under Sir John Wallop at the siege of Landrecy in October, 1543. Boulogne was taken by Henry in person, in September, 1544, a few days after the fall of Montreuil.

13. That these words are not mere rhetoric is evidenced by Surrey's generosity to his young attendant. Nott (LXXXVIII) cites the Patent Rolls to the effect that Surrey "made over to him all his rights in the Manor of Wyndham, which he had received by grant from the king, the 26th of November, 1545. On the 12th of May previous, he sold to him the Manor of Bradcarehall and the Rectory of Shropham in Norfolk."

48

The translations from Ecclesiastes and the Psalms are very free, and are given a modern atmosphere and a personal bent. They are full of the color of Tudor England, and they reflect the disillusionment of fortune that was so poignantly felt by sensitive and high-spirited men who were the victims of royal caprice. The introductory verses to Psalms 88 and 73 (See poems 35 and 36) furnish unequivocal evidence, quite aside from internal evidence, that the Psalms were translated during Surrey's final imprisonment, and the like temper of the translations from Ecclesiastes is strong presumptive evidence that they were produced at the

same time. They bespeak the same tormenting sense of the treachery of friends, the malice of enemies and the mutability of things temporal.

3-4. These verses illustrate the freedom which Surrey takes with the original. The Latin merely says (v. 2): *Vanitas vanitatum, dixit Ecclesiastes; vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas.*

7-10. Cf. the Vulgate (v.4): *Generatio praeterit, et generatio advenit; terra autem in aeternum stat.*

13-16. This passage is much more spirited and picturesque than the original (vs. 6-7): *Gyrat per meridiem, et flectitur ad aquilonem; lustrans universa in circuitu pergit spiritus, et in circulos suos revertitur. Omnia flumina intrant in mare, et mare non redundat; ad locum, unde exeunt flumina, revertuntur, ut iterum fluant.*

29. "Kyndled" is here an adjective.

29-30. Cf. the Vulgate (vs. 13): *Hanc occupationem pessiman dedit Deus filiis hominum, ut occuparentur in ea.*

43-44. "Such men as endeavor to institute new things can learn the futility thereof from those who receive these efforts with scorn." The Vulgate reads (vs. 17): *Et agnovi, quod in his quoque esset labor, et afflictio spiritus, eo quod in multa sapientia multa sit indignatio, et qui addit scientiam, addit et laborem.* Surrey arrives at his meaning through interpreting *indignatio* as the vexation or displeasure which ones search for wisdom causes others, not as the vexation felt by the searcher himself. The King James version properly accepts the latter interpretation: "For in much wisdom is much grief."

49

11ff. This very free translation is doubtless construed to Surrey's own ambitious designs in building Mount Surrey. It is most significant that there is no warrant in the original for the motive expressed in verse 12: "By princely actes thus straue I still to make my fame indure." The gaining of wisdom is the sole motive expressed in the original.

21-24. Note the liberties here taken in translation (vs.8): *Feci mihi cantores et cantatrices, et delicias filiorum hominum, scyphos et urceos in ministerio ad vina fundenda.*

35-39. This is all an amplification of the sentence (vs. 12): *Transivi ad contemplandam sapientiam, erroresque et stultitiam.*

35. "Then I realized how, thus glorying in my ability to achieve my ends, I had been the victim of my pride."

63-64. "Who can foretell the character of him to whom I must leave my goods?"

53-56. "As the just reward of folly is quickly forgotten after slanders' loathsome voice proclaims it, so that just fame which should attend the deserving is as quickly obliterated by time."

77-82. A departure from the original (vs. 26): *Homini bono in conspectu suo dedit Deus sapientiam, et scientiam et laetitiam; peccatori autem dedit aflictionem et curam superfluam, ut addat, et congreget, et tradit ei, qui placuit Deo; sed et hoc vanitas est, et cassa sollicitudo mentis.*

81-82. "But I, so far-famed for my riches, know how little value there is in the heaping up of treasure."

50

Surrey has construed the opening verses of this familiar chapter, designed to show the propriety of times and seasons to a pronouncement of the caprice and instability of man's conduct.

5. "The plants which we grafted with so much trouble."

11-12. Considering the destruction of the monasteries, a very suggestive Tudor interpretation of the Latin (vs. 5): *Tempus spargendi lapides, et tempus colligendi.*

25-33. An interesting treatment of the original (vs. 11): *Cuncta fecit bona in tempore suo, et mundum tradidit disputationi eorum, ut non inveniat homo opus, quod operatus est Deus ab initio usque ad finem.*

61-66. Surrey reads the golden mean and Christian largesse into this passage. The original is as follows (vs. 22): *Et deprehendi nihil esse melius, quam laetari hominem in opere suo, et hanc esse partem illius. Quis enim eum adducet, ut post se futura cognoscat?*

51

11-16. Cf. the Latin (vs. 4-6): *Rursum contemplatus sum omnes labores hominum, et industrias animadverti patere invidiae proximi; et in hoc ergo vanitas, et cura superflua est. Stultus complicat manus suas, et comedit carnes suas, dicens: Melior est pugillus cum requie, quam plena utraque manus cum labore et afflictione animi.*

37-46. This passage is construed and elaborated from the following (vs. 14-15): *Quod de carcere catenisque interdum quis egrediatur ad regnum; et alius natus in regno, inopia consumatur. Vidi cunctos viventes, qui ambulant sub sole cum adolescente secundo, qui consurget pro eo.*

43-44. "I have seen others, friends or foes indifferently, wear their feet bare in pursuing those on whom fortune smiles."

49. "A train equally as great."

51-58. The King James translation does not recognize the following verse (17) which is the basis for these fervent lines: *Multo enim melior est obedientia, quam stultorum victimae, qui nesciunt, quid faciunt mali.* Surrey evidently had in mind, among other passages, Psalm 50. 17 (Psalm 51, 17, in the King James version): *Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus: cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies.*

52

29-30. These verses give utterance to that doctrine of moderation so often met in the writers of this period. See notes to 41.

The couplet is an interpolation, though the thought is the converse of that in verse 9 of the Vulgate (vs. 10 of the King James version), in which the discontent of the rich is expressed.

31-32. The fine sentiment in this couplet is construed from the following (vs. 8): *Et insuper universae terrae rex imperat servienti.*

37-38. The original hardly warrants this construction (vs. 10): *Ubi multae sunt opes, multi at qui comedunt eas. Et quid prodest possessori, nisi quod cernit divitias oculis suis.*

40. Nott alters to read, "and feasts of none excess", but the Vulgate confirms the manuscript reading (vs. 11): *Dulcis est somnus operanti, sive parum, sive multum comedat.*

41-42. The meaning of this awkward passage would seem to be something as follows: "But the rich lie awake, whose animal heat cannot so soon induce rest, beacuse it cannot digest the variety of meats with which they have overcharged their bodies." The Latin is as follows (vs. 14): *Saturitas autem divitis non sinit eum dormire.*

53-62. In this passage the poet construes the thought to extol benevolence. The vulgate reads (vs. 17-18): *Hoc itaque visum est mihi bonum, ut comedat quis, et bibat, et fruatur laetitia ex labore suo, quo laboravit ipse sub sole numero dierum vitae suae, quos dedit ei Deus, et haec est pars illius. Et omni homini, cui dedit Deus divitias, atque substantiam potestatemque ei tribuit, ut commedat ex eis, et fruatur parte sua, et laetetur de labore suo: hoc est donum Dei.*

53

This Psalm is found only in *MS. A.* It has none of the intense emotion of the other three Psalms, and may have been written at an earlier period. The translation is free, very spirited, full of color, and worshipful in tone.

45-52. The only suggestion for these lines is the concluding verse (10): *Domine Dominus noster, quam admirable est nomen tuum in universa terra,* with the addition of the Gloria, or Doxology, commonly used after the psalm itself.

54

Although this Psalm appears after Psalms 88 and 73 in both *MSS. P* and *A,* its haughty militant tone is in marked contrast to the exalted resignation that characterizes them, and has led Bapst to assign it to the early days—the 2 to the 12—of December, 1546, during which Surrey, in common with his erstwhile friend, now his accuser, Sir Richard Southwell, was merely detained in custody. Surrey allows himself the utmost latitude in translation; indeed, the poem is to all intents and purposes autobiographical,— and angry invective against his enemies.

11-12. "What means of flight can my complaints lay hold of, that I may escape from the stormy blasts that threaten me?"

13. An interesting adaptation of the Latin (vs. 10): *praecipita, Domine: divide linguas eorum.*

The "conjured league" are his accusers, such as Southwell, Sir Edmund Knyvet, and Sir Gawain Carew, who arose on every hand to inform against Surrey.

22-25. Sir Richard Southwell, who had informed the Council that Surrey had used the arms of Edward the Confessor in quartering his arms. Southwell, though thirteen years older than Surrey, had long been an intimate friend. Surrey alludes to him as "my friend" in a letter to his father under date of October 15, 1536 (*Letters and Papers,* 11, 727;

quoted by Bapst, p. 220.); Southwell was for a time attached to the household of Norfolk, took part with Surrey in the Pilgrimage of Grace, and served under him in France.

26. I see no need of altering "them" to "him". The poet's mind here reverts to the many enemies that suddenly had come out into the open, the "conjured league." The original itself observes this sudden change to the plural (vs. 16): *Veniat mors super illos, et descendant in infernum viventes.*

38-39. The Vulgate merely says (vs. 22): *Molliti sunt sermones ejus super oleum; et ipsi sunt jacula.* Surrey evidently had in mind the prior English translations.

42-48. At this point Surrey impatiently drops the role of translator, and gives vent to his indignation. The "friar", whose falseness is here condemned, has not been identified. He was evidently some ecclesiastic who had been a party to the accusation, or who, during Surrey's confinement, had sought to deceive him, perhaps by giving him false assurance.

47. By "thother Psalm" I think that Surrey meant not another Psalm, but the untranslated verse (23) of the present Psalm: *Jacta super Dominum curam tuam, et ipse te enutriet: non dabit in aeternum fluctuationem justo.* Perhaps the poet had quite as much in mind the succeeding and final verse: *Tu vero, Deus, deduces eos in puteum interitus. Viri sanguinum, et dolosi non dimidiabunt dies suos; ego autem sperabo in te, Domine.*

55

This poem is marked by a spirit of repentance and deep humility; it is the utterance of a Christian gentleman schooling himself to the thought of death. Verse 37, "My wretched state beholde whome death shall strait assaile," to all intents an interpolation, leaves no doubt, quite aside from other testimony, as to the time of composition. The poet has construed a Psalm which, though "containing a grievous complaint," is not penitential, to voice his own deep sense of repentance. Thus, verses 3-4,

> Graunt that the iust request of this repentaunt mynd
> So perce thyne eares that in thy sight some fauour it may find,

are represented in the Latin only by the following (vs. 3): *Intret in conspectu tuo oratio mea: inclina aurem tuam ad precem meam.* Verse 5: "My sowle is fraughted full with grief of follies past," is construed from the words (v. 4), *Quia repleta est malis anima mea.* Again, verses 33-34,

> And in the morning eke, when that the slepe is fledd,
> With floods of salt repentaunt teres to washe my restles bedd,

are construed from the clause (v. 14), *Et mane oratio mea praeveniet te*

9. "To please my foe" is a pure interpolation.

13-14. The very personal application of these verses is emphasized by a comparison with the Latin (vs. 9): *Longe fecisti notos meos a me: posuerunt me abominationem sibi.*

19-31. The translation is here very free. Thus, verses 19-22 are represented in the Latin only by the clause (v. 11), *Numquid mortuis facies mirabilia?* Verses 25-26 translate (v. 13), *Numquid cognoscentur in tenebris mirabilia tua, et justitia tua in terra oblivionis.* Verses 29-30 are interpolated.

37-38. The Latin merely says (v. 16): *Pauper sum ego, et in laboribus a juventute mea: exaltatus autem, humiliatus sum et conturbatus.*

43-44. Note that Surrey does not, as does the Psalmist, attribute this forced absence of his friends to God's doings: (v. 19): *Elongasti a me amicum et proximum et notos meos a miseria.*

56

29-30. Cf. the Latin (v. 13); *Ergo sine causa justificavi cor meum, et lavi inter innocentes manus meas.*

34-37. Cf. the Latin (v. 15-16): *Si dicebam: Narrabo sic: ecce nationem filiorum tuorum reprobavi. Existimabam, ut cognoscerem hoc, labor est ante me.*

39-51. Surrey clearly has his proud enemies in mind.

43-48. An amplification of the following verse (20): *Velut somnium surgentium, Domine, in civitate tua imaginem ipsorum ad nihilum rediges.*

49-50. A very free adaptation; the Latin reads (v. 21): *Quia inflammatum est cor meum, et renes mei commutati sunt.*

53. This verse is an interpolation, and therefore doubly significant as a biographical reference. It is one of several passages in his Psalms which show that Surrey had long had bitter enemies.

15-56. A poetical translation of the words (v. 24): *Tenuisti manum dexteram meam.*

57

Surrey's translation of the second book of the *Æneid* cannot be assigned to an earlier date than 1539, as it shows frequent indebtedness to the Italian translation by Cardinal Hippolito de Medici or his secretary which appeared as a separate volume that year, and appeared in the following year in a translation of the first six books by various authors.

There is some uncertainty as to which of the two books, the second or the fourth, Surrey translated first. The fact that the translation of the fourth book is obviously indebted to the Italian version in blank verse by Nicolo Liburnio published in 1534, and that this translation owes little if anything at all to the translation by Piccolomini which appeared in the 1540 volume referred to above, and the further fact that the fourth book seems to have been better known,—so much better, in fact, that Day printed it in 1554, apparently ignorant that Surrey had translated any other book—, favor assigning priority of translation to this book.

On the other hand, the second book is more indebted to the translation by Hippolito than is the fourth book to the version by Liburnio, and the second book leans much more upon the Scotch translation by Gawin Douglas than does the fourth book. Moreover, the second book

uses the old suffix *en* seven times (vs. 77, 291, 741, 196, 206, 824, 884) as opposed to four instances of its use in H (*Ms. Hargrave 205*)., the earliest version of Book Four, and the prefix *y* five times (vs. 137, 157, 219, 336, 523), as opposed to one instance in H. Furthermore, the anapaest is used only nine times (vs. 62, 245, 304, 435, 591, 614, 755, 786, 991), and the amphibrach only two or three times (vs. 333, 638, 1012), in Book Two, as opposed to twelve anapaests and thirteen amphibrachs in H. (For the line references in H., see the introductory note to the notes on Book Four.) Surrey employed these feet much more freely in his later verse. Again, as Imelmann points out, certain expressions in the second book which translate the Latin literally are to be met with again in the fourth book, where they can only be regarded as very free translations. Thus Virgil 2. 98-99, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas,* yields (2. 122) "*In common eares* false *rumors gan he sowe,*" whereas v. 4. 189, *Haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat,* is translated (H. 244-245),

> This monster blith with manie a tale gan sowe
> This rumour then into the common eares.

So also V. 2. 624, *considere in ignes,* yields (2. 821) "fall down in *burning gledes*", whereas V. 4. 167, *fulsere ignes,* is translated (H. 215), "with *burning gledes* of flame." As *sow* is a closer translation of *spargere* than of *replebat,* the presumption is that in each of these instances the phrasing in the fourth book was influenced by the phrasing in the second. Taking all factors into account, I am inclined to think that the second book was the first to be translated.

In both books Surrey was much indebted to the Scotch translation by Douglas, borrowing words and phrases at will. I have not attempted to note all such obligations, but I have given characteristic instances in the notes to Book Two, and in the notes to Book Four have endeavored to quote all passages from Douglas which throw light upon the variants in the three versions of the translation. From the Italian translations I have intended to quote all significant passages. I question, however, whether Surrey actually borrowed from Piccolomini at all, a doubt that is also entertained by Miss Willcock. Surrey's great indebtedness to the Italians was in the matter of form. In them he had models of concise translation, in contrast to the prolixity of Douglas. His ambition would seem to have been to surpass the Italians themselves in succinctness and he actually succeeded in compressing the thought into fewer lines than they, approximating the frugality of the Latin itself. Thus Virgil has 705 lines in Book Four; Liburnio, 1141; Piccolomini, 1005; and Surrey, 940.

In translating the second book Surrey would also seem to have been mindful of a French translation by Octavien de Sainct Gelais, Bishop of Angoulême, which was part of *Les Oeuvres de Virgille* that appeared in 1529. There is some reason to think that Douglas had access to this translation in manuscript form. I have not been able to secure rotographs of this book, but have noted the more significant parallelisms from the table of comparative passages furnished by Fest.

18-22. Cf. Dg(68.1-5).:

> The Greikis chiftanes, irkit of the weir
> Bypast or than so mony langsum ȝeir,
> And oft rebutit by fataile destany,
> Ane huige hors, like ane greit hill, in hy
> Craftelie thai wrocht in wirschip of Pallas.

22. *Minerua* may be suggested by Hip. (23): di *minerua* Con diuin'arte.

36-39. Cf. Dg(69.4-8).:

> Quharfor all thai of Troy, blyth as thai mocht,
> Thair langsum duile and murnyng did away,
> Keist wp the portis and ischit furth to play,
> The Greikis tentis desyrus for to se,
> And voyd placis quhar thai war wont to be.

40. Pyrrhus may be suggested by Hip. (45): qui stauan le genti Di *Pirrho*.

71-72. Cf. Oct(Fest 59).:

> Las! si fortune alors nous eust bien dit,
> Allheure estoit leur prinse descouverte.

V(54-55). reads:

> Et, si fata deum, si mens non laeva fuisset,
> Impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras.

74-78. Cf. Dg(71.1-5).:

> Lo, the ilk tyme, harland onto the King
> Troiane hirdis with greit clamour did bring
> A ȝong man, baith his handis behynd his bak
> Hard bundin, that wilfully for to be tak
> Rendrit himself.

82-83. The influence of Hip (98-100). is apparent:

> La giouentu Troiana d' ogn' intorno
> Sparsa corre a uederlo e fanno a gara,
> Chi piu faccia al prigion uergogna e scorno.

V(63-64). reads:

> Undique visendi studio Troiana iuventus
> Circumfusa ruit, certantque inludere capto.

87. Cf. Hip (104).: Sbigottito nel uolto. V(67). reads:

> Namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus.

135. Cf. Oct(Fest 59).: reprint son dire. V(107). merely reads *fatur*.

293. Oct(Fest 58). may have influenced the translation:

> Droit au temple de la dame Pallas.

V(232). does not mention the name of the goddess:

> Ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque divae
> Numina conclamant.

298-301. Cf. Dg(81.31-82.4).:

> The fatale monstour clame our the wallis then,
> Greit wamit, and stuffit full of armyt men;
> And thair about ran childring and maidis ȝing,
> Singand carellis and dansand in a ring;
> Full wele was thame, and glad was euery wycht,
> That with thair handis anis twich the cordis mycht.

311. Cf. Hip (363).: dal uoler di Dio *sospinta;* whereas V(247). only says: Ora dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.

339. Cf. Hip (395).: Le *coniurate* lor schiere ordinando. V(267). reads: agmina conscia iungunt.

352. Cf. Hip (410).:

e inuolti i crespi crini
Nel sangue hauea.

V(277). merely says. concretos sanguine crinis.

395. Cf. Hip. (457):

Allhor la falsa fede e i fieri inganni
De i Greci ascosti u' appariscon ueri.

V(309-310). reads:

Tum vero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
Insidiae.

445-462. Cf. Dg(89.8-30).:

O, ȝe most forcy ȝong men that bene heir,
With breistis strang, and sa bald curage hie,
In vayne ȝe preis to succour this citie
Quhilk byrnis all in fire and flambis reid;
The goddis ar all fled out of this steid,
Throw quhais mycht stuide our empire mony day;
Now all thair templis and altaris waist leif thai.
Bot gif ȝour desire be sa fermlie prest
To follow me, dar tak the wtyrmest
Quhat fortune is betyde, all thingis ȝe se;
Thair is na mair; lat ws togidder dee,
And in amyd our enemyis army schute.
To wencust folkis is a confort and bute
Nane hoipe of help to beleif, or reskew.
Swa, with thir wourdis, the ȝong menis curage grew,
That in the dyrk like rawynnis wolfis, or rawis,
Quham the blynd fury of thair empty mawis
Dryvis furtht of thair den to seik thair pray,
Thair litle quhelpis left with dry throtis quhill day;
So, throw the wapnis and our fais went we
Apoun the deid vndowtit, and wald not fle.
Amyd the cietie we held the master streit;
The dirk nycht hid ws with clos schaddowis meit.

515. The translation was probably influenced by the Italian (595):

Contra al uoler de i Dei speranza alcuna.

V(402). reads Heu nihil invitis fas quemquam fidere divis.

518. Cf. Hip. (600).: Gli occhi *infiammati*. V(405). reads: ardentia lumina.

544. Cf. Hip (629).: A gli altar sacri de *l'armata* dea. V(425). reads: divae armipotentis ad aram.

593-601. Cf. Dg(95.25-96.1).:

Theirat I enterit, and to the wallis hycht
Wpwent, quhair wrechit Troianis, as thai mycht,
Threw doun dartis, thocht all was bot in waist.
We stert ontill a hie turret on haist,
The top wpstrekand to the sterris hie,
Quharon we wont war all Troy for to see,
The Grekis schippis, and thair tentis eik.
With instrumentis of yrne we pyke, and seik
Round all about quhar the ionyngis war worn.

607-608. Cf.Cf. Hip (691-692).:

Al portico dinanzi, e ne la prima
Porta con l' arme staua lieto Pirrho.

V(469-470). merely says:

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
Exultat.

655-665. Cf. Dg(98.17-99.5).:

Perauentur, of Priamus ȝe wald speir
How tyde the chance; his fait, gif ȝe list, heir.
Quhen he the cietie saw takin and doun bet,
And of his palice broken every ȝet,
Amyd the secrete closettis eik his fais,
The ald gray, all for nocht, to him tays
His hawbrek quhilk was lang furth of vsage,
Set on his shoulderis trymbling than for age;
A swerd, but help, about him beltis he,
And ran towart his fais, reddy to de.
Amyd the cloiss, vnder the hevin all bair,
Stude thair that tyme a mekle fair altair,
Neir quhame thar grew a rycht auld laurer tree,
Bowand towart the altair a little wee,
That with his schaddow the goddis did ourheild.

675-676. The repetition of *such* is suggested by Hip. (778-779):

Non tale aiuto, non difese tali
Quanto tempo richiude.

685-686. Cf. Hip. (788-789).:

e piegato le gran corti uote
Ricerca in uano.

V(528-529). reads: vacua atria lustrat Saucius.

711. *Without sound*: Cf. V(544-545).:

Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit rauco quod protinus aere repulsum.

721. Cf. Hip. (826):

Questo di fatti fu di priamo il fine.

V(554). reads:

Haec finis Priami fatorum; his exitus illum
Sorte tulit.

740-745. Cf. Dg(102.1-6).:

All war thai fled full wery, left me allane;
Sum to erd loppin fro the hie towris of stane,
Sum in the fyre thair irkit bodyis leit fall.
Thair was na ma bot I left of thame all,
Quhen in the temple of Vesta the goddes
Lurkand full law, intill a secrete place—

749. Cf. Hip(853).:

Per la ruina de la antiche mura.

V(571). merely says: eversa ob Pergama.

781-782. Cf. Hip(889).:

Figlio, qual gran furor ti muoue, e spinge
Ire si fiero?

V(594). reads:

Nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras.

788. Cf. Hip(897).:

E se non fusse ch'io pur gli ho difesi.

V(599). reads: ni mea cura resistat.

795. Cf. Hip(906-957).: e ti fa *oscuro* intorno. V(05) reads: et umida circum Caligat.

818-823. Cf. Dg(105.3-9).:

This saing, sche hir hid in the clos nycht.
Than terrible figuris apperis to my sycht
Of greit goddis, semand with Troy aggrevit.
And tho beheld I all the citie mischevit,
Fair Ilion all fall in gledis doun,
And, fra the soill, grete Troy, Neptunus toun,
Ourtumblit to the ground.

Razed may have been suggested by Oct(Fest 59).:

> Lors me sembla que tout fust embrasé
> En feu et flammes Ilion et rasé.

859. Cf. Hip(978-979).: al *crudo* fato Ceder. V(653). reads, fatoque urgenti incumbere.

880-890. Cf. Dg(107.22-108.1).:

> The lattir end, thus vencust and wndone.
> Callis ws agane to battale and assay:
> Haue done, cum on, this is our lattir day.
> Rendir me to the Grekis, or suffir me
> The bargane agane begwn at I ma see;
> This day wnwrokin we sall neuir al be slane.
> About me than my swerd I felt agane,—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And litle Iulus forgane his fadir upset:
> Gif thou list pas, quod sche, thi self to spill—

896. Cf. Hip(1020-1021).:

> Ella cosi gridaua, e d'un gran pianto
> Tutta la casa empiua.

V(679). reads:

> Talia vociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat.

915. Cf. Hip(1044-1045).:

> e seco indi trahea
> Con molta luce una facella accesa.

V(694). reads: facem ducens.

917. Cf. Hip(1048-1049).:

> ne la selua Idea
> Asconder i suoi raggi.

V(696). reads: Idaea claram se condere silva.

921-925. Cf. Dg(109.19-24).:

> With that, my fader vencust start on fuite,
> And to the goddis carpis to be our bruite,
> The haly sterne adornit he rycht thair:
> Now, now, quod he, I tary ne langair;
> I follow, and quhiddir ȝe gide me sall I wend.
> O native goddis, ȝour awne kinrent defend.

943-944. Cf. Oct(Fest 58).:

> Ung temple y a de longue antiquité.
> Jadis basty pour Ceres la deesse.

V(714). merely says: templum vetustum Desertae Cereris.

967. Cf. Oct(Fest 58).:

> bien certes pensoye
> Estre echappé de peril.

V(730-731). reads:

> omnemque videbar
> Evasisse viam.

1051. Cf. Oct(Fest 58).: l'enfant qui fuit *e tien e mien.*

V(789). reads: nati communis.

58

There are extant three sixteenth century versions of Surrey's translation of the fourth book, a version printed by John Day for William Owen, presumably in 1554, Tottel's printed version of 1557, and a version in Ms. Hargrave 205. Of these three, the manuscript version, though Eliza-

bethan, most nearly reproduces Surrey's original translation. The manuscript contains, in addition to this Virgilian translation, The Tragedy of Gismund of Salerne and a dictionary of poetical epithets. As the tragedy and the translation are in the same hand, the small conventional hand of the professional scribe, and as the tragedy is early Elizabethan work, having been produced before the Queen by the "Gentlemen of the Inns of Court" in 1568, this copy of the translation cannot be pre-Elizabethan. Manifestly the copy was made for some gentleman who felt the sixteenth century gentleman's preference for a manuscript, rather than a printed, version. But though the copy is so late, it follows an original that must have been early and relatively authentic, for, as compared to the two printed texts, it contains many archaic words and traditional inflections, grammatical irregularities, inconsistencies in tense, a relative disregard of the identity of word accent and of metrical accent, incomplete verses, and a greater indebtedness to the earlier translations, notably to that of Gawin Douglas. This version, slightly emended where errors and omissions would seem to have crept in, is presented as the nearest approach to Surrey's actual translation. It may be that the poet reworked his translation to some extent, but this version was the approximate basis for any such revision.

Of Day's printed version, only one copy is known to be extant. Until eight years ago this copy formed a part of the rare library of Christie Millar at Britwell Court, Burnham Beeches. In 1920 it was in the hands of Sotheby for disposal and its present owner is unknown to the writer. As scholars were not given access to the volume, there were various conjectures about it, both as to the date of publication and the authenticity of the text. This uncertainty was finally relieved through the studies of Miss Gladys D. Willcock who gained access to the books just before the opening of the war, but who was unable to revise her copy or correct her proof from the original text through the subsequent closing of the library. Miss Willcock, whose work gives every evidence of accuracy, published a preliminary description of the book in *The Modern Language Review,* vol. 14 pp. 163-172, a table of variants from the readings of T. and H. in vol. 15, pp. 113-123, and a discussion of the relative authenticity of the three versions in vol. 17, pp. 131-149. Miss Willcock most generously furnished me with the table of variants before it appeared in printed form and it served as the basis for my discussion of the texts as it appears below. Her own conclusions, subsequently published, and arrived at in turn without reference to mine, agree in the main therewith.

Miss Willcock correctly argues that as the poet's son became the Duke of Norfolk on the death of his grandfather in August 1554, and as Day presumably issued no books in 1555 and 1556 (Cf. E. Gordon Duff, *Century of Printing,* p. 58), this book, which must have preceded Tottel's edition of 1557 inasmuch as it presents only the fourth book and that in a version obviously known to Tottel, must have appeared in the closing months of 1554.

Despite the claims of the dedication, the book is most carelessly done, for it contains a very large number of misprints. These, however, are easily detected.

A line by line comparison of H. and D. leaves no room for doubt that *in the main* H. furnishes earlier readings than D. In the first place, H. shows much more indebtedness to the Scotch translation by Douglas than does D., there being many passages in which D. departs from earlier readings as found in H. which had been influenced by this translation, and only a solitary passage in which the reverse is true. Moreover, D. builds out three lines metrically incomplete in H. (*230, 693, 892.* Here, and in subsequent references, the line numbers are those of D., which are identical with those of T.): it revises fifteen readings to avoid such archaisms as the old verbal suffixes *en* and *eth,* the verbal prefix *y,* the infinitive introduced by *for to,* and the auxiliaries *nedes, gan, do, doth, did* (*2,* 13, *22,* 40, 83, 185, 187, 194, 355, 368, 495, 548, 785, 811, 812); it revises twelve verses in the interest of normal accent (53, 173, 174, 239, 314, 460, 535, 583, 635, 782, 889, 906); it revises twenty-one sentences to improve the syntax (*29, 252,* 254, 341-343, 377-379, 384, 425, 454, 532, 601, 609, 664, 678, 717, 739, 750, 791, 806, 841-843, 898, 904); it successfully revises six verses to secure more finished phrasing (14, 191, 650, 873, 892, 905); and effectively revises twenty-eight passages,—words, phrases, or entire sentences—, in the interest of accurate translation (54, 133, 135, 184, 268, 300, 329, 341-343, 375, 408-412, 483, 486, 579, 587, 656, 674, 686, 694, 702, 750, 775, 778, 779, 796, 816, 873, 893, 909). Again it makes very generous use of the anapaest and amphibrach, employing the former three or four times as often as does H., and the amphibrach twice as often.

On the other hand, there are some verses in D. that are more defective in syntax and in metre, and a large number that are more defective in translation than the corresponding verses in H. These will be considered later.

The interesting question at once arises, did Surrey himself make some, or all, of the revisions enumerated above. That he did not make all of them is certain; on the other hand, it is conceivable, although the evidence is rather inconclusive, that he did make some of them.

Comparison with those poems which were obviously written in his later years creates a strong presumption against attributing to Surrey those changes in D. made in the interest of more modernized reading. The following very partial series of references to the later poems will show how freely Surrey used the infinitive introduced by *for to* and the auxiliaries *gan* and *do* in his later verse:

The infinitive introduced by *for to*:

Psalm 88 (No. 55; date, 1546): vs. 17, 18.

"Good ladies, you that have your pleasure in exyle" (No. 33; date, 1544-1546): vs. 11.

The auxiliaries *do, did, doth*:

Prologue to Psalm 73 (No. 36; date 1546): vs. 9.

Psalm 73 (No. 56; date 1546): vs. 3.

Psalm 88: vs. 42.
"Good ladies, you that have your pleasure in exyle": vs. 3.
A Tribute to Wyatt (No. 44; date 1542): vs. 13, 14.
A Second Tribute to Wyatt (No. 45; date, 1542): vs. 1, 12, 13.
A Third Tribute to Wyatt (No. 46; date, 1542): vs. 5, 9, 18.
A Tribute to Thomas Clere (No. 47; date, 1545): vs. 6, 11.

The auxiliary *gan*:

"Eache beeste can chuse his feere" (No 34; date, 1542): vs. 12, 18, 26.
Prologue to Psalm 73: vs. 10.
Psalm 73: vs. 34.

The verbal suffix *ed* treated as a separate syllable occurs about once in every ten lines in H., an average that is maintained in the later poems. Again, the suffix *eth* is very common in the later poems, the poet affecting it rather than avoiding it.

There remain those rare instances in which H. uses the verbal suffix *en* and the verbal prefix *y*. The former occurs four times (vs. 13, 84, 247, 545) and the latter once (vs. 9). With the exception of vs. 247, D. revises all of these lines to obviate the archaisms. As these forms are not to be met in any of the later poems, the revisions are clearly in line with Surrey's ultimate practice. Moreover, as the suffix *en* occurs seven times in the translation of Book Two and the prefix *y*, five times, unless H. itself represents the revision of some still earlier version, the translation of the fourth book would seem to record the changing practice of the poet so far as these forms are concerned. The internal evidence, however, does not favor assigning these revisions in D. to Surrey, for they violate that close translation of the Latin which Surrey seems to have been scrupulously careful to secure. Vs. 13 reads in H.:

What dremes
Be these that me tormenten thus afraide?

D. revises to read:

Be these that me tormented thus afray,

changing the finite verb to a participle, and the participle to a finite verb. The Latin (9) favors H.:

Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent?

Likewise in vs. 545 the Latin (417), *vocat* iam carbasus auras, favors the finite verb in H.:

The streminge sayles abyden but for windes.

rather than the participle *abiding* in D.

Again, it is not likely that Surrey was responsible for those revisions in D. aimed to secure identity of word accent and metrical accent. He appreciated that blank verse must be flexible, that to sustain a spirited narrative the measure must be kept vigorous through a judicious interspersion of trochees and other feet, and there is abundant evidence that he aimed to keep his blank verse from becoming flabby or mechanical.

Nor is it reasonable to assign to Surrey those many revisions in D. that result in anapaests and amphibrachs. To be sure, these feet are

found more often in H. than in Book Two, the anapaest occurring twelve times in H. (58, 67, 161, 389, 415, 457, 484, 771, 809, 866, 901, 924) as opposed to nine in Book Two (62, 245, 304, 435, 591, 614, 755, 786, 991), and, disregarding such elisions as *eyen, heuen, descriest,* the amphibrach occurring fifteen times in H. (117, 129, 219, 349, 424, 441, 536, 647, 675, 697, 709, 717, 722, 828, 908) as opposed to three times in Book Two (332, 638, 1012). But D. affects these feet, adding over thirty anapaests and a dozen amphibrachs, often, in fact, inserting unnecessary words in order to secure them. The later poems do not show any such marked predilection for these feet. Moreover, T. does not follow D. in the majority of these readings, showing incidentally that D. represents the work of some reviser whose changes did not commend themselves to the later editor.

The improvements in syntax that D. secures include many slight revisions to obtain uniformity in the tense and number of verbs, and a few elaborate revisions to remedy imperfect sentences. The former type of revision is illustrated in the following: H(528-529). reads:

> When the blake swarme creepes ouer all the feeldes,
> & thrawt the grasse by straight pathes dragg ther praye.

D (532). replaces *dragg by drags,* thus securing consistency in number. As an example of the more elaborate revision may be cited the respective translations of vs. 628-629:

> Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
> Imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotesque.

With his characteristic conciseness Surrey translated to read (H. 836-838):

> Our coostes to them contrarie be thei aie,
> I craue of God; that our streames to ther fluddes;
> Armes vnto armes; & ofspringe of ech race!

D (841-843). revised as follows:

> Our costes to them contrary be for aye,
> I crave of God; and our streames to their fluddes;
> Armes unto armes; and ofspring of eache race
> With mortal warr eche other may fordoe!

Although D. secures better sentence construction, it amplifies the last clause in a manner quite foreign to Surrey. While, therefore, Surrey may have made some of these revisions, he clearly did not make all of them.

The improvements in translation to be noted in D. concern for the most part such slight points as the translation of a singular noun by a plural, or a plural by a singular, or the closer translation of a Latin verb, but in a few instances D. corrects a glaring mistranslation. A conspicuous illustration of the latter is furnished in the translation of vs. 42-43:

> Hinc deserta siti regio, lateque furentes
> Barcaei.

Misunderstanding *siti* and taking it for a proper noun, Surrey originally translated as follows (H. 54-55):

> On tother hand, the desert realme of Scythe,
> The Barceans, whose furie stretcheth wide.

D. corrects to read:

> On thother hand, a desert realme for thurste.

It is quite conceivable that Surrey made some of these revisions, because he was scrupulously anxious to secure an accurate translation, and one of the versions of which Owen, the editor of D., speaks may contain such author's revisions.

On the other hand, there are more instances in which D. mistranslates where H. follows the Latin, than instances in which D. corrects faulty translations in H. Altogether I have noted thirty-four such passages (D., vs. 32, 41, 50, 72, 88, 161, 196, 208, 209, 233-234, 261, 262, 270, 279, 330, 352, 362, 413, 421, 480, 519, 635, 646, 670, 707, 716, 809, 846, 868, 907, 917). One or two glaring illustrations will suffice. Vs. 151-153 of the Latin read as follows:

> Postquam altos ventum in montes atque invia lustra,
> Ecce ferae, saxi delectae vertice, caprae
> Decurrere iugis.

H (196-199). translates:

> But to the hills and wide holtes when thei came,
> From the rockes toppe the wild savage rooes
> Availe the hill, & on the other syde,
> Over the laundes thei gan to take ther course.

Rooes is of course not the exact equivalent of *caprae,* but D. mistook the word for the verb *rose* and in an effort to emend, never consulting the Latin produced the following:

> From the rocks top the driven savage rose.
> Loe! from the hill above, on th other side,
> Throught the wyde lawnds they gan to take their course.

Again, note the translation of the following (201-202):

> pecudumque cruore
> Pingue solum et variis florentia limnia sertis.

H (260-261). renders:

> The erthe imbrued with yelded blood of bestes,
> & thresholdes spredd with garlandes strange of hew.

D reads:

> Flowers embrused yelded bloode of beastes,
> And threshold spred with garlands of strange hue.

This ridiculous reading in D. is the result of some revisionist's misunderstanding of an earlier version, a version which supplied the line to T.:

> The floores embrude with yelded bloud of beastes.

From this comparison, if not from the preceding, it is necessary to conclude that the inaccuracies in translation to be found in D. are not to be charged to an early author's version, but rather to conclude that Owen, or one of the revisers who made the copies to which Owen alludes in his Preface, revised without consulting the Latin.

There are also frequent lines in D. that bespeak a very faulty ear (D. 39, 42, 395, 431, 584, 595, 919), and other lines that contain phrases less vigorous or picturesque, in short less poetical, than the corresponding lines in H. (D. 27, 42, 165, 177, 226, 240, 320, 324, 792). I take it that none of these readings can be Surrey's. Thus, translating the following (247):

> Atlantis duri, caelum qui vertice fulcit,

H (318). reads:

That with his crowne sustaines the welkin vp.

D. substitutes *sholders* for *crowne,* which is less accurate, less metrical, and less picturesque. In the same context, D. alters the lines (321-322):

& from his chinn
The springes discende, his frosted beard with yse.

to read:

Hhe springes discende, his frosted beard with yse.

Although the accent is normalized, the line is distinctly weakened. In attempting to improve the following line (H. 428),

& these wordes few at lengthe furth gan he cast,

D. treats *wordes* as a dissyllable and blunders into an unpleasant internal rhyme:

These wordes yet at last then forth he cast.

Surrey would never have been guilty of such lines as these. They should not be interpreted as early and crude readings that remained imbedded in D. though corrected in H.

Although, as stated above, D. is, in the main, less archaic than H., more correct in syntax, more careful in accentuation, and more regular in number of feet, there are a few instances in which the reverse is true. Thus D. 232 contains, as opposed to H., the infinitive *for to tell;* and D. 247, a suffix in *en*:

Aeneas comen sprong of Troyan blode.

Are these reminiscent of Surrey's original readings? It may be. As opposed to H., D. also presents three instances in which the wrong tense is used: vs. 91, *left for leaves;* 99, *stared* for *stareth;* 219, *withheld* for *withholdes.* These also may represent Surrey's earliest readings. D. 492 contains an incorrect verb form, used to avoid an additional syllable:

Ay me! with rage and furies am I drive.

H. reads, *loe! I drive.* As the Latin (376) uses a passive verb, Heu! furiis incensa *feror,* D. may here give Surrey's original rendering. There are, finally, four verses in D. (80, 300, 641, 805) in which the accents are irregular, as opposed to regular accentuation in H., and six verses (90, 312, 401, 445, 489, 765) in which four or six feet are used instead of five. Some of these lines also may furnish the original translations. Thus the Latin (234),

Ascanione pater Romanas invidet arces?

is rendered in D (299-300).:

The towers yet of Rome doth he envy
To young Ascanus, that is his father?

This is awkward, but it observes the force of the Latin dative, and sounds earlier than the corresponding line in H (208).:

That is the father of Ascanius.

There remain for consideration three passages in which D. merely quotes the Latin in lieu of translation, and a solitary passage in which D. is closer to the translation of Douglas (Dg.) than is H. As in two

of the three instances in which D. quotes the Latin the same verses are untranslated in H (152, 251-252)., the presumption is that Surrey had not found satisfactory translations and had left the lines for further consideration. The third passage is translated in H(387-391)., but as it is a peculiarly difficult one to turn into equally concise English, D. is probably earlier than H., the Latin interpolation representing an original hiatus in Surrey's text. The Latin (301-303) is as follows:

qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
Orgia nocturnusque vocat clamore Cithaeron.

H(387-391) translates:

As Thyas sturrs, the sacred rites begonne,
When the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her furth, hering Bacchus name halowed,
& when the feastfull night of Cytheron
Doth call her owt, with noise of her dawnsing.

T(391-394). reads:

And when the wonted third yeres sacrifice
Doth prick her fourth, hering Bachus name hallowed,
And that the festful night of Citheron
Doth call her fourth, with noyes of dauncing.

It may be, of course, that D. follows a reviser who noted the metrical irregularities in the original of H. and the faulty syntax of the original of T., and so concluded to leave the passage for further study. The chances are, however, that Owen would not have printed the Latin if he had found any English version. This would seem to be one instance where the D. version is rather clearly the earlier. D. probably registers the earlier reading, also, in the solitary verse (257) in which it is closer to Dg. than is H. (See note to this line.)

As a result of the whole comparative study, my conclusions are that D. is, in the main, a later version than H., and that while it probably restores a few of Surrey's earliest readings and may possibly contain some of the poet's later revisions, it is largely the work of other revisionists, of whom there were several. Thus one recognizes four well defined tendencies in the revisions: revisions made in the interest of grammatical correctness or modernization; revisions lacking in poetical imagination and in a feeling for the music of verse; revisions aiming at correctness of translation; and revisions that altogether ignore the Latin. As Owen had access to two other versions besides a copy of an author's manuscript, and as he probably undertook some fresh revisions on his own authority, D. may well be the product of three revisionists other than the poet, and perhaps of more than three. H. must therefore be regarded as the more nearly standard text.

T. is much the most modern of the versions. It carries the revisions of syntax farther than D., secures metrical regularity, fills out incomplete lines and translates omitted passages, corrects errors in translation—though guilty of two or three glaring mistakes in translation, and secures clearness, and smooth and graceful phrasing, even at the expense of conciseness. It is the work of a revisor or editor who had good taste and a good ear, though more feminine in taste, less severe and bold,

than Surrey. As a chapter in the development of English verse, it would be interesting to discuss in detail the characteristics of H. and T. relative to one another, but as this does not primarily concern Surrey, it does not properly belong to this study.

6. T. gives the more ornate rendition; H., the more faithful: V(4).: haerent infixi pectore vultus.

18. An individual rendering; cf. V(13).: Degeneres animos timor arguit.

20. Note T.'s device to remedy *atcheived* as a three syllable word.

21. Translation influenced by Dg(175. 10-10).:

> Now, certis, wer it nocht determyt with me,
> And fixit in my mynde unmovably,
> That to no wycht in wedlock me list I—.

24. *Bowndes* (H) is probably a scribal error for *brandes;* cf. V(18).:

> Si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset.

Geniall is suggested by D(175.16).: *Genyus* chalmer.

26. V(20). justifies the *Anne* of T.

27. D. reads *fewde defiled,* a weaker and less poetical phrase.

36. V(29). reads: ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro.

42. D. reads *dust,* a weaker word.

43-47. T. is much closer to V(35-38).:

> Esto, aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti,
> Non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas
> Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
> Dives alit.

50. V(40). favors the plural: Hinc Gaetula *urbes.*

54. *Of Scythe* (H.) results from misconstruing *siti* as a proper noun in the genitive case in the phrase (V. 42), Hinc deserta *siti* regio. D. and T. correct the error. Dg(177.4). reads: Ay full of *thirst.*

58. Cf. V(45).: Dis equidem auspicibus reor. *Sufferance* hardly does justice to the Latin. *Purveiaunce* is borrowed from Dg(177.7-8)., and was doubtless the reading in the original ms.:

> Be dispositioun of goddis, I wene, non vther,
> And by the purviance of Juno.

72. The reading of D. and T. is due to misunderstanding *bidentis* in the line (V.57), Mactant lectas de more *bidentes.* The translation was probably influenced by Lb (89-90).:

> Secondo lo costume d'anni due
> Occidono le lor pecore elette.

I am inclined to think that D. and T. here give the original version.

79. *Fatte* (T), not *tall* (H.), is the correct translation. The Latin (62) reads: pingues spatiatur ad aras. Cf. Dg(178.21).:

> Or pas tofore the Altaris, with fatt offerandis.

T. 82-83, H. 82-84. T. is closer to the Latin (65-66):

> Heu vatum ignarae mentes! quid vota furentem,
> Quid delubra iuvant?

H. was influenced by the wordy translation of Dg(179.3).:

> O walaway! of spamen and duinis
> The blind myndis, quhilkis na way diffynis
> The force nor strenth of luif with his hard bandis!
> Quhat awalit thir sacrifise or offerandis?

T.88, H.89. D., ignoring the Latin, reads *yshotte* for *in Crete.*

T. 113, H. 114. *Threatening* and *stretching* translate *aequata* (V. 89).

T. 115, H. 116. The Latin (91) reads, nec famam obstare furori. The original line was influenced by Dg., and T. gives this earlier version. Dg(180.23). reads:

> Nether fame nor honour the rage resist mycht.

T. 126, H. 127. Cf. the Latin (101):

> Ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.

Dg(181.17). supports T.:

> For Dido birnis in hait luif all at anis.

T. 127, H. 128. The Latin (102) favors T.:

> Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
> Auspiciis.

The unrevised reading of H. was probably a scribe's error. Dg(181.19-20). reads:

> Lat ws thir peple to ws common, forthy,
> By freyndlie favoris govern equaly.

T. 133, H. 134. *Thempire* as in D. and T., the Latin (106) reading *regnum.*

T. 135, H. 136. *Strive* as in D. and T., is the better translation; the Latin (108) reads *Contendere bello.* Cf. Dg(181.30-31).:

> or zit with the had lever
> Contend in batale.

T. 137-139, H. 138-140. Cf. V(110-111).:

> Sed fatis incerta feror si Iuppiter unam
> Esse velit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis.

T. 152-155, H. 153-156. The Latin (120-122) reads:

> His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum,
> Dum trepidant alae saltusque indagine cingunt,
> Desuper infundam, et tonitru caelum omne ciebo.

As D. quotes the Latin in lieu of translating *Dum trepidant alae,* and as H. leaves it untranslated, the presumption is that Surrey did not understand the meaning of *alae* and left the passage for further consideration. T. leaves one in uncertainty as to what is meant by *the winges of youth.* If the meaning is the bands of young men who spread out to scare the game, the translation is free but approximates the meaning, as *alae* means either the red feathers used to scare the game or the huntsmen (alatores) employed in the service. Lb(192-194). translates:

> Mentre de cacciatori l'ali sparse
> Segon le fere, & con astutie pronte
> Cingono selue d'ogni parte, & ualli.

Pl(143-144). reads:

> Mentre le torme uanno infretta, e i boschi
> Cingon cercando le seluagge fere.

H. follows Dg(182.20). in employing *range* as a noun:

> Quhen that the rangis and the faid on breid
> Dynnis throw the gravis, sersing the woddis wyde
> And setis sett the glen on every side.

D. reads *ranger;* as this results in an amphibrach, it is presumably a revised reading. T. 153 is obviously revised by one who disregarded or misunderstood the Latin and did not heed the translation in D.

T. 161, H. 162. H. is the closer translation (V. 127): Hic hymenaeus erit.

T. 165, H. 166. D. and T. give the distinctly weaker and less poetical reading.

T. 166, H. 167. T. is correct in interpreting *portis* as an ablative in the line (V. 130),

> It portis iubare exorto delecta iuventus.

H. leans upon Dg(183.8-9).:

> fast to the ettis ȝthringis
> The chois galandis.

T. 169, H. 170. Is the translation influenced by Lb(215).:

> Et d' usta buona gran copia de cani?

The Latin (132) merely says: odora canum vis.

T. 171, H. 172. H. and D. follow Dg(183.15). in the choice of the verb: the quene *awatis.*

T. 174, H. 175. T. is closer to the Latin (136): magna stipante caterva.

T. 177, H. 178. D. reads *wound up in,* a less happy phrase.

T. 184, H. 185. *Viset,* as in D. and T., is the closer translation (V.144): ac Delum maternam *invisit.*

T. 186, H. 187. Cf. V(146).: Cretesque Dryopesque.

T. 196-198, H. 197-199. T. follows D. in mistaking *rooes* for a verb, and revised on that assumption. V(152). reads:

> Postquam altos ventum in montes atque invia lustra,
> Ecce ferae, saxi deiectae vertice, caprae
> Decurrere iugis.

T. 208, H. 209. H. translates more closely than T. and D. The Latin (162) reads:

> Et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuventus.

T. 209, H. 210. *Cottages* rather than *cottage.* Cf. V(163-164).: diversa per agros *Tecta* metu petiere.

T. 211-212, H. 212-213. T. follows V(165).:

> Speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
> Deveniunt.

H. follows Dg(185.22-23).:

> Within a cave is enterit Dido queyn,
> And eik the Troiane duke, all thaim allane.

T. 226, H. 227. D. reads *on hye,* a less effective phrase.

T. 230. Note that D. and T. here build out an original short line.

T. 232, H. 233. Cf. V(181)., monstrum horrendum.

T. 233-236, H. 234-237. H. and D. give the more literal translation (V 181-183):

> cui quot sunt corpore plumae
> Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
> Tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures,

This version is also closer to Dg(186.22-23).:

> Hw mony fedderis bene on his body fynd,
> Als mony walkrife ene lurkis ther ondir.

T. follows D. in the transposition of lines.

H. 247. This line is omitted in H., but probably through scribal error, as it is found in D.

T. 249-251, H. 250-251. There are no lines in H. and D. corresponding to T. 250-251. Surrey probably left the passage for further consideration. T. furnishes a characteristically loose translation of the Latin (193-194):

> Nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere
> Regnorum immemores turpique cupidine captos.

T. 252, H. 252. The present tense is correct; cf. V(195).: diffundit.

T. 254, H. 254. Here also the present tense is correct; cf. V(197).:

> Incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras.

T. 256, H. 256. Cf. V(198).:

> Hic Hammone satus rapta Garamantide nympha.

Cf. also Dg(187.30).:

> Apon the maid revist Garamantida.

T. 257-259, H. 257-258. T. expands the translation, in order to accommodate the Latin (199-200):

> Templa Iovi centum latis inmania regnis,
> Centum aras posuit, vigilemque sacraverat ignem.

H. and D. were clearly influenced by Dg(187.31-34).:

> Within his large realmis huge and braid
> Ane hundreth templis to Jupiter he maid,
> Ane hundreth altaris, quharin the walkrife fire
> He dedicate.

D. is actually closer to Dg., for it reads,

> An hundred temples in his large realme he built.

T. 262, H. 261. *Thresholdes* not *threshold;* cf. V(202)., limina.

T. 268, H. 267. *Feare,* as in D. and T. translates the Latin (208-209) correctly:

> Aspicis haec, an te, Genitor, cum fulmina torques,
> Nequiquam horremus.

T. 279, H. 278. H. gives the better translation in *hallowe;* cf. the Latin (218): famamque *fovemus* inanem. H. adopted the word from Dg(189.1).: and in vane *hallowis* the name. T. follows D.

T. 282, H. 281. D. reads:

> And with his loke gan thwart the royal walls.

This may be the earliest reading. The Latin (220) is as follows: oculosque ad moenia *torsit* Regia.

T. 287, H. 286. *Rechlesse* is clearly the reading to be preferred, as the Latin (225) shows: fatisque datas non respicit urbes.

T. 292-293. T. inserts "such as one As mete might seme" to accomodate the Latin *fore* (229) in the following:

> Sed fore qui gravidam imperiis belloque frementem
> Italiam regeret.

T. 294, H. 292. In translating belloque frementem (V. 229) as *Dreddfull in armes,* Surrey may possibly have been influenced by Pl (299)., who translates, Fra gran strepito d'armi.

T. 295, H. 293. Neither *Shewing in profe* nor *Discovering* is an adequate translation of the Latin (231) *Proderet.*

T. 299-300, H. 297-298. H. fails to observe the force of the dative in the original (234), *Ascanione* pater Romanas invidet arcas. D. gives a correct but crude rendition, "To young *Ascanus,* that is his father", which may be the original reading. T. translates correctly and felicitously. Dg(189-190). understands the Latin, but translates freely:

> 3it than the fadir aucht na wise to invy
> That Ascanius bruke Romis senjeory.

T. 320, H. 317. D. reads *sholders,* a poor substitution.

T. 324, H. 321. D. reads *frosted beard,* a less fortunate phrase.

H. 327. Is *swymming* a scribe's error?

T. 330, H. 328. H. is correct in reading *sandes;* cf. V(257).:

> Litus harenosum ad Libyae, ventosque secabat.

D. reads "*Rushing* betwixt . . . *sandes.*"

T. 337-339, H. 335-336. V(262-264). reads:

> Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
> Demissa ex umeris, dives quae munera Dido
> Fecerat et tenui telas discreverat auro.

H. is influenced in phrasing by Dg(191.18).:

> Of mychty Didois gift wrocht all his wedis.

but does not embody the idea that Dido *made* the garments. T. incorporates this idea and translates *Tyrio ardebat murice* with a flourish. D. follows H.

T. 341-344, H. 338-341. T., following D., corrects the grammatical looseness and gives the more graceful and spirited translation, but H. closely follows the Latin order (265-267):

> tu nunc Karthaginis altae
> Fundamenta locas pulcharamque uxorius urbem
> Exstruis? heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum!

T. 349, H. 346. The Latin (271) reads, Quid struis. T. agrees with Dg(191.28). in reading *what;* H. and D. with Dg. in reading *buildest*: Quhat *buīldis* thou heir in Liby or Cartage. Probably the original version read *what buildest thou.*

T. 352, H. 349. The Latin (273) favors H.:

> Nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem.

T. Follows D.

T. 362, H. 359. *Flight* not *night* as in T. and D. Cf. V(281).; Ardet abire *fuga.* Cf. also Dg(192.13).: Sair he langis *to fle* and to depart.

T. 375-376, H. 372-373. Cf. V(290).:

> Army parent, et, quae rebus sit causa novandis.

T. 377, H. 375. D. and T. translate the adjective *optima* (291). H., in common with Pl., omits it.

T. 384, H. 381. The Latin (297) favors the past tense; motusque *excepit* prima futuros. Dg(193.19)., however, uses the present: Thar departing at hand first sche espyis.

T. 386-387, H. 383-384. Cf. the Latin (298-299):

> Eadem impia Fama furenti
> Detulit armari classem cursumque parari.

T. 390-394, H. 387-391. D. quotes the Latin in lieu of translation. As the passage is a peculiarly difficult one to translate into equally concise English, D. probably represents an original lacuna in Surrey's text. The *and* in T. 391 is obviously interpolated to correct the accents, but the last verse is better in D. than in T. The faulty syntax in T. and the repetition of phrasing is further evidence that the passage occasioned more or less experimental translation.

T. 396-397, H. 394-395. T. is closer to the Latin (305-306);

> Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum
> Posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?

Note that T. secures a run-on line.

T. 408-412, H. 405-409. V(317-320). favors the sequence of ideas in D. and T.:

> Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
> Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
> Oro, siquis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.

H., however, renders more literally the clause, siquis adhuc precibus locus. Dg(194.25-29). also observes the Latin order:

> Gif euer ony thank I deseruit towart the,
> Or ocht of myne to the was leif, quod sche,
> Haif mercy of our lynnage reddy to spill;
> Gyf tyme remains ȝit thow heir prayeris will,
> This fremmit mynd, I pray ȝow, do away.

D. 413-414. D. offers the following garbled reading:

> The Libians and Tirians, tyrans of Nomodane,
> For thee me hate; my Tirians eke are wroth.

T. 414. Note the change to a run-on line.

H. 421. Influenced by Dg(195-16).: Had I ane child consavit.

T. 431. In seeking to avoid the archaic *gan,* D. and T. stumble into an internal rhyme.

T. is based on D., which reads, These wordes yet at last then forth he cast.

T. 436, H. 433. *Limmes* is correct; cf. V(336).: dum spiritus hos regit *artus.* Did the transcriber of H. misread an original *limes* as *lines,* and then substitute *wordes* as more in keeping with the context?

T. 437, H. 434. Neither version quite catches the meaning of the Latin (337): Pro re pauca loquar.

T. 443, H. 440. *Permitted* may show the influence of Lb(552).: S'i fati *permettesser.*

T. 455-446, H. 442-443. This passage is rather clearly indebted to Lb (555-557).:

> Primeramente la città troiana,
> Et de li miei le reliquie dolci
> Ristorerei.

V(342-343). reads:

Urbem Troianam primum dulcesque meorum
Reliquias colerem.

H. 455. Imelmann suggests, with some likelihood, the influence of Pl(466-467).:

e à noi
Lecito è ricercar gli strani regni.

V(350). reads: Et nos fas extera quaerere regna.

T. 480, H. 477. The Latin (367) justifies the plural in *tigres*.

T. 483, H. 480. The Latin (369) favors D. and T.: Num fletu ingemuit nostro?

T. 478, H. 484. V(373). reads: nusquam tuta fides. The English is influenced by Dg(198.17).: For noquhare now faith nor lawte is found. Imelmann suggests the influence of Pl(502-503). as well:

Alcuna sicurtade al mondo
La fe non trova.

Lb(603). reads: In nessum loco sicura è la fede.

T. 517, H. 514. V(392). merely says: stratisque reponunt. Lb(637). reads: Et ripongola tra letti honorati, and Pl(562)., al riccho letto.

T. 525, H. 523. T. gives the more colorful translation of *celsas* (397) in *high rigged*.

T. 533, H. 530. Lb (659-660). seems to have influenced this translation:

Parte per trascinar i maggior grani
Di formento con spalle appunta.

V(405-406). reads:

pars grandia trudunt
Obnixae frumenta umeris.

T. 537, H. 534. Cf. Lb(665).: Da torr' eccelsa.

T. 557-559, H. 554-556. The influence of Lb(690-694). is obvious:

Digli, ch' io non unque congiurai
Con greci in porto Aulide à la ruina
De la troiana gente, ne mi' armata
Contra le mura mai di Troia misi.

T. 567, H. 573. V(436). reads: cumulatam morte remittam. Imelmann suggests the indebtedness of H. to Pl(597-598).:

io morendo
Poi te ne renderò larga mercede.

T. 584. D. gives the following awkward reading:

Blowing now from this, now from that quarter, blow.

T. 589, H. 586. D. and T. observe the Latin gender of *quercus*. D(203.2)., however, employs the masculine.

H. 590. Cf. Dg(207.6).:

That all for nocht the teris war furth jet.

T. 637, H. 605. V(460). reads: *Hinc* exaudiri voces. Dg(204.8). reads *Quharin*.

T. 610, H. 608. T. is both more literal and more poetical; cf. V(462-463).:

Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere voces.

T. 625, H. 623. *Sitting* is correct; cf. V(473).: ultricesque *sedent* in limine Dirae, and Dg(204.32).: *Sittand* in the temple port to wreik hir deid.

T. 635, H. 632. D. reads:

> Toward the ende of the great Octian.

The adjective does not occur in V(480).: Oceani finem iuxta.

T. 636, H. 633. The Latin (480) merely says: solemque cadentem. H. and D. follow Dg(205.15).: Thar as the son declynis and gois down.

T. 640-644, H. 637-641. V(483-486). reads:

> Hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,
> Hesperidum templi custos epulasque draconi
> Quae dabat et sacros servabat in arbore ramos.

T. translates the passage loosely and amplifies the thought. H. gives a compressed and, if the ms. reading of vs. 640—the *garden*—be kept, an incorrect translation. Imelmann substitutes *warden,* and attributes the word to Dg(205.23).: And *wardane* of the riall temple, thai say. I think it much more likely, however, that the original reading was *garder* (cf. O. F. *garder*) or *gardian,* misread by some early copyist. *Gardian* is supported by Liburnio, and that Surrey had his eye upon the Italian translation is rather clear from the subsequent lines, in which, like Liburnio, he violates the Latin in making the dragon the preserver of the sacred fruit (788-792):

> guardiana
> Del tempio de l'Hesperidi, qual daua
> Pasto al dragone conseruante i rami
> Sacri ne l'arbor, humido spargendo
> Mel, & papauer che sogno produce.

H. also violates the Latin in ascribing the honey and the poppy to the holy fruit, a mistake that may have resulted from misunderstanding the construction of *spargendo* in the above.

The Scotch translation reads:

> And to the walkryf dragon meit gaf sahe,
> That kepit the goldyn apillis in the tre,
> Strynkland to hym the wak hony sweit,
> And sleipryfe chesbow seid, to quickin his spreit.

Garden was probably the reading in a ms. which T. revised, and this would seem to explain why the word remains imbedded in T., though the translation has been sufficiently amplified to accomodate *custos.*

T. 653, H. 649. *Hills,* not *hill* as in T. and D. V(491). reads: et descendere *montibus* ornos.

T. 656, H. 652. *Artes* as in T. and D., the Latin (493) reading: magicas *artes.*

T. 670, H. 666. *Thinges,* not *thing* as in T. and D. V(502) reads aut *graviora* timet.

T. 672-673. Note that T. here corrects the metrical irregularities in H.

T. 684-686, H. 680-682. V(510-511). reads:

> Erebumque Chaosque
> Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae.

Figures was suggested by Dg(207.21).: The thre *figuris* of the virgin Dynae. *Greislie* was also suggested by Dg. Note that D. like T. reads *faces.*

T. 692-693. Note the amplification in T. and D. to correct the faulty scansion in H.

T. 694, H. 690. *Mole,* as in D. and T., rather than *milk;* cf. L(517). *mola.*

H. 696. Influenced by Dg(208.7).: Or persavis luifaris inequhale of behest.

T. 702, H. 698. D., followed by T., keeps closer than H. to the Latin (522) syntax: Nox erat, et . . . .

T. 707, H. 703. Dg(208.16). reads: And quhatsumevir in the braid *lochis weir.*

T. 716, H. 712. The Latin (533), *sic . . . ita,* favors H. rather than D. and T.

T. 728-729, H. 724-725. The Latin (541-542) reads:

> Nescis heu, perdita necdum,
> Laomedonteae sentis periuria gentis?

H. translates *sentis* very literally: T., to avoid the vulgarity and to reduce the Alexandrine to a hexameter, omits the word, but does translate *necdum.*

T. 739, H. 735. V(549). reads: atque *obicis* hosti.

T. 750, H. 746. *Hue,* as in D. and T., not *here;* cf. V(558).: vocemque *coloremque.*

H. 755. Cf. Dg(211.9).: All the cost belive of flambis *scald.*

H. 770. Cf. Dg(211.29).: *scherand* swerd. V(580), reads: *Fulmineum*

H. 773. Cf. Dg(211.32).: Thai hurll away, ankeris wphint and raif.

T. 775, H. 771. *Cables,* as in D. and T.; cf. Latin (580) *retinacula.*

T. 779, H. 776. *Blew,* as in D. and T.; cf. Latin (583) *caerula.*

T. 778, H. 774. *Shores,* as in D. and T.; Latin (582) *Litora.*

H. 778. Cf. Dg(212.8).: the . . . greking of the day. V(586-587). reads:

> Regina e speculis ut primum albescere lucem
> Vidit.

T. 792, H. 788. D. and T. both read *set sayle,* a much less poetical phrase.

T. 810, H. 807. Cf. V(606).: memet super ipsa dedissem. Dg(213.25). reads: And thaim abufe syne deid myself had laid.

T. 827, H. 823. The Latin (616) reads: complexu avulsus Iuli.

T. 832, H. 828. Dg(214.23). reads: And ly *vnerdit* amyddis of the sandis.

T. 833, H. 829. Cf. V(621).: Haec precor, hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine *fundo.*

T. 843. As this verse is lacking in both H. and D., it was probably added by T. to remedy what seemed to be undue compression in the translation. The Latin (627-629) reads:

> Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
> Imprecor, arma armis; pugnent ipsique nepotesque.

D. 846. Without any warrant, D. reads:

To Sichees nurse then briefly thus she said.

H. 853. *For An* was probably a scribe's misreading or misunderstanding of *forth on.*

The Latin (640) reads:

Sic ait. Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.

The original line was obviously influenced by Dg(215.29-30).:

Thus said Dido; and the tother, with that,
Hichit on furth with slow pace lyke ane trat.

T. 868, H. 863. *Weedes,* rather than weed; cf. V(648).: Iliacas *vestes.* T. follows D.

H. 866. Cf. Lb(1057-1058).:

O dolci spoglie, mentre i fati & Dido
Permetteuan.

T. 873, H. 869. D. and T. remedy the Alexandrine in H.

T. 880-881, H. 875-876. Imelmann proposes the influence of Pl(931-932).:

Ma pur moriamo, dice, in questa in questa
Guisa mi giova andar ne l'ombre oscure.

The same adjective, however, occurs in Lb(1073-1074).:

cosi m'aggrata
Con questo colpo andar à l'ombre scure.

V(659-660). reads:

Dixit, et os impressa toro, "moriemur inultae,
Sed moriamur" ait. "Sic, sic iuvat ire sub umbras."

T. 884, H. 879. Cf. Lb(1075-1076).:

& porte seco
Gil auguri infausti de la nostra morte.

V(662). merely says: et nostrae secum ferat omnia mortis.

T. 982. Note that D. and T. build out the line.

T. 893, H. 888. V(682). favors D. and T.: Exstinxti te meque, soror.

T. 919, H. 914. D., not sensitive to the music of a verse, reads: Deepe under her breast.

T. 939 H. 934. V(702-705). favors D. and T.:

"hunc ego Diti
Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo."
Sic ait et dextra crinem secat: omnis et una
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.

H. may be following Pl(1001-1003). in neglecting to mention the idea of command:

Io questo
Sacrato a Pluton mando, e te da questo
Corpo disciolgo.

T. 932, H. 937. Dg(219.29). is responsible for the reading of H.:

And thair with all the naturall heit out quent.

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MANUSCRIPTS

Additional 17492 (*D.*) The so-called *Duke of Devonshire Ms.* which contains Wyatt's original version of many of his poems, and additional poems by other writers of the time of Henry VIII. Only one poem by Surrey, No. 21, is represented, though the manuscript was probably in his possession as a youth. The manuscript is fully described, and its romantic history conjecturally worked out, by Miss A. K. Foxwell, *A Study of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Poems.*

Egerton 2711 (*E.*). Contains the revised autograph poems of Wyatt. One of Surrey's poems, No. 39, is included. Miss Foxwell has discussed the manuscript in the work cited above, and published the poems of Wyatt in *The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat.* Cf. Flügel's earlier edition in *Anglia,* 17-18.

Additional 36529 (*P.*) Ms. of the late sixteenth century, containing poems apparently collected by Sir John Harrington of Kelston (d. 1612). Among these poems are twenty-eight by Sursey and nine by Wyatt. Much more authentic than Tottel. Thus, to give only one illustration, the ms. version of the poem, "I neuer saw youe, madam, laye aparte", follows the Italian original very closely, whereas Tottel's version departs radically from it and appears to be a revision by an editor who did not even know the source of the poem. Full catalogue description and comparative study of the manuscript may be found in *The Manuscript Poems of . . . Surrey, Anglia* 29.

Additional 28635 (*A.*). Professes to be exact copy of the so-called *Harrington Ms. No. 2,* used by Nott. Contains eighteen of Surrey's poems, in addition to many by Wyatt and others. Written, in part at least, after 1553, as a line in one of Wyatt's satires was revised to avoid giving offence to Mary. Though offering some emendations, it is doubtless close to the autograph versions of Surrey's poems. In general it agrees with *P.* as opposed to Tottel. Discussed in detail by Miss Foxwell.

Additional 28636. Transcription of *E.*

Hill (*H.*) Ms. owned, in early part of last century, by Thomas Hill of London. Used by John Nott and G. F. Nott;

and the former has noted its variants from Tottel's versions in a fragmentary volume of his edition now in British Museum. Contains three of Surrey's poems.

Harleian 78 (Harl.). Late sixteenth century miscellany, containing, among other papers, seven of Wyatt's poems, and two of Surrey's (Nos. 20, 21 and 42), and three stanzas of a third (No. 21). Comparison with the Wyatt autograph mss. proves it to be trustworthy.

Hargrave 205 (H.) Ms. of third quarter of sixteenth century. Principal contents are Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid,* and, in the same hand, the tragedy of *Gismond of Salerne,* acted before the queen in 1568. For full discussion, see Imelmann, *Surrey's Æneis IV in ursprünglicher Gestalt;* Willcock, *A hitherto uncollated Version of Surrey's translation of the Fourth Book of the Æneid;* and critical notes to No. 58.

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Miscellany; and one of these contains copious notes of sources by John Nott and G. F. Nott. This edition furnished G. F. Nott with practically all of his notes, for which he gave no credit; see article in *Anglia* 29 on the relation of the two editions.

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GLOSSARY

A

Accoll, v., *to embrace, clasp.* Cf. Fr. *accoler.* 57.1054.
Accompt, n., *account.* 31.46.
Address(e), v., *prepare, make ready.* 58. T. 375, H. 372.
Advertisement, n., *warning.* 39.4.
Afraies, v., *alarms, terrifies.* 58. T. 241.
Ame, n., *aim design.* 22.8.
Apeace, v., *appease.* 14.8.
Appaire, Appeir, v., *to become impaired.* 55.16, 57.217.
Apt, adj., *prone.* 7.3.
Arke, n., *chest, coffer.* 38.3.
Asswage, v., *diminish, fade.* 43.20.
Atgaas, *at gaze.* 11.44.
Attaint, v., *lay hold of, infect.* 24.8.
Auance, v., *advance, assist.* 16.9.
Avaunt, v., *boast.* 58. T. 646, H. 643.

B

Baine(d), bayne(d), v., *bathe(d).* Cf. Fr. *baigner.* 58.38.
Bane, *death.* Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus* 602: "For which the folk of Thebes caught hir bane." 13.16.
Bayne, cf. baine.
Bayte, v., *bait, allure.* 31.16.
Behight, n., *promise;* from verb *behight.* 56.60.
Behight, pf. pple., *promised.* 57.43; 58.290.
Berayne, v., *wet, bedew.* Rare; imit. fr. Chaucer, *Troilus* 4.1144: "After that he long had . . . with his teris salt hire breest byreyned." 31.42.
Besprent, ppl. adj., *sprinkled.* Cf. obs. *besprengan* (*be-sprengan*). 58. T. 887.
Bestraight, Bestraught, ppl. adj., *distraught, distracted.* 58. T. 360. H. 357; T. 753, H. 749.
Bett, adj., *better.* Freq. in Mid. E. 52.15.
Bewraye, v., *reveal, expose.* 15.11.
Bliue, adv., *quickly.* Cf. *belive.* 57.293.
Bode, v., *portend, betoken.* 34.64.

Bolne, pf. pple., *swollen.* Cf. N. E. D. bollen. 57.346, 609.
Boolks, n., *bulks, bodies.* Cf. *Hamlet* 2.1: "It did seem to shatter all his bulk." 52.42.
Boorde, cf. bourd.
Boordes, Bordeth, Bourdes, v., *accosts, addresses.*. Cf. N. E. D. *board.* 58. T. 395, H. 392.
Bourd, Boorde, v., *to mock,* (?) *to deceive.* 58. T. 900, H. 895.
Bowlne, cf. bolne.
Boysteous, adj., *boisterous, rough.* 13.9; 58. T. 582.
Brake, n., *thicket of bushes.* 2.7.
Brayde, v., *to cry out.* 58. T. 476, H. 473.
Brent, v., *burned.* 57.403.
Brewt(e), cf. bruit.
Brittle, adj., *fickle.* 17.18.
Bruit(e), Brewt(e), Brute, n., *bruit, fame, renown, tidings, din, clamor.* 15.15; 48.23; 49.81; *et freq.*
Buckeled, ppl. adj., *united,* i. e. *buckled together.* 54. 4.
Burdes, cf. Boordes.

C

Callyng, n., *summons to right conduct.* 39.3.
Carefull, adj., *full of grief, sorrowful.* 11.50.
Carribes, prop. n., *Charybdis.* 20.11.
Cendeling, ppl. adj., *kindling.* 57.936.
Cense, n., *incense.* 58. T. 598, H. 595.
Chambare, prop. n., *Cambria.* 29.4.
Chapps, n., *jaws.* First met in 16th century. 43.17.
Charged, ppl. adj., *burdened.* 56.43.
Chase, v., *chose;* obs. pt. of *choose.* 47.5.
Chaung, n., *change.* 31.38.
Chaunge, cf. chopp.
Chopp, v., "to chop and change, an alliterative phrase in which, as the force of the word *chop* has become indistinct, the meaning has passed from that of *to barter* to that of *to change*": N. E. D. 43.12.
Christall, adj., *crystal.* 14.13.
Chuse, v., *choose.* 34.1.
Clambe, Clame, v., *climbed.* 58. T. 417, H. 414.
Clepes, n., *shouts.* 57.1021.
Cliues, Clives, n., *cliffs.* 20.11, 42.11.

Closures, n., *enclosures.* 32.47.
Colde, v. pt., *could.* 32.8.
Compte, n., *reckoning;* obs. form of *count.* 49.31.
Coniures, n., *conspiracies;* obs. and rare. 51.41.
Contynvance, n., *longstanding.* 41.8.
Convart, v., *convert, reverse.* 33.41.
Cornet, n., "*part of a headdress, consisting of lappets of lace, or the like, hanging down the sides of the cheeks*": N. E. D. 3.12.
County, n., *count.* 47.2.
Cowardie, Cowardry, n., *cowardice; coward-ry.* 58.18.
Cruelnes, n., *cruelty.* 11.4.
Cure, n., *care.* Cf. L. *cura.* 57.788.
Currant, adj., *servile.* Cf. N. E. D. *accurant.* 34.56.

D

Degrees, n., *steps.* 58. T. 913, H. 908.
Dere, n., *injury, harm.* Cf. O. E. *daru.* 57.936.
Descrive, v., *see, behold.* 58. T. 232.
Desertes, n., *merits.* 33.6.
Dispoyled, pf. pple., *stripped of clothes, disrobed.* 31.13.
Distrain, v., *oppress, afflict.* 13.2.
Domes, n., *judgments.* 8.6.
Dout, n., *doubt.* 21.41.
Dowtht, v., *doth.* 21.41.
Dradfull, adj., *dreadful.* 32.26.

E

Easyé, in easye sparkes, adj., *easily kindled.* 22.7.
Eftsithes, adv., *often, from time to time.* 57.588.
Eien, Eyen, n., *eyes.* 57.906; 58. T. 692, H. 688. *et freq.*
Embrude, Embrued, v., *defiled.* 57.214; 58.261; T. 287, 886.
Empressed, ppl. adj., *oppressed.* 23.41.
Endlong, prep., *along.* 58. T. 328, H. 326.
Endured, ppl, adj., *hardened, indurated.* Rare. 32.50; 55.25.
Ensew, v., *ensue.* 10.3.
Enterprise, n., *judgment in an undertaking.* 17.10.

F

Faas, n., *face.* 10.2.
Fable, n., *falsehood.* 11.3.
Falne, pf. pple., *fallen.* 42.10.
Fare, n., *lot, condition.* 13.30.
Fayne, adv., *fain, gladly.* 34.42.
Fere, Feer, Feere, n., *companion,* 23.23; 31.46; *et freq.*
Ferse, n., *queen.*. Cf. O. Fr. *fierce,* from Persian. 12.12.
Fet, pf. pple., *arrived at.* Nautical; cf. N. E. D. *fetch.* 57.35.
Fine, n., *end.* 57.72.
Fonded, Fownded, ppl. adj., *deluded, foolish;* from *fond, to play the fool.* 58. T. 489, H. 487.
Fourde, n., *ford.* 22.9.
Frayes, cf. afraies, 58. H. 242.
Frindlie, adj., *friendly.* 34.2.
Friowr, n., *friar.* 54.42.
Fromward, adv., *in an opposite direction.* Cf. *to-ward.* 54.1.

G

Game, n., *amusement, entertainment, jest.* 34.75; 15.10.
Gate, v., *gain, reach.* 57.264.
Geare, n., *foul matter, pus.* Cf. *Faerie Queene,* 6.12: "That spat out poyson and gore-bloudy gere." 58. H. 599.
Gestes, n., *notable deeds.* 38.4.
Gin, n., *trap, engine.* 57.298.
Gledes, n., *coals, embers,* Cf. *glow.* 57.821; 58. T. 214.
Glimsing, pr. pple., *glancing.* 16.5.
Glyns, n., *glimpse.* Cf. Mid. E. *glimsen.* 22.46.
Gostly, adj., *spiritual,* as opposed to fleshly. 29.8.
Greislie, Grisely, adj., *frightful.* 58. T. 597, H. 594.
Gresly, adj., *grizzly, ancient.* 50.39.
Guyse, n., *practice.* 50.11.

H

Haat, n., *hate.* 11.30.
Hable, v., *able.* 11.11.
Halseth, v., *embraces.* 42.5.
Hap, n., *bad luck, mishap.* Sometimes means *good luck.* 20.13.
Haulture, n., *height, altitude.* Cf. It. *altura.* 54.29.

HARTYE, adj., *coming from the heart.* 22.37.

HAYE(S), n., *net used for catching animals.* See N. E. D. for origin. 58. T. 166, H. 167.

HEALTH, HELTHE, n., *safety.* 22.50; 33.10.

HIGHT, pf. pple., *called, named.* 47.2.

HOGRELES, n., *young sheep of the second year.* Dim. of *hog;* cf. *cock-erel.* 58. T. 72.

HOLTES, n., *woods.* 58. T. 195, H. 196.

HOORREY, adj., *hoary.* 48.13.

HOVE, v., *linger, tarrey.* Cf. *Colin Clout* 666: "The which in court continually *hooved.*" 31.6.

HYER, adv., *higher.* 32.33.

I

IMBRUED, Cf. EMBRUDE.

IMPREST, pf. pple., *stamped.* 5.8.

INFLAME, n., *inflammation.* 11.10.

IOILY, adj., *jolly.* 30.7.

IRKED, ppl. adj., *exhausted.* 57.742.

L

LAIED, ppl. adj., *placed under, impressed, subjected.* Tr. L. *subjectaque colla.* Cf. *laid* in such uses as *laid paper.* 57.954.

LEARNETH, v., *teaches.* Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* 3.2.12: "and *learn* me how to lose a winning match." 15.25.

LEMANS, n., *mistresses.* Cf. Mid. E. *leofmon.* 49.23.

LESE, v., *lose.* 17.43; 22.42.

LET, pf. pple., *hindered.* 15.6.

LIST, n., *desire, intention.* Cf. *Othello* 2.1.105: "when I have *list* to sleep." O. E. *lust.* 14.20.

LOFTYE, adj., *heaven-inspired.* 32.29.

LOKE, n., *look.* 22.48.

LOPEN, pf. pple, in WERE LOPEN=*had leaped, thrown themselves.* Cf. *St. Pap. Henry VIII* 4.493: "The friendes of the said traitor are *loppen* (run) to hym into Scotlaunde." 57.741.

LUCKED, v. pt., *turned out.* From obs. v. *luck.* 57.494.

LUSTYNESS, n., *beauty of attire.* A derived meaning that disappeared in the 16th century. 11.2.

LYFSOME, adj., *liefsome, pleasing.* Cf. N. E. D. *leesome.* 33.23.

M

MAKE, *n., mate, companion, husband or wife.* 2.4; 34.7; 57.751.
MARIE, MARY, n., *marrow.* 58. T. 84, H. 85.
MEANE, adj., *moderate.* 41.9.
MINGE, v., *mingle.* Cf. N. E. D. *ming, mingle.* 2.11.
MOLE, n., *a sacrificial cake made of grains of spelt coarsely ground and mixed with salt.* Cf. L. *mola.* 58. T. 694.
MUTTRELL, prop. n., *Montreuil.* 47.9.

N

NECK, n., *a move to cover check.* 12.3.
NER, adv., *nearer.* 14.3.
NIGGISHE, adj., *niggardly, stingy.* 52.58.
NONE, in MY NONE, *myn own.* 14.29.
NOTES, NOTETH, v., *denotes, characterizes.* 58.18.

O

OR, adv., *ere.* 15.16; 22.14.
OTHER, subst., *others.* 44.2.
OUERTHWARTES, n., *adversities, rebuffs.* 42.12.
OVERLAID, ppl. adj., in OVERLAID WITH NUMBER, *crushed by numbers.* 57.542.

P

PALE, n., *stake.* 2.6.
PALME PLAYE, n., *an old game resembling hand-ball.* Cf. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes* 2.3, 85. 31.13.
PASSED, v. pt., *cared;* usually w. neg. 17.3.
PATCHING, adj., *knavish, acting like a "patch."* 54.46.
PAYNE, n., *pains, careful effort.* The plural in this sense was just coming into use in Surrey's time. 34.20.
PAYNT, v., *color with a view to deception.* 15.26.
PEASON, n., *peas.* Cf. PESE. Cf. N. E. D. 7.6.
PEOBLE, adj., *pebble.* 32.25.
PERCELL, n., *portion.* 11.51.
PERE, confused w. *pear,* aphetic form of *appear.* Cf. N. E. D. *pear, peer.* 11.33.
PERSY, prop. n., *Persia.* 39.1.
PESE, n., *pea.* Cf. PEASON. 17.11.

PHERES, Cf. FERE.
PHRENTIC, adj., *phrenetic, frantic.* 57.410.
PIGHT, v. pt., *pitched.* 57.40.
PLAGE, PLAYE, n., *wound.* 58.2.
PLAYE, n., *entertainment.* 31.38.
PLAYNE, v., *lament, mourn.* 4.10.
PONDERETH, v., *weighs.* The original meaning. 22.8.
PRAYES, n., *praise.* 31.26.
PREA, v., *prey.* 34.31.
PRELOKED, v. pt., *looked with anticipation.* Rare. 54.33.
PREST, adv., *quickly.* 58. T. 789, H. 785.
PRETENSE, n., *intention, purpose.* 23.34.
PURCHASE, v., *obtain by great effort.* 38.6.

Q

QUOD, v., *quoth, said.* 23.7.

R

RAKHELL, adj., *careless, unrestrained.* Mid. E. *rakel, rash,* corrupted to *rakehell;* whence, by shortening, *rake.* 30.8.
RANGE, v. pt., *rang.* 38.2.
RASHED, pf. pple., *pulled violently.* Cf. N. E. D. *rash.* 58. T. 827.
RAUGHT, v. pt., *grasped, clutched, laid hold of.* 24.62; 57.272.
RECURE, v., *recover, become whole.* 39.5.
RECURE, v., *succor.* 47.9.
REDE, v., *advise, urge.* 12.9.
REDUCETH, v., *brings back.* 11.14.
REFARDE, v., *restored, given back.* Var. of *refer.* 28.59.
REFUSE, n., *refusal.* 34.64.
REPAYRE, n., *concourse of people.* 13.19.
REPREST, pf. pple., *pressed back.* Latinism. 11.27.
REPUGNANT, adj., *opposite, antithetical.* The orig. meaning; Cf. O. Fr. *repugnant.* Cf. *Hamlet* 2.2.493. 5.10.
REPULSE, n., *check.* 14.18.
REQUYRE, v., *request.* Customary sense in 16th century. 33.6.
REVESTED, pf. pple., *reclothed.* 30.3.
REWE, v., *rue.* 10.5.
REWTHE, n., *ruth.* 31.21.
RIGHTWISE, adj., *righteous.* 32.66.

RIUES, v., *splits.* 42.9.
ROON, v., *run.* 14.20.
ROOUNYNG, adj., *running.* 14.6.
ROW, n., *company.* Rare; Cf. N. E. D. 26.27.

S

SALUITH, v., *salutes.* Cf. Mid. E. *saluen.* 33.25.
SARVE, v., *serve.* 11.9.
SAUGHT, v. pt., *reached.* 57.280, 1054.
SCATHE, n., *harm.* 54.4.
SENCE, cf. CENSE.
SHADOO, v., *conceal.* 4.7.
SHAPP, v. pr., *imagine, conceive.* 32.33.
SHENE, adj., *shining.* Cf. adj. *sheen.* 57.971.
SHITT, v., *shut.* 55.28.
SHOPE, v. pt., *prepared.* Cf. N. E. D. *shape.* 57.577.
SICKLES, adj., *free from sickness.* 22.29.
SIGHES, SITHES, n., *scythes.* 58 T. 689, H. 685.
SIGHT, v. pr., *sighed.* 43.4, 25.
SITHES, n., *sighs.* 57.1023.
SKILLS, v., *matters. It skills not* common idiom in 16th century. 33.4.
SLACKE, n., *looseness.* 11.37.
SLIPPER, adj., *slippery, unsure.* Cf. *Othello* 2.1.243: "a *slipper* and subtle knave." 22.49.
SLUGGISH, adj., *dull, stupid.* 23.13.
SMART, n., *pain.* 11.29, *et freq.*
SMOKY, adj., *having appearance of smoke, hazy.* 30.11.
SOOTE, adj., *sweet.* Cf. Mid. E. *sōte.* 2.1.
SOWER, subst., *the sour.* 33.37.
SOWNDLES, adj., *soundless.* 32.25.
SOWNDYD, ppl. adj., *sounded.* 53.30.
SPENCE, n., *expenditure of money.* 49.76; 52.61.
SPLIT, pf. pple., *lost.* 22.14.
SPLAID(E), ppl. adj., *unfurled, spread out.* 58. T. 783, H. 779.
SPOORE, n., *spur.* 14.19.
SPOT, v., *defile, mar.* 17.3.
STACK, STAKE, v. pt., *stuck.* 58.6.
STALE, n., *meat offered to a falcon that has gone in search of prey, to lure it back.* 34.60.

STAYE, n., *support, prop.* 33.25.
STITHE, n., *stithy, anvil.* 46.7.
STREAMES, n., *currents, streams, rays of light.* So used by Chaucer, Lydgate, and court poets. 14.13; 20.22.
STYCKES, v., *hesitates, scruples.* 27.6.
SWARMES, n., *troops.* 31.23.
SYMPLE, adj., *ingenuous.* 22.4.

T

TARGE, n., *shield.* 40.6.
THIRLING, ppl. adj., *piercing.* 58. T. 91, H. 92.
THO, adv., *then.* 24.25.
THREPE, v., *urge, press.* Lincoln Dialect. 54.3.
THROWING, ppl. adj., *agonizing, suffering.* Cf. *throe, to suffer.* 58. T. 927.
TICKELL, adj., *inconstant.* 7.4.
TO, adv., *too.* 15.7; *et freq.*
TOTHER(S), *the other(s).* 22.6; 53.32.
TRAYND, v. pt., *allured, enticed.* Cf. Mid. E. *trainen.* 34.54.
TRAYNES, *allurements.* Cf. *Macbeth* 4.3.118: "Macbeth by many of these *trains* hath sought to win me." 15.14; 22.47.

U

UGSOME, adj., *ugly, hideous.* 57.102.
VNEGALL, adj., *unequal.* 22.8.
VNNETH, adv., *with difficulty, hardly.* Cf. O.E. *uneafe.* 33.33.
VNWIST, v., pf. pple., *unknown, unobserved.* Cf. WITE. 23.15.
UNWROKEN, ppl. adj., *unwreaked, unrevenged.* 57.884; 58. T. 879, H. 874.
VPSUPPED, pf. pple., *supped up.* 31.44.
URE, VRE, n., *use, practice, operation.* Cf. *inure.* 13.28; 17.23; *et freq.*
VSE, n., *practice, custom.* 11.24.

V

VAADE, v., *evade.* 50.13.
VAPORED, ppl. adj., *moistened.* 30.12.
VAUNTE, n., *glory, credit.* 34.34.
VNPARFITED, pf. pple., *unperfected.* 46.15.

VNRIGHT, n., *wrong.* 32.16.
VNWIST, v., pf. pple., *unknown, unobserved.* Cf. WITE. 23.15.
VEARE, n., *spring foliage.* 30.4.
VENUME, VENVME, n., *venom.* 5.10; 14.16.
VER, prop. n., *Spring.* 23.19.

W

WAN, old pt. of *win.* 44.4.
WHEARE, subst., *place.* 33.34.
WHILES, adv., *at times.* 56.3.
WHIST(E), v., *to become silent.* Cf. *hist, husht.* 51.1; *et freq.*
WHOURDED, ppl. adj., *hoarded.* 50.64.
WITE, WEET(E), v., *to know, learn, understand.* Cf. *wit,* Cent. Dict., Dial. Dict. 17.6; *et freq.*
WONNING PLACE, n., *dwelling place.* Cf. O. E. *wunung, dwelling.* 57.842.
WOOD(E), adj., *mad.* Cf. O. E. *wōd; Woden.* 57.805; 58.263.
WOON, pf. pple., *won.* 22.13.
WORTHE, in IN WORTHE, *in good part.* 14.23; 27.26.
WOURKE, v., *work.* 32.16.
WRASTETH, v., *turns about, changes.* Cf. *wrest.* 26.21.
WRECK, v., *to wreak vengeance.* 57.542.
WRETHED, ppl. adj., *twisted.* Cf. WRITHED. 58. H. 765.
WRITHED, WRYTHED, v. pt., *turned.* 58.282.
WRITHEN, ppl. adj., *twisted.* 58. T. 769.
WROKE, pf. pple., *revenged.* Cf. *wreck.* 57.770.

Y

YBRETHED, pple., *breathing.* 31.30.
YELDON, YOLDEN, ppl. adj., *submissive.* Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus* 3.96: "humble *i-yolden chere.*" Cf. YOLD. 22.43; 51.54.
YERTHE, n., *earth.* 11.2.
YOLD, pf. pple., *overcome.* From *yield.* Cf. YELDON. 57.827.
YOUTHE, n. pl., *youths.* 31.23.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

On the authority of *England's Helicon,* a collection of lyrical and pastoral poems published in 1600, two of the poems attributed to unknown authors in *Tottel's Miscellany* should be accredited to Surrey. These pastorals are spirited and musical, and the diction is clearly reminiscent of Surrey; it is not improbable that they are his work. The poems are herewith submitted.

1

THE COMPLAINT OF HARPALUS

Phylida was a fayer mayde,
  And fresh as any flowre,
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayed
  To be his paramour.

Harpalus and eke Corin
  Were herdmen both yfere,
And Phillida could twist and spin
  And thereto sing full clere.

But Phillida was all to coy
  For Harpelus to winne,
For Corin was her onely joye
  Who forst her not a pynne.

How often would she flowers twine,
  How often garlandes make
Of couslippes and of colombine,
  And all for Corins sake.

But Corin he had haukes to lure
  And forced more the field;
Of louers lawe he toke no cure,
  For once he was begilde.

Harpalus preualed nought,
  His labour all was lost,
For he was fardest from her thought,—
  And yet he loued her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane
And dry as clot of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shaue,
His heare hong all vnkempt:
A man moste fitte euen for the graue,
Whom spitefull loue had spent.

His eyes were red and all forewatched,
His face besprent with teares:
It semde vnhap had him long hatched
In middes of his dispayres.

His clothes were blacke and also bare
As one forlorne was he;
Vpon his heade alwaies he ware
A wreath of wilow tree.

His beastes he kept vpon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale,
And thus with sighes and sorowes shryll
He gan to tell his tale:

"O Harpelus!" thus would he say,
"Vnhappiest vnder sunne,
The cause of thine vnhappy day
By loue was first begone.

For thou wentest first my sute to seeke,
A tygre to make tame,
That sets not by thy loue a leke
But makes thy grefe her game.

As easy it were for to conuert
The frost into the flame,
As for to turne a forward hert
Whom thou so fain wouldst frame.

Corin, he liueth carelesse,
He leapes among the leaues;
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou reapes, he takes the sheaues.

My beastes, a while your fode refrayne
And herken your herdmans sounde,
Whom spitefull loue, alas! hath slaine,
Throughgirt with many a wounde.

Oh happy be ye beastes wilde,
That here your pasture takes!
I se that ye be not begylde
Of these your faythfull makes.

The hart he fedeth by the hynde,
The bucke hard by the doo,
The turtle doue is not vnkinde
To him that loues her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme,
The yong cow hath the bulle,
The calf with many a lusty lamme
Do feede their honger full.

But, wellaway, that nature wrought
Thee, Phillida, so faire!
For I may say that I haue bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

What reason is it that cruelty
With beauty should have part?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therfore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest,
To thend that I may want my breathe.
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide! graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares:
That she may fele within her brest
The paynes of my dispayres.

Of Corin, that is carelesse,
That she may craue her fee,
As I haue done in great distresse
That loued her faythfully.

But sins that I shall die her slaue,
  Her slaue and eke her thrall,
Write you, my frendes, vpon my graue
  This chance that is befall.

'Here lieth vnhappy Harpelus,
  Whom cruell loue hath slayne;
By Phillida vniustly thus
  Murdred with false disdaine'."

T., p. 138. Title: Harpelus complaynt of Phillidaes loue bestowed on Corin, who loued her not, and denied him that loued her.—68 *for* makes *read* face.

Variants in second ed.:—1 fayre.—45. Harpalus.—68 *line in text.*—103 whom Phillida.—104 Hath murdred with disdaine.

Variants in England's Helicon (Bullen's ed.):—2 As fresh.—3 herdsman.—6 herdsmen.—23 furthest.—26 clod.—29 been shave.—36 midst.—39 he always.—52 a game.—53 As easy were it.—54 a flame.—60 reap'st.—62 hark.—65 beasts.—102 By cruel love now slain.—103 Whom Phyllida.—104 Hath murder'd with disdain.

2

THE COMPLAINT OF THESTILIS

Thestilis is a sely man, when loue did him forsake,
In mourning wise, amid ye woods thus gan his plaint to make:
"Ah! wofull man," quod he, "fallen is thy lot to mone
And pyne away with carefull thoughts, vnto thy loue vnknowen.
Thy lady thee forsakes, whom thou didst honor so
That ay to her thou wer a frend, and to thy self a foe.
Ye louers that haue lost your heartes desyred choyse,
Lament with me my cruell happe and helpe my trembling voyce.
Was neuer man that stode so great in fortunes grace,
Nor with his swete, alas! to deare, possest so high a place
As I, whose simple hart aye thought him selfe full sure,
But now I se hye springyng tides they may not aye endure.
She knowes my giltlesse hart, and yet she lets it pine,
Of her vntrue professed loue so feble is the twine.
What wonder is it than if I berent my heeres,
And crauyng death continually do bathe my selfe in teares!
When Cresus, king of Lide, was cast in cruell bandes,
And yelded goodes and life also into his enemies handes,
What tong could tell hys wo? Yet was hys grief much lesse
Then mine, for I haue lost my loue which might my woe redresse.
Ye woodes that shroud my limes, giue now your holow sound,
That ye may helpe me to bewaile the cares that me confound.
Ye riuers, rest a while, and stay the stremes that runne,
Rew Thestilis, most woful man that liues under the sunne.
Transport my sighes, ye windes, vnto my pleasant foe;
My trickling teares shall witnesse bear of this my cruell woe.
O! happy man wer I, if all the goddes agreed
That now the susters three should cut in twaine my fatall threde!
Till life with loue shall ende, I here resigne my ioy:
Thy pleasant swete I now lament whose lack bredes myne anoy.
Farewel! my deare, therfore farewell! to me well knowne;
If that I die, it shalbe sayd that thou hast slaine thine owne."

T., p. 165. Title: The complaint of Thestilis amid the desert wodde.—24 that liued vnder sunne.

Variants in second ed.:—15 heares.—24 *as in text.*—29 al ioy.

Variants in England's Helicon:—1 is *omitted.*—2 mournful.—5 Thy nymph forsakes thee quite.—6 but to.—23 your streams.—24 Rue Thestilis, the wofull'st man that rests under the sun.

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